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Hare, Augustus J. C. 1834-
1903.

The life and letters of
Frances Baroness

Sister Edward

from

S. E. Watkins

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF FRANCES BARONESS BUNSEN

VOL. II.

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THE

LIFE AND LETTERS OF

FRANCES BARONESS BUNSEN

BY

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

AUTHOR OF "MEMORIALS OF A QUIET LIFE," ETC.

"The happiest periods of history are not those of which we hear the most; in the same manner as in the little world of man's soul, the most saintly spirits are often existing in those who have never distinguished themselves as authors, or left any memorial of themselves to be the theme of the world's talk, but who have led an interior angelic life, having borne their sweet blossoms unseen."—*Broadstone of Honour.*

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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SAN RAFAEL,
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FOURTH EDITION

GEORGE ALLEN, SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON

AND

156, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON

1894

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2 vols.
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CHAPTER I.

BERNE.

"'Live while you live,' the epicure would say,
'And seize the pleasures of the present day.'
'Live while you live,' the sacred preacher cries,
'And give to God each moment as it flies.'
Lord, in my views let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee."

DODDRIDGE.

IN July, 1839, Bunsen mentions in the "notes" of his life that it was owing to "the pressing solicitations of the Crown Prince for an appointment for him, the persevering hatred of his opponents, and the faithful goodwill of the King," that he was nominated to the post of Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the King of Prussia to the Swiss Republic, the remarkable direction for his conduct, annexed to the appointment, being, that he was to do—*nothing*. On the 28th of October he left England with his family to take up his residence at Berne, where they were fortunate in being able to obtain, through the then English Minister, their valued friend David Morier, a home at the Hubel—"a solitary country-house, situated upon

its own hill, looking across richly-wooded and cultivated tracts of country towards the entire group of the summits of the Bernese Oberland, in their eternal snow."

MADAME BUNSEN *to* ABEKEN.

"*Berne*, 4 *Jan.*, 1840.—I can now tell you something of the state of things surrounding us. The present is a glorious winter-day. The sun shines into the well-warmed room, the sky cannot be clearer with you: this morning I saw, at half-past six, the day break behind the range of the Alps, Venus, and the Comet, all together, all brilliant, but the new appearance not worth the old ones. I am very thankful for our present establishment here, and there is nothing disturbing about it but the idea of its being only provisional, and destined to short duration. The house is very comfortably arranged, and the smallness of the space is a thing one gets accustomed to: we receive all the sunshine, have dry gravel-walks within our own grounds, and delightful walks and drives in various directions. We have our time almost entirely to ourselves, with scarcely any interruption from visitors or invitations: the little we have seen of the Bernese patricians we like, but we are not likely to be much disturbed by them, as they are greatly out of spirits from their present state of proscription: the members of the present government seek not after strangers, and one great *diner diplomatique* given by the Landamann (an extraordinary occurrence in honour of my husband) is the only official meeting, besides morning visits, that has taken place. We find here masters for the children, and Charles the younger is with us and in very

good hands, having four days in the week lessons from the Pfarrer Ziegler, an old friend and fellow-student of his father's, and a very distinguished man. In a few days more we must part again from my dear Ernest, whom it will be very hard to do without, he having twined himself closer than ever round our hearts, and being the sunshine of the house, ever gay, good-tempered, affectionate, and helpful.

"The last night I passed in England was at Salisbury, in the Bishop's Palace, close to the fine cathedral, having the pleasure in that short visit, of seeing our dear Miss Seymer, as Mrs. Denison, situated as we could wish her to be, and with every prospect of happiness. My Mother took charge of the children and accompanied us to the place of embarkation. In the sorrow of parting, we had the comfort of feeling that we should not be so far off, but that we may anticipate her coming to see us. My sister and Augusta Charlotte saw us on board, and I was much touched with my sister's kindness. Between Havre and Paris we spent a day at Rouen, and enjoyed the sight of much fine gothic architecture, with a renewal of acquaintance with two good cousins of mine,* whom I had not seen since their childhood. At Paris we passed twelve cheerful and untroubled days, and took in a store of images for agreeable recollection in the Bibliothéque, the Louvre, St. Denis, and Versailles: my husband found in the library manuscripts and works of the greatest liturgical interest, and he and Lepsius worked hard together. A

* Thomas Waddington, the elder of these two brothers, who resided at St. Léger near Rouen, and died in 1868, was father to William Henry Waddington, French Minister of Foreign Affairs.

richly-stored year has now closed upon us: we watched for the beginning of the new one, with Ernest and Charles, and the clocks of the towers of Berne announced that moment to us, instead of, as last year, the bells of Llanover church, and for many years before, the bell of the Capitol. You were present then to our thoughts, and we reckoned upon not having been forgotten by you. May the new year give, strengthen, and preserve in us all the power and will to profit by its lessons and warnings, to enjoy its sunshine, and face its storms!"

"*Berne*, 23 *March*, 1840.—The winter has been so fine, and our situation and position in every respect so ideally desirable, that I could wish to fix and hold fast the passing week and passing month more than ever: and much as people talk of the beauty of summer in this magnificent country, I never felt less longing after it, or less to miss verdure and foliage, the charms of which will possibly be at the expense of the crystal-clearness of the Alps, which we have enjoyed for near two months. We have at last jumbled ourselves and our belongings into proper places, so as to be quite happy in this house: my husband never was so comfortable before—his library all arranged in a sunny room that just holds it, with sofa, table, and standing-desk for himself and his literary occupations; while another room contains all that belongs to official business and correspondence. He is full of activity of head and hand, taking full advantage of this delicious quiet."

To her Son George.

"*Easter Monday*, 20 *April*, 1840.—I trust my dear George has not been so exclusively occupied by tasks and study,

as not to have had leisure during the last week to follow the history of our Saviour step by step, and keep his heart and mind open to all the healing influences of such a subject of contemplation, assisted by those beautiful hymns which he has so often sung with us. May a blessing be granted to your best endeavours after 'that holiness, without which no one can see the Lord,' my dearest George,—and may the feelings excited during the late period of serious application to things sacred, become a habit of your mind, and not matter of transient excitement! In particular, I wish you, for your earthly happiness, as well as for your Christian perfection, to be enabled practically to exercise that humility of spirit, which is the only antidote to the miseries of self-compassion; which calls nothing its own, and accepts everything that life brings as a boon from the hand of a merciful Father, intended for your good, and which can only fail to benefit you, if perverted by your own misuse: which will ever make you, not only in word, but in fact, pronounce yourself, 'less than the least of God's mercies, and greater than the greatest of His judgments.' This appears in words very simple, but to the proud heart the practice of it is difficult. What Christian can dispute the fact, that at the hand of God we deserve only judgment, and can lay claim to no comfort, pleasure, alleviation, credit, honour, or whatever it may be that our soul longs after? what Christian, I mean, who has ever looked into his own heart, examined the springs of his own best actions, and scrutinized the 'iniquities of his holy things'? And yet, whenever we complain, are cast down, or discontented, we sin against that conviction: and when that conviction becomes the ruling temper of

our minds, nothing else is wanting to make us not only satisfied, but full of courage and thankfulness, under whatever dispensation: for as soon as the paternal character of God is once fully and freely acknowledged, we also know that He 'does not willingly grieve the children of men,' and that as soon as the object of trial is attained in us, the trial will assuredly be taken away."

To ABEKEN.

"21 *May*, 1840.—You will have learned before this reaches you, that Lady Raffles has been deprived of her last treasure! her last tie to earth!—Next week a year will have elapsed since we passed five happy days with her at Highwood—when her precious Ella, though serious to an unusual degree for a creature so young in health and happiness, yet appeared as likely to live as any one of the party there assembled! and equally well did she continue the rest of the year, and with equal prospect of lengthened life. In February she broke a blood-vessel, and her case from the first seems to have been hopeless: it was less disease than a cessation of vitality. We heard of this, and wrote to her dear mother, whose letter expressed all the wretchedness, and all the perfection of resignation, that we anticipated. Ella suffered little, and expired without a struggle on the 8th of May. Since then, we know little of Lady Raffles, but what we should have been sure of without a letter, that she submits and resists not. . . . . Perhaps you have not heard that Sir Harry and Lady Verney have lost their infant daughter. I saw the name casually among the list in the newspaper and wrote to Lady Verney, from whom I have had an answer worthy

of herself, feeling deeply and not shrinking from the smart, bringing right convictions practically to bear upon the real evils of life, neither pitying herself nor seeking to be compassionated. Our visits to her and Lady Raffles are among the bright points in my last year's recollections, and alas! death and sorrow have overcast each friendly roof since we left them, while we are spared, and allowed this delicious place of rest, refuge, leisure, comfort, and enjoyment!"

To her MOTHER.

"*Berne*, 30 *May*, 1840.—At last M. de Thile* is returned, having been as usual long detained at Berlin, from whence nobody gets away as soon as they intend. He has brought a *unique* packet from the Crown Prince—inscribed 'A long letter and a short one for Friend Bunsen,' containing twenty closely-written pages! and enclosed in a leather portfolio, with a lock, which he sought out among his things in M. de Thile's presence, by way of an envelope, and charged him to tell Charles was sent him into the bargain. The letter is a commentary on the volumes sent by Charles at the end of last year—inimitably clever, and satisfactory beyond expression, as showing his satisfaction: and there are expressions of general convictions and views, that would do my Mother's heart good if she could hear them, to say nothing of the kindness.

"M. de Thile brought a confirmation of all the reports that have lately reached us of the very precarious state of the King's† health, the more alarming, because there is no tangible disease, but absolute loss of strength, in a person

* Secretary of Legation. † Frederick William III.

formerly so robust. He is said to be under a strong impression himself that he will not outlive this year, probably from the general impression that the year '40 cannot pass without some remarkable event to the Prussian monarchy—as it has been a fated year for the dynasty ever since the thirteenth century: the event of the last century having been the accession of Frederic the Great."

"13 *June*.—You will have received the intelligence of the King's death as soon as we have done. I shall not attempt to express the world of feelings which the near anticipation of this event has caused, for my Mother will rightly judge of them. But we feel, what we have experienced before, that however death may be anticipated, one is never prepared for it: and the consciousness that the eye is closed, which beamed in so much kindness; the hand cold, from which so many benefits have been received; and the spirit fled from this earth, which operated much good, and willed nothing but good, during the long course of its union with the body, fell with force undiminished. Charles feels that a period of his own life is closed, and any crisis which calls upon us to be aware that the past is quite *passed away*, is awful! He has lost not only his beneficent sovereign, his paternal benefactor, but the *Crown Prince* whose friendship equalised the difference of rank and condition: for whatever the present King may be to him, he must in the nature of things be somewhat different to what he has been. The value is, if possible, increased of that unequalled letter, or rather volume, received only so few days since! and to various parts of which Charles had been writing a succession of letters in answer, up to the day which announced the necessity of

a close. Everything we have learnt of the King's last illness has been most edifying: the most perfect mildness and composure, and kindness to everybody, and constant consideration of others, desiring that nobody should be disturbed or inconvenienced. His physicians had ordered, to prevent the King's being disturbed by the noise of a pump in the courtyard (much frequented on account of the good quality of the water, by the King's express permission), that the public should be excluded from it. He immediately observed that the well-known creaking had ceased, and desired nobody should be prevented fetching water there, saying 'those that liked the water, might have what they liked, as much as ever.' The guard had been ordered to be relieved without the usual music, but he immediately commented, and desired that the band might regularly play as before. Only a day or two before he was confined to his bed, he found fault with the person authorised to lay petitions on his table, on account of the unusually small number, saying he was sure they were kept back, in order that he might not be fatigued with hearing them read, but that he would have them presented, as long as he was able to hear them. His last act of government was ordering the whole ceremonial of laying the corner-stone of an equestrian statue of Frederic the Great, on the secular anniversary of his accession, the 31st of May—on which day however the King was too weak to view the procession from his window, as he had intended, and was obliged to remain in bed. Shortly after this he desired the Crown Prince to take every measure to prevent any delay in the disposal of public business, thus solemnly resigning it into his hands. His last act of

visible consciousness was at two in the morning of Whit-Sunday, 7 June—he stretched his hand out towards the Crown Prince, laying it flat on the bed: the Crown Prince laid his hand upon that of his father: the King laid the other hand upon that of his son, looked at him, raised his eyes to heaven, and then closed them for ever in this world: though death did not take place for twelve hours afterwards. He had been aware he was dying longer than any one else, and every word and act indicating the state of his mind, was such as might prompt the ejaculation, 'Let my last end be like his'—it was 'the death of the righteous' in a Christian sense. He said on the 4th June—'I know in whom I have trusted—I resign myself into the hands of my Saviour and my God.'

"My own Mother, we always want you, but never more desire your presence than in these times of deep emotion, knowing how you would enter into all that moves us. M. Hollweg is come to us from Geneva for a day or two, the same agreeable inmate as ever, wanting to talk over with Charles all that interests both, as much as C. wanted communication with him: otherwise we have enjoyed the perfect quiet in which we have been allowed to remain during this important period. O! what glorious summer weather! what perfume of acacias, syringas, and hay-making! I wish I could draw all the subjects I see worth drawing, and most of all the scene yesterday afternoon in the garden—a seat all round an enormous apple-tree, which casts a shade all round—and partly on the seat, partly on the grass, were, your queen*

* Mrs. Waddington's term of endearment for her infant granddaughter Augusta Matilda.

dividing her attention between the education of her dolls and three puppy-dogs; Emilia and Theodore each with a rabbit; Mary and Theodora busied with the ass fastened to the little carriage; Mrs. Adler,* two maids, and a great dog, mother of the aforesaid puppies. At present your queen is putting dandelion-leaves and grass and stones in the dolls' plates, and offering that to the dogs for their breakfast."

To ABEKEN.

"23 *June*, 1840.—We have been, and are living in oscillation of emotions. You will judge of the multitude of feelings called forth by the good King's last illness and death. I trust all the touching and edifying circumstances attending it will have reached you, and then your sensations will have kept pace with ours. Truly thankful we have been for the perfect quiet in which we have been allowed to pass this period of internal agitation—which never happened to me before. I have gone through many an occasion of strong emotion, under the continual incursion of things indifferent and external, which compelled a divided attention; but this time we were in peace the most perfect, in an enjoyment of summer such as we never had before, not having been withheld by fear of atmospheric influences from sitting out in the garden, enjoying the perfume of blossoms, and the magnificence of forms and colouring in landscape."

"4 *August*, 1840.—A trait of the late King not generally known, dates in the year 1821, when after having

* A native of Llanover, the nurse provided by Mrs. Waddington for Augusta Matilda.

broken his leg, he had a very painful sleepless night, after which, the first thing in the morning, he dictated an order to the Commander of the fortress of Spandau, for the immediate liberation of a state-prisoner, who had been condemned to imprisonment for publishing seditious libels against the King himself. The Ministers could so little comprehend this act of grace, to which the culprit had no claim, that one of them ventured to contrive a form of asking a question as to the motive, when the King gave them to understand, in one of his significant broken sentences, that having been in pain and sleepless, he had considered what pain or distress there might be which it was in his power to relieve; and as the prisoner in question was punished for an offence personal to himself, he felt at liberty to excuse him the remainder of his punishment. I remember to have been much struck at hearing from the late Count Voss (who was in waiting at the Court at the terrible moment of the Queen's death in the summer of 1810) that immediately upon her death the King gave orders that the younger children should be placed in a room adjoining his own bedchamber, that he might be conscious in the night that they were safe and well. This increase of tenderness in proportion to excess of affliction, is not common to human creatures, who are less able to look upon others with compassion, when they are compassionating themselves. I suppose the newspapers must have transmitted the fact of the King's having given orders in his last illness, that, as soon as he should have expired, the Cross of the Black Eagle which was always fastened upon his uniform should be brought to his successor. When this was done, the present King found a

small miniature of the late Queen fixed at the back of the Cross, which his father had put on and off daily for so many years, and nobody had known of his wearing."

To her MOTHER.

"*The Hubel, Berne*, 7 *Sept.*, 1840.—Mademoiselle Calandrini has spent a fortnight with us, in which we all rejoiced indescribably: we found her the same invaluable friend that we had parted from, and have parted again in the consciousness that the bond is rivetted. When she was about to return to Geneva, we took the sudden resolution to go with her, and thus see Geneva and make a long-promised visit at Coppet. . . . . Dear Madame de Staël received us at the edge of the water. Her sister, Anna Vernet, came to Coppet to meet us, and we also found there Madame d'Haussonville, the only daughter of the Duchesse de Broglie, and her eldest son Albert,* as well as the little boy of five years old who is left in the care of Madame de Staël. . . . . We found Madame de Staël such as we have ever known her, the same intelligence and right principle, active in the performance of every duty, resigned and uncomplaining, though ill-health is added to the hard circumstances of her lot.

"The village of Coppet is along the edge of the lake, and therefore well-situated; the château must have been built by somebody who wished to realise the idea of a country-house near Paris, without a view—for it forms three sides of a square, round a courtyard, and the windows only catch sight of the lake over the tops of

* The same who, as Duc de Broglie, was twice Prime Minister in France under President MacMahon.

trees, planted to hide the houses: there is a large garden or rather pleasure-ground, so thickly planted that in damp weather there can be no air, but with no prospect and not even a path leading towards the lake. Thus, though the rooms are good, the whole has an air of gloom, and of want of taste and judgment in the original possessors. The gallery of family portraits forms a most striking assemblage! Old Necker and his wife, as prosaic and full of *morgue* as possible—the lower part of his face so weak as to be offensive, while the upper is chiselled in the manner of that of his daughter. Madame Necker in full dress, showing herself and her arms with perfect satisfaction:—an old lady who had known her, said to Madame de Staël—'Elle était déjà ainsi dans une telle toilette, à huit heures du matin—jamais de sa vie n'a-t-elle eu un instant de négligé, ni pour son corps, ni pour son esprit, ni pour son âme.' A finely painted portrait of Madame de Staël when young, but the countenance less interesting than when *we* saw her: M. de Staël, the Swedish diplomatist, in full court dress, with a face suited to the costume. Then the images of those in whom the stream had 'worked itself clear, and as it ran, refined:' the Duchesse de Broglie finely painted by Scheffer, and Albertine de Staël in a bust, just as *we* remember her—very different from the picture: Auguste de Staël, and the Duc de Broglie, the latter a fine countenance, more Italian than French.

"On Saturday, 29th, we went on by steamer to Geneva, whence Mr. Tronchin's carriage fetched us to Bessinge, in a fine situation, with the view of the lake on one side, and of the Mont Blanc on the other. We passed Monday

morning in seeing Geneva, which is a very fine town, much handsomer than I expected, independent of the magnificent lake, and the volume of blue waters, pouring forth as the Rhone. The image of M. and Madame Tronchin's life, their quiet unostentatious activity in all that is good and useful, dedicating time and thought and their large income altogether to the best objects, sacrificing neither to self nor to vanity, will remain with me. On Tuesday morning we parted with them and with Mademoiselle Calandrini, and floated upon the lake to Beaulieu, M. Eynard's place near Rolle, where we dined, and proceeded in the evening by steamer to Lausanne. Beaulieu deserves the name—the house and gardens complete in the luxury of nature, arranged with a great deal of taste. The Eynards have no children of their own, but have built houses on their grounds for three married nephews, and a spirit of cheerfulness and benevolence prevails all around them; it is the same M. Eynard who supplied the Greeks in their great distress in such a princely manner. From Lausanne we had a delightful journey to Neuchâtel, the greater part on the steamer upon the lake, the banks of which I think are not celebrated enough: I half filled a sketch-book as we floated on. We had the great pleasure of finding a son of Count Groeben by the way and we were in the steamer from Yverdun to Neuchâtel with him and Valette.* Thursday we remained at Neuchâtel and dined with the Governor, General Pfuel.† Friday we returned home, seeing the

* Valette, a French Protestant Minister, for many years at Naples, was an intimate friend of the Bunsens. He died as Pastor in Paris, much beloved by a large circle of devoted hearers.

† It will be remembered that Neuchâtel was then and remained

Moravian establishment at Montmirail by the way, and the Roman ruins at Avenches near Morat, and also making a visit to the Count and Countess Pourtales, and seeing another highly-finished country house and garden, with a view of the Lake of Morat."

To ABEKEN.

"19 *Nov.*, 1840.—We have Neukomm in the house, and he supplies our one want, of music, most abundantly. We enjoy ourselves every evening, and I profit by the leisure to finish up old Italian views, that have waited for such an undisturbed time, while he plays on the organ. With what feelings I resume such drawings, I might say, if I was not writing to you,—but as you are *capace* of writing to me,—'Sie müssen Italien vergessen haben, sonst würden Sie die Schweiz nicht so schön finden!'—not one word shall you hear from me of what I like or love in the way of country: only I repeat with *Nachdruck* that this is a glorious piece of creation and that I enjoy the sight of it indescribably—and England too I think beautiful, as bearing in parts the traces of the Creator's hand, not yet washed away and deformed—though the scenery there is not so much to my taste as this.

"We are now living in hopes of getting dear Henry here, after his examination, and are trying too to get a leave of absence for Ernest to come here for the winter; —it would be a great gift on the way of life to have them

till 1848, a principality by itself, the sovereign of which was the King of Prussia. General von Pfuel, eminently distinguished in the French Campaign of 1813—15, was a man of great general culture and strong liberal aspirations. He was for a short time Prime Minister in Prussia.

all together, while we yet can! for when Henry is fixed in England, and Charles at Bonn, we shall again be all astray over the world. Our summer days in the neighbourhood of Geneva were of ideal enjoyment. We made the acquaintance of many admirable persons, known before by name—Galand, Merle d'Aubigné, Gauthier—besides Tronchin, whose character, habits of life, family arrangements, made a strong and delightful impression upon us. At Neuchâtel too we became acquainted with Pettavel,* Agassiz the naturalist, Dubois the traveller—in short those ten days were rich in matter of delightful remembrance."

To her MOTHER.

"20 *Nov.*, 1840.—Alas! my Mother, for all that loved the young Princess Borghese.† I saw the account of her death in one paper, and next day in another that her parents had set out towards Rome to spend the winter with her. I trust the Princess Doria will have the care of the poor little children, who of course will soon be blessed with a stepmother, and who knows what sort of a one!

"Your darling is well and good, and cultivating her musical talents—and when alone, teaches her dolls to sing, setting them opposite a stool, with printed papers spread out before them."

* Father of the well-known Swiss Pasteur in London.

† Lady Gwendoline Talbot, daughter of the 16th Earl of Shrewsbury, first wife of Marc-Antonio, Prince Borghese. Her three sons died within a week of their mother. Her only surviving child, Agnese, afterwards married Rudolpho Buoncompagni, Duke of Sora. Her elder sister, Lady Mary Talbot, was the wife of Prince Doria Pamfili.

To ABEKEN.

"13 *Jan.*, 1841.—I have long looked with an anxiety that I could not altogether account for, for your letter which within this half hour has reached us, and now I learn from it that your Father has been called away! I was far from anticipating such a blow—the severity of which, even in the anguish of the fresh wound, you hardly can estimate. I speak feelingly in that, knowing by experience that time, which is said to wear away the consciousness of most privations, rather increases the sense of the loss of a parent. The death of my Father was a great shock to me, but at the moment of the shock, I was not aware to what a degree and in how increasing a degree, I should miss him:—worst of all, how little I should get over the pain of having no further opportunity for offering—not requital for the kindness of a life, for that were impossible—but at least those tokens of grateful affection which are accepted in place of deeds. This is a case, indeed, in which I can but grieve for you!—in which I know not how to offer consolation, except that derived from the consideration that the harder it is for you to bear a stroke so sudden, the easier it was for *him:* that he was spared all lingering suffering, all previous decay—'one moment perfect health, the next was death'—that you too were spared lengthened anxieties, the harder to bear under the consciousness that your Father had no child left to watch over a long, last illness. I have but to wish and pray for you, that you may have grace to make the use intended of the present bitter dispensation. May you never again be tempted to contemplate your own position with the sentiments which prompted your writing 'mein Leben

ist geknickt!' Believe me, *you* are not at liberty to say that! I doubt whether the Christian really deserving that name, ever can use the expression: at least only then, when bodily infirmities have combined with mental convulsions to check or prevent all wholesome activity of life. But *your* trials,—even including this last bitter one, have been the clearing storms intended to dissipate earthly vapours from your horizon—to remove the many-coloured exhalations that take such varying visionary forms, and enable you to behold 'God alone still visible in heaven.' Do not, pray, think me harsh or unsympathizing: indeed you would be doing me wrong if you could think that; I do but as I would be done by, in reminding you that the balm of healing must not be converted into a poison, and that which should be for our good, must not become an occasion of falling. I thought of you indeed in the solemn hour that divided the old and new year—but little guessed what gloom enwrapped that period to you. Had I however been aware of your new title to my affectionate sympathy, I could hardly have prayed more earnestly, that you might be enabled to work out to the full the large measure of gifts, of opportunities, of qualities, of abilities, that has been meted out to you!—and this is but a gift of God, this affliction,—it is his 'visitation' to 'the preserving of your spirit'—it is a new opportunity granted you to do what He would have of you!—Deeds, not intentions,—facts, not feelings—a steadfast will, not acts of volition,—a life, not the aspirations of moments or hours, a striving forward, not looking back.—But alas! what am I that seem thus to preach? I am covered with my own confusion, and can but entreat you to accept the

fragmentary effusions of most sincere maternal affection: which it might often have seemed that I had communicated too unsparingly, but that your continued affection has encouraged, and emboldened me.

"May you be guided to form a resolution for your future life, such as may be good for you, in these hours of melancholy reflexion! May you perceive that the time is come for forming a plan, and acting up to it—for deciding that your life shall be one tissue, not put together in a succession of broken portions of various colour and texture: and may you, to that end, direct your views to a position where it shall be in your power to execute your own determinations, instead of having the best part of days and months stolen from you by the irruption of foreign elements, &c. I speak from a strong impression of experience—it is good, morally good, to live out of Italy: the *charm of life* that one has found there, *one finds nowhere else* —but if one would be forwarded on the way of duty, the atmosphere of a Christian country, of a German country, is *necessary*. I mean German in a wide sense, as opposed to Romaic. Heaven knows the country I am now in is far enough from possessing the moral excellence, or the intellectual elevation, that it should have, favoured as it has long been with evangelic light: it falls far short of what England is, and the better parts of Germany must be: and yet, even here, one is within reach of those whose examples make one look back with inward shame on one's own practice.

"I would once again urge my old arguments, that you are staying too long in a state of expatriation—that a man expatriated is 'shorn of his beams,' despoiled of half his

powers of usefulness, checked in his development, nay perhaps warped in his moral growth, and becomes not that which he was intended to be. You have need too to live among your equals, not your inferiors: and much as you have to give, and richly as you are able to communicate of your fullness, yet were it well for you to be sometimes on the receiving side!"

The letter just given is peculiarly characteristic of the intimate relation of "mother" and "son" existing between Madame Bunsen and Abeken, which enabled her to speak with such marvellous openness to him, and induced him to accept from her reprimands conveyed with uncompromising severity, because he knew the sentiment from which it sprang. This perhaps is the right point for mentioning how it was a source of especial delight and satisfaction in Madame Bunsen's later years, that she had lived to see Abeken at the post of eminence for which his talents and attainments fitted him; that he *did* work out all that was good and great in his character; and that he died in harness, labouring, with an earnestness and intentness rarely equalled, for his country's good, as his Sovereign's much-valued servant and Bismarck's confidential helpmate.

MADAME BUNSEN *to* ABEKEN.

"4 *March*, 1841.—In receiving on my birthday the demonstrations of affection of all those dear ones that surround me, I know that your thoughts and prayers are

blessing me from a distance. . . . . All my children and my husband had presents for me. Neukomm gave me a composition of his own to some pretty lines expressive of what my feelings might be on this day, and it was sung by Frances and Emilia, accompanied by him on the organ.

"5 *March.*—I have much more to tell of the remainder of my birthday, in which I heard some charming music, due to a party of singers conjured together, and another composition of Neukomm's, of which I had known nothing. Afterwards he and the Countess Mortier, the French Ambassadress, played a duet, he on the organ and she on the pianoforte—a quintett of Mozart's, arranged by him for the two instruments, in which the parts originally intended for wind-instruments fall to the share of the *orgue expressif:* and the effect was delightful. The last surprise for my birthday was furnished by Lepsius, who copied for me a drawing of his own from the Turin-Papyrus, the subject of which had amused me, being a caricature 3,000 years old, of the same sort as that picture of Teniers representing monks as monkeys:—this is a mockery of musicians, an ass playing on the harp, a lion on a sort of lyre, a crocodile on a non-descript, a monkey on a double trumpet: Lepsius had written in hieroglyphics a birthday-greeting, supposed to be sung by these performers, and Neukomm had composed it, and the notes are written as a frame round the drawing—and were sung as a finale.

"Neukomm has borrowed the poems of Silvio Pellico, in the wish to find something Italian to compose. I looked through the volume at his request, and found but one thing

to serve the purpose, the rest being perfectly disgusting, from the sentimentalising on the mere externals of devotion, gnawing the shell, and never proceeding to anything like 'worship in spirit and in truth.' It has left a melancholy impression upon me, that such perversion should survive a period of such trials as Silvio Pellico's, and that a mind touched with a certain degree of real religion, should yet rest so self-satisfied in supposed merit before God, from the endurance of chastisement, as to grovel in chains worse than those of Spielberg, instead of attaining to 'the glorious liberty of the sons of God.' There is a poem to *Santa Filumena*! * containing controversy in defence of her worship, and not satisfied with that, he sentimentalises also on *Santa Fortunata*, whose skeleton and name, it seems, are all that he knows of her, she not having found a setter-forth of miracles like Filumena. The most melancholy part of all is however, that this book has found enthusiastic readers; it is just fit for half the public of the times we live in. Morier says that the *Edinburgh Review* has a good article on the famous Tract, No. 90—and that it will seem Newman wrote it to keep back a whole troop of his followers from making the *saut périlleux* of going over to the Church of Rome, which they were '*consequent*' enough to intend!"

In April, 1841, Bunsen was summoned to Berlin to

* One of the favourite saints of Southern Italy. In the year 1802, the skeleton of a young female was found in one of the sepulchres of the catacombs of S. Priscilla, and above it was an inscription—"Lumena pax te cum fi"—of which the beginning and end were lost. Out of these materials rose the devotion to "Santa Filumena." The body found in the catacombs was carried to Mugnano, twenty miles from Naples.

receive the instructions of King Frederick William IV. for proceeding to England on a temporary mission connected with the institution of a Protestant Bishopric of Jerusalem.

MADAME BUNSEN *to her* MOTHER.

"5 *April*, 1841.—I have to send you a piece of news,—that Charles is coming to see you. He has received the King's orders 'to come to Berlin, for instructions to proceed to the court of Great Britain on a special mission.'—My Mother will see that there must be a mixture of feelings, but satisfaction is the result. Besides the 'especial mission' (we know not what it is, whatever we may conjecture) it is no doubt the King's intention, by ordering him to Berlin to receive instructions, to have an opportunity of speaking with him of many other things, and in particular of his own future sphere of usefulness. I need not tell you that I enjoy the thought of his coming to England *this* time in all the *éclat* of high favour, after his having had to appear there the first time under the cloud of ministerial disapprobation, and *yet*—and *yet*—having so made his way, and been sought after, and made much of, by all those he most valued, although a private individual unsupported."

To BUNSEN.

"15 *June*, 1841.—After reading for the fourth time your delightful letters from Gotha and Potsdam, I must write a word before I sleep. I feel that though my heart overflows with thankfulness, I am yet not half thankful enough, for the succession of mercies and blessings, for the

perpetual 'meeting of the heart's desire,' for the preventing of wishes, for the pouring of balm into old wounds, for the letting the '*latter rain*' follow *the early*—where should one find words for enunciation of the mercies of which you have been the object!—

'O dass ich tausend Zungen hätte
Und einen tausendfachen Mund,
So stimmt' ich damit um die Wette
Aus allertiefstem Herzensgrund,
Ein Loblied nach dem andern an,
Für das was Gott an mir gethan.'

And most of all do I bless God, my Best-Beloved, for the spirit and temper of mind in which He preserves you, and pray that He will still supply you with His grace to 'refrain your soul, and keep it low'—and so shall you show, and feel, that '*nothing is impossible to them that love Him*'—as it is even possible for you to pass through all that is most trying to the weakness of the flesh and pride of the spirit, without intoxication—without turning into evil the choicest gifts of Providence.

"Surely it will please God to work good to His church by the designs of such a King and such a man!—or one must fear for his life—he is too perfect for such a world and such an age. I must ever think of Madame Vernet's words, 'On devrait vivre à genoux'—if it was only to pray for him. Often indeed, does my heart rise to Heaven for him, but yet I reproach myself that it does not call for blessings upon him every instant."

BUNSEN *to* MRS. WADDINGTON.

"*Mivart's Hotel*, 1 *July*, 1841.—It is a most solemn moment to me in which I address you. It is the 24th anniversary of

that day on which your precious Fanny became my wife at Rome. You then, and your excellent husband, gave her to *me*, to a stranger to you in blood and in nationality, a young man you had fallen in with on the high road of life, in a foreign country, without fortune, and without any other place in society, except that which the education he had received entitled him to. To him you confided what was most precious to you, not unconscious of the blame your friends would cast upon you. That man now addresses you as the envoy of one of the great Kings of this world, a King who calls himself his friend, and who has proved to him a brother and a father: an envoy sent to your country, on an object of peaceful magnitude. If I was left to my own evil dispositions, I should say, I was *proud* of being on this day here, to address to you, my dearest Mother, the expression of unspeakable gratitude for the trust you reposed in me, for the affection you bore me, for the benefit and blessings you conferred upon me. But I hope, I may say, by the grace of God, in truth, I feel *thankful*, humbled to the dust by the recollections attached to this day in my mind, and by the feelings engraven on my heart. Receive then, dearest Mother, the effusions of a heart you adopted four and twenty years ago, and which you never misunderstood since; the thanks of a man, who, in the midst of a life of almost miraculous blessings, every day of his existence, feels more and more that your daughter is the centre of all of them. May God bless you, my dearest Mother, here on this earth, and eternally, for all your maternal kindness to one who will never cease to be your most devoted son—
CHARLES."

MADAME BUNSEN *to* BUNSEN (in London).

"20 *July*, 1841.—That I read your letters with thanksgiving, with tears of joy, you will believe! There are no words to express what I feel of the grandeur of the prospect opened, of the greatness of the mercy and grace shown to yourself, to be enabled to become the instrument of such things, of the wonders of Divine Power and Providence that seem displayed before us in the turning of men's minds to do a thing most contrary to their own habitual views of duty!—I had been anticipating the difficulty of following up principles, and fearing that the Bishops might at last find it impossible to reconcile their views of right with what you must demand—even while rejoicing in the manner in which they met your first overtures;—but now it would seem indeed as if something is to be done for the Church of God. The Archbishop's words I have read and re-read, with the feeling with which one listens to the voice of prophecy: it is as if the venerable old man were over-ruled to utter words not his own, and lay hand on a work greater than he was capable of conceiving.

"When I learn that the English society for Missions in Europe has been obliged to restrict its operations *for want of funds!*—how grievous it seems that *good* people, who have means and good-will, should not be roused to help. . . . The accounts in the *Feuilles Mensuelles* make one *restless* to have all the good done that can be done, while there is time—so many nations are holding out their hands in supplication, like the man of Macedonia to St. Paul!—and the enemy is growing so active in sowing tares amongst the wheat, since Louis Philippe has had the weakness to become

an instrument of the Church which, if it had power, would destroy him.

"We have had a delightful excursion to the lake of Lucerne, meeting dear Lady Raffles there. You will guess our enjoyment in the lake, mountains, rocks, woods! Neukomm got us a carriage at Fluelen, in which we proceeded to Andermatt. Of the effect of this whole valley, all its grandeur, all its beauty, I shall only say that it surpassed all expectations I could form, highly as those had been raised. I enjoyed it thoroughly, and the solemn calm of Andermatt—the plain of flowers, the grassy slopes, the tranquil river—was not less striking than your frequent quotation of the favourite passage from Schiller led me to expect. We were all three glad to come exactly the same way back, to strengthen the impression of what we had seen.

"You will believe that Lady Raffles's company here is an inestimable pleasure and edification. I only grudge it to myself alone, and long for you, or for my dear Mother to enjoy it too. Lady Raffles is an astonishing person—I wonder and admire the more I see her, and I have the comfort of feeling that it is soothing to her to be here."

To her MOTHER.

"*Berne*, 10 *August*, 1841.—My mind is full of the image of a saint, if ever there was one, now gone to her rest—Madame Vernet, the mother of Madame de Staël and Mademoiselle Anna—through tortures beyond description, but which never troubled her heavenliness of mind, her love and sympathy and charity of spirit. She has left

'surviving Friendship's breast
Warm with the sunshine of her rest!'

I have had a visit from her eldest son, and her daughter-in-law, who is an Englishwoman."

To BUNSEN.

"*Lausanne*, 14 *August*, 1841.—I have come here to see Mayor, who advises the Baths of S. Maurice for Emilia. . . . . As I was sitting on the terrace, a lady came up, and told me she was Mademoiselle Charlotte Kestner! She came afterwards to tea, with her lame brother, and I had very great pleasure in the conversation of both, finding *Kestnersches Gemüth, Stimme, und Redensarten.*

"Before leaving home I was greatly interested by a visit from the Vernets, from whom I have the most invaluable anecdotes and details of their really saint-like mother —whose life and character, if a little vanity and love of effect were added, would have furnished one half-a-dozen *Beati* of the Church of Rome."

"*Lavey*, 19 *August*.—This morning, from six o'clock till eight, we had a delightful drive in an *Einspänner*, in the shadow of the mountains. I cannot get over my astonishment, when I recollect that I drove through this magnificent country twenty-five years ago, and saw it with those two eyes that are yet in my head, and did not make out how magnificent it was! One has many things to learn, and many more things, it seems, have been matter of learning, not of intuition, than I had supposed. I could hardly believe my eyes, when I took in to-day the beauty of that Pissevache which I had looked upon before through so prosaic a film. Of the baths of Lavey I had heard the position was uninteresting. I believe the Swiss suppose high cultivation necessary to make out beauty:

for my part, I find so many requisites, as to experience no want. If there were nothing but the view from the windows, it would be enough; but a walk of a quarter of an hour, in every direction, offers new and grand combinations."

"7 *Sept.*, 1841.—To all your wishes on the subject of the future I say, Amen!—considering your being appointed to England (which everybody would suppose the most desirable thing in the world for us) just as you do, as an episode, as resting by the way, rather than moving towards the end: and in short, as that which only a sense of duty to the King, if he should finally desire your service there rather than elsewhere, should move you to accept. I cannot think the King would fix you beyond seas from his own inclination—he must see pressing need if he were to require it of you: and in that case I believe the expression of his will must be regarded as a sign from Providence of what you are called upon to do. I hope we are not always to be wanderers, in provisional habitations! but if the sign is given for such another remove, we must only try to profit by the practical instruction that 'here we have no abiding city, but seek one to come.' If you are obliged to accept this appointment, my Best-Beloved, I must come back to my old proposal of our having a house in some quiet sea-place, so near a railway that you might in a few hours pass and re-pass to London: to the neighbourhood of Southampton I should incline for the sake of Mrs. Denison, or to the Sussex coast, where being near Julius Hare would be a pleasure too. Whatever the arrangement, I trust we may never again be parted!—indeed it grows worse and worse to live thus separate—to

have *Freud und Leid*, for months together, to experience alone!—God be praised for the mercy that he has given us so little of the latter."

In September, 1841, died Mrs. Denison, the lovely and beloved first wife of Edward Denison, Bishop of Salisbury, who from her first acquaintance with the Bunsens at Rome, as Louisa Ker Seymer, had been closely entwined in their sympathies, and for whom in the last few years they had felt an almost parental affection.

MADAME BUNSEN *to her* MOTHER.

"3 *Oct.*, 1841.—I cannot express what the intelligence of Mrs. Denison's death has been to me. As each day passes since I received it, I become more aware how she was incorporated with my habitual thoughts and recollections—how I lived with her, though with so little prospect of a renewal of personal intercourse: and how the bright vision of our last interview was for ever recurring, and shadowing forth a prolongation of the life and love and happiness that I had been allowed a glimpse of in those last twenty-four hours spent in England.

"My dearest husband is deeply grieved—and now I know not how to bear his lengthened absence; I can feel so well that now he wants me, as I want him, more than ever: for as that dear and lovely creature was neither our younger sister nor elder daughter, who is there that can understand the loss she is to us both? Her case gives me again opportunity for preaching on a text, which I leave no occasion unimproved of urging on my children and

friends;—that it belongs to the duty of good Protestants to be independent in the case of the body as well as of the soul, and that as the blessed Reformation set us free from the Confession, so we are bound to use judgment to defend our lives and those dear to us from physicians."

To BUNSEN.

"29 *Sept.*, 1841.—The varied emotions excited by your letter received yesterday almost strike me dumb. Louisa's death! I can hardly yet conceive it: and am conscious that what I now feel is little to what I shall feel, when day after day I shall become more aware how her bright soothing image was blended with the whole of recollection and anticipation,—and find the shadow of death where so lately was the fairest image of earth's happiness!—Yes, she was too good to be left here longer, she had fought her fight, and overcome, she had attained the end of human existence, her whole being was spiritualized, and took part in the things of earth by love, not by sense!—that love which remains in strength, when Faith is lost in sight, and Hope has received its accomplishment!

"I do not grudge her the share she had of your love, my Dearest, or you the share of hers: I know she loved me, and most warmly did I love her: and *do* I love her: for in reference to the dead, we are in the eternal *present*—those feelings which are not to pass away, even with life, belong not to the past. Her life, her lovely appearance—belong indeed to the past;—and that is the bitter truth that will force itself on unwilling consciousness. Alas! for the excellent Bishop, and for those sisters to whom her higher nature was a converging point."

"3 *Oct.*—Daily, morning and evening, and often between other thoughts and employments, the image of death meets me, and yesterday in particular I knew not how to bear the thought of your pilgrimage to the spot of desolation, which only a little before was gilded to our thoughts with every species of brightness! and will my Henry be ordained to-day, and his Father stand by, within sight of that unclosed grave? . . . . The world of spirit is not restrained to place, any more than to time—we do but step out of the barrier of sense and we are in it. Can she not be conscious of what is in our spirit, though we are unconscious of the highest perceptions of hers? Have you read to yourself 'Die Seele ruht in Jesu Armen'—that hymn is such an unspeakable comfort.

"It is hard to think, or to write of other things. How I feel your longing after country life. May God give us grace to be satisfied whatever is decided for us: never could we more completely feel ourselves in his hands, for as you truly say, we know not where to find a place to rest in your wandering.

"My best-beloved, the state of things as to Emilia is, that I feel as at the end of a long, very long avenue, the object at the other end of which is—her recovery of the power of walking: the object is dim from distance, but I have every reason to believe it is no deception."

"18 *Oct.*, 1841.—Alas! if you could only get here for Christmas. Indeed it gets harder and harder to bear this lengthening of separation: and hard as it is for myself, I would willingly bear more, to be sure that it did not fall still heavier upon you. I am deprived of *you*, and that is an immense want, greater than can be expressed, felt in

SAN RAFAEL,
MARIN COUNTY

everything, and at every moment; but I have my children, and home, and quiet—whereas you have not only not *me* (whom I know you love, and want) but you have not home and quiet! Well do I comprehend the grief of Louisa's loss falling upon you with fresh weight in the change of scene, and comparative solitude: to me it comes back ever new, and at every ebb a flow of the tide of thought: I cannot learn yet to leave it alone, as a fact not to be got rid of. 'It is enough—she died—what recks it now.' Henry believes she wrote to you the last words ever written by her—how I long to see those words."

CHAPTER II.

CARLTON TERRACE AND HURSTMONCEAUX.

"Life, I repeat, is energy of love,
Divine or human; exercised in pain,
In strife, and tribulation, and ordained
If so approved and sanctified, to pass
Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy."

WORDSWORTH.

IN November, 1841, Bunsen received from his beloved King the appointment of Minister at the Court of St. James's, to the great joy of his friends and confusion of his enemies. Madame Bunsen at once prepared to join him. It was a time of infinite labour. Alone and unaided she had to wind up their affairs at Berne, to let the Hubel, dismiss the household, sell furniture, pack up library, give orders for England, and above all manage the tedious journey with all her children, of whom three were intensely delicate, in the depth of winter, when the Rhine was blocked by ice, with narrow means, and ever contradictory letters to act upon.

MADAME BUNSEN *to* BUNSEN.

"24 *Nov.*, 1841.—I need not enlarge upon the feelings

excited by your letter of yesterday. The Lord be with you, and with us all, in the brighter as in the darker dispensations, and as He has 'taught you to be abased, so teach you also to abound.' There is no romance like that of real life and nothing can be fancied so extraordinary as what happens. My Dearest, it is my comfort that you will take this, as everything else, at the hand of God: or else the cup of triumph would be enough to intoxicate you. . . . I say nothing, and do nothing here, that looks like a breaking-up, till I receive your letter from Berlin, announcing that the matter is public."

"*Carlsruhe*, 30 *Dec.*, 1841.—God be thanked that I am on my way to you! That is my constant comfort—a sort of guiding-star. Some day I hope to look back from a safe shore, upon this late stormy time. Often I have the sensation as if I was at an end, but then God gives refreshment, and above all, trust in His help and Providence."

To her MOTHER.

"*Ostende*, 4 *Jan.*, 1842.—It is as a dream, and I can hardly conceive what yet is true, that the difficulties of such a long journey, with such a troop, at such a time of year, have been got over, or rather, I should say, have vanished as we approached: for everything has passed off well; and without delay, or stop, or hindrance, have we got on from one conveyance to another—trotting on the road, swimming on the Rhine, whirling on the railway, and now it remains to roll and rock on the sea. At Bonn good M. Brandis* came to us on board the steamer, and went on with us to Cologne, from whence he saw us off by

* Charles Augustus Brandis, the early friend of Roman days.

the railway: it was a great pleasure to see him once again, after 22 years! Urlichs did the same, and young Wurstemberger from Berne, came after us to Cologne, and went on with us to Aix-la-Chapelle. I was much gratified by these glimpses of kind persons by the way!"

"5 *Jan.*—If I do not dream, my own dearest Mother, here I am—in London—with my dear husband—having all my treasures safe—in a palace—after the most prosperous passage."

The residence of the Bunsens at the Prussian Legation, first at No. 4 and afterwards at No. 9, Carlton Terrace, occupied one of the most charming situations in London, being perfectly open on each side, and having a view across St. James's Park, with its trees and water, to the towers of Westminster Abbey. The house became what the home on the Capitoline had been, an intellectual centre of the most interesting kind—first to foreigners, gradually to Englishmen. All who were connected with what was best in theology, history, philosophy, in poetry, music, or painting, seemed naturally to gravitate towards it, and its cosmopolitan gatherings, in which the foreign element always predominated, were the greatest possible contrast to the parties usually endured by those who drink a London season to the dregs. The host and hostess had the gift of putting all their guests at their ease, by being perfectly at ease themselves, with every nationality, with every phase of interest or opinion. It became to many

English men and women a real repose even to call to mind the countenance of the Prussian Minister and his wife in the midst of the ordinary turmoil—he beaming with vigorous animation ; and she, full of sympathy and benignity, always perfectly self-possessed in the midst of strangers, in the imperturbable dignity of the simplicity of nature. The hospitalities of the legation in Carlton Terrace were initiated on the occasion of the visit of the King of Prussia to England, which took place immediately after Madame Bunsen and her family arrived from Berne.

Madame Bunsen never could accustom herself to the whirl of London life, and its destructive night-work and late hours, which her numerous household and its requirements rendered especially overpowering. "I do not suppose people grow old in London any faster than they do elsewhere," she wrote, "but they certainly lead double lives—something beyond working double time, in keeping even with the daily demands of life." Perhaps the social gatherings which gave her greatest pleasure were those of the poet Rogers. More than thirty years afterwards she spoke of "his house, his collection of works of art of every sort and kind, and his perfect little breakfast-parties," remaining in recollection as things quite unique, and never to be seen again. But the chief attraction which London had to offer to the Bunsens outside the walls of their home, was the opportunity of renewing of such English friendships formed at Rome, as those with the Countess

of Harrowby, Mr. and Lady Emily Pusey, the Ker-Seymers, and the Countess of Ranfurly and her daughters. Madame de Ste. Aulaire was also in London, where her husband represented the French Court, and they were, of all Roman Catholics, the persons for whom Bunsen and his wife entertained the utmost regard and affection.*

"*Carlton Terrace*, 7 *Jan.*, 1842.—I am congratulated upon the happiness of my change. Now I know but two things, that I am happy to be *with* my husband, and *near* my Mother: all the rest is a change for the worse, unspeakable:—my only comfort is, that neither my husband nor I have *sought* or *wished* this splendid misery, therefore what is in the ways of Providence must be right. I trust God may grant me a *home* on my native soil, though how the necessary ingredients should come together in London, I am at loss to conceive. I am so home-sick after my dear Hubel, that I can hardly look at my elder girls: they do not complain, but their faces show the depression produced by the gloomy change, from everything they wanted and enjoyed—to—*nothing* enjoyable. My own Mother, this will mend; but it will I think do me good to have *sfogato*."

It was during the stay of the King of Prussia that

* The Comte de Ste. Aulaire was the model of a perfect French gentleman of the ancien régime. His youth had been spent as a fugitive emigré at Vienna, and his beautiful mother had to earn her living in the capital, where he afterwards appeared in all the splendour of ambassador from Louis Philippe, by taking in fine washing! After the fall of the Orleans dynasty, the Ste. Aulaire's lived quite quietly in Paris.

Madame Bunsen was invited to pay the first of many much-valued visits to Windsor. "I always liked the visits at Windsor," she wrote years afterwards,—"the comfortable quiet and independence in which one could spend as much time as one would of the day in one's own comfortable rooms, where I have written letters and read books for which I had no time in London: if the Ladies in Waiting were agreeable, one could walk or drive with them, go to see the Queen's dogs in their establishment, or the exquisite poultry-yard, or the beautiful dairy-house, and I had a favourite haunt on the summit of the Slopes, and made particular acquaintance with Australian pines which were very flourishing and securely sheltered from winds by the Castle:—and the period of state-stiffness was, after all, restricted within the narrowest imaginable bounds!—from 8 to 11. Such a visit was always a rest instead of an extra exertion."

MADAME BUNSEN *to her* MOTHER.

"*Windsor Castle*, 28 *Jan.*, 1842.—I was at work till three, then came by railway to Windsor and found that in the York Tower a comfortable set of rooms were awaiting us. The upper housemaid gave us tea and bread and butter—very refreshing. When dressed, we went together to the corridor, soon met Lord Delawarr, the Duchess of Buccleugh, and Lord and Lady Westmoreland: the former showed us where to go—that is, to walk through the corridor (a fairy scene—lights, pictures, moving figures of courtiers unknown) to apartments which we passed

through, one after another—till we reached the magnificent ball-room, where the guests were assembled to await the Queen's appearance. Among these guests stood our King himself, punctual to ½ past 7; soon came Prince Albert, to whom Lord Delawarr named me, when he spoke to me of Rome. We had not been there long, before two gentlemen, walking in by the same door by which we had entered, and then turning, and making profound bows towards the open door, showed that the Queen was coming. She approached me directly, and said with a gracious smile, 'I am very much pleased to see you;' then passed on, and after speaking a few moments to the King, took his arm, and moved on, 'God save the Queen' having begun to sound in the same moment from the Waterloo gallery, where the Queen has always dined since the King has been with her. Lord Haddington led me to dinner, and one of the King's suite sat on the other side. The scene was one of fairy-tales—of indescribable magnificence, the proportions of the hall, the mass of light in suspension, the gold plate on the table, glittering with a thousand lights in branches of a proper height not to meet the eye. The King's health was drunk, then the Queen's, and then her Majesty rose and went out, followed by all the ladies. During the half hour or less that elapsed before Prince Albert, the King, &c., followed the Queen, she did not sit, but went round to speak to the different ladies. She asked after my children, and gave me an opportunity of thanking her for the gracious permission to behold her Majesty so soon after my arrival. The Duchess of Kent also spoke to me, and I was very glad of the notice of Lady Lyttelton, who is very charming.

"As soon as the King came, the Queen went into the ball-room, and made the King dance a quadrille with her, which he did with all suitable grace and dignity, though he has long ceased to dance. . . . . At half-past eleven, after the Queen had retired, I set out on my travels to my bed-chamber: I might have looked and wandered some miles, before I had found my door of exit, but was helped by an old gentleman, I believe Lord Albemarle."

"3 *Feb.*, 1842.—On Monday we dined at Stafford House, where we were received with the greatest kindness. I was presented to the Duchess of Gloucester, who called me 'the daughter of her old friend, Mrs. Waddington.' Being taken to dinner by Lord John Russell, I found him a most agreeable neighbour, in no common way: he is one of the persons with whom I find it possible at once to express what I think, with whom I get directly out of emptiness of phrases: my Mother will know what I mean. The house is beautiful, the staircase especially, and a fine band played the whole evening, concluding with a composition of Prince Radziwill, never before heard in England, which was an attention to the King. The Duke of Sussex and Duchess of Inverness spoke to me, and asked me to their luncheon the next day, given to the King.

"On Tuesday the way to Kensington Palace was lined by schools with flags, and crowds of people: the Duke of Sussex received me, and brought me into the Library to the Duchess of Gloucester and Princess Sophia, who spoke most kindly, and made me sit between them, asking after you. When they rose to speak to somebody else, I slipt away behind the Duchess and got to a modest distance.

Lord Lansdowne spoke to me—in short, people enough—there is nothing like the Bude-light to make one conspicuous, and sharpen people's memories! The Duchess of Sutherland followed up her kind beginning, and came and sat by me;—so, after speaking of other things, I ventured to tell her that I was in a difficulty about the Duchess of Cambridge, not having been yet to wait upon any of the Royal Family, as it was not to be done till after I had been received at Windsor, the other members, including the Duke, being pleased to notice me from former recollections. Whereupon the Duchess was so good as to speak to the Duchess of Cambridge, and present me to her. At the table I sat between Humboldt and Lord Palmerston, whom I also found very ready to talk.

"I returned from the Duke of Sussex's at 6, and at 10 dressed again for the Duke of Wellington's. There was music—selected as unseasonably as could be, things the King might have heard better at Berlin, except, to be sure, that one was a composition of Lord Westmoreland's! poor Miss Kemble, &c. straining their voices to be heard above the buzz of company: and the unequalled tones of Dragonetti and Lindley degraded to commonplace accompaniment!

"The King's visit to Lambeth on Wednesday was perhaps one of the most suitable and most agreeable to him of any that he has made, from the magnificence of the building, the historical associations, and the admirable choice of the company—bishops and clergy, and few besides; no ladies but Mrs. Blomfield, and one relation of Mrs. Howley's. The King enjoyed himself, and sate for some time after luncheon was over, talking to the archbishop. He

took leave of Lord Ashley with much kindness, and told him he must come and visit him at Berlin. At six I got home, and at ten dressed for the Duchess of Cambridge's, where the King had dined, and whither he returned after midnight from the play, having enjoyed the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and a most heart-cheering reception. I passed my time very agreeably here, owing to Lady Denbigh,* with whom I had much interesting conversation.

"Then Thursday, the opening of Parliament, was the thing from which I had expected most, and I was not disappointed; the throngs in the streets, in the windows, in every place people could stand upon,—all looking so pleased, the splendid Horse Guards, the Grenadiers of the Guard—of whom might be said, as the King did on another occasion—'an appearance so fine, you know not how to believe it true,' the yeomen of the Body Guard: then, in the House of Lords, the peers in their robes, the beautifully dressed ladies, with many, many beautiful faces—lastly, the procession of the Queen's entry, and *herself*, looking worthy and fit to be the converging-point of so many rays of grandeur. It is self-evident that she is not tall—but were she ever so tall, she could not have more grace and dignity, a head better set, a throat better arching:—and one advantage there is in her looks, when she casts a glance, being of necessity cast *up* and not *down*, that the effect of the eyes is not lost, and they have an effect both bright and pleasing. The composure with which she filled the throne, while awaiting the Commons, I much admired: it was a test—no fidget, and no apathy.

* Lady Mary Moreton, daughter of the 1st Earl of Ducie.

Then her voice and enunciation cannot be more perfect. In short, it could not be said she *did well;* but she was *the Queen*, she was, and felt herself to be, the descendant of her ancestors. Stuffed in by her Majesty's mace-bearers, and peeping over their shoulders, I was enabled to struggle down the emotion I felt, at thinking what mighty pages in the world's history were condensed in the words, so impressively uttered by that soft and feminine voice. Peace and war—the fate of millions—relations and exertions of power felt to the extremities of the globe! alteration of Corn-laws! birth of a future Sovereign! — With what should it close, but the heartfelt aspiration, God bless her and guide her, for her sake and the sake of all!"

"14 *Feb.*, 1842.—In London I live in a state of fever and do not comprehend how I go on. . . . . The bright moments of last week were seeing Lady Frances Sandon, Lady Emily Pusey, Madame de Ste. Aulaire: those were great gratifications. . . . . On Saturday evening we had the great treat of hearing the music of the Holy Week performed here in our own house, by a small number of good voices, Germans and Danes—found out by Neukomm and Moscheles."

"17 *Feb* —How I wish I may *get under* the mass of elements I am contending with—for though a quantity of things and persons, the best and most interesting, are to be found in London, one has but one life, and the day and hour will not carry double and treble. My present feeling is—*how long?*"

"3 *March.*—We have had a most agreeable dinner-party at Lord Stanhope's, just such as I enjoy, few people and

conversation. Lady Wilhelmina is a very fine creature, externally—and a most agreeable converser, full of intelligence and information: but I was not prepared for the genius which her drawings denote—groups from subjects that interest her, with extraordinary conceptions of beauty and grace without distortion, and a correctness of outline and proportion very rare in possessors of the art—at the same time no scratching and blotting to hide defects, no colour and light and shade to give effect.—Her outlines are in pen and sepia like Flaxman's, only not like the antique, her subjects and costumes being of the Middle Ages, from Percy's Reliques and other ballads, Italian tales, &c. Two things I saw coloured, and those, sketches, from memory, of Mademoiselle Rachel, were also admirable: but no subject was treated that was not a good subject, no quotation written by the side that was not poetical. I long to see more, and shall bear in mind to obtain further opportunities. I was very glad to make acquaintance of Lady Mahon,* whom I think quite *charming*—intelligent and conversible, natural and gay, giving the impression of a mind and character as well-proportioned as her pretty face and figure. I have as yet seen but little of Miss Stuart's† drawings, but those I saw showed talent of an even higher order than Lady Wilhelmina's, in the same proportion as her Grecian outline and eye of soul denote a higher order of being —without meaning to criticise the other, whom I *like*

* Emily Harriet, 2nd daughter of Sir Edward Kerrison, Bt., and wife of Philip Henry, afterwards 5th Earl Stanhope.

† Hon. Louisa Stuart, younger daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothsay, who afterwards married Henry 3rd Marquis of Waterford.

really—only Rubens is not Raphael. I know my Mother will sympathise in my pleasure in these persons and things."

"19 *March*.—To-day we were invited to luncheon to meet the Queen—at Lambeth—the whole most beautifully arranged, with luxury of flowers and plants."

"8 *April*.—O! when one thinks of distress, how it does go to one's heart to spend money in a fine court dress! and how depressed and ashamed I felt yesterday morning, put out of countenance by my own conscience. But I was obliged to say, royalty is a thing most useful and necessary in the world, and if one is pushed close up against it, one must show the respect one feels in the manner appointed. I was extremely struck with the splendour of the scene at the Drawing Room, and having an excellent place, near enough to see everybody come up to the Queen and pass off again, I was very much entertained, and admired a number of beautiful persons. But nobody did I admire more than Mrs. Norton, whom I had seen before, and Lady Canning's face always grows upon me."

To a Son.

"13 *May*, 1842.—I thank God for your tenderness of conscience, and for your strictness of hourly self-examination, the only sort that I believe can avail, for I cannot conceive how anybody can execute what so many recommend, the passing over in a preparation for evening devotion the events and feelings of the day: either it is impossible, and a self-deception, or it leads to a very unedifying state of mind, which will get more entangled in the trammels of bye-gone hours, than free for heavenly

meditation. But while I recommend the speedily passing judgment upon the offences of the hour and the moment, I recall for your guidance a sentence of Bishop Patrick's which, early-read and long remembered, has often stood me in good stead,—'It is not by long poring over the wounds and bruises that we get on in the daily journey of life, that we find means to advance farther: instead of prying into our sores, let us leave those things that are behind, and stretch forward after those that are before.' I quote from memory, and incorrectly, but that is the substance, and a great truth lies at the bottom. Another passage I cannot recall verbally, but it distinguishes between a true and false humility, and makes the former as rather attainable in devout contemplation of the perfections of Christ our Saviour, such as 'quietly sinks us down to the very bottom of our being,' than by the consideration of our own infirmities, which ruffles and disturbs the mind to its lowest depths, and renders it unfit to reflect the heavenly image.

"My dearest Son, all that you describe I have passed through so often, that in reading your letter, it was as if the secrets of my own soul were laid open. To be cheated of the comfort of the Lord's Supper, and by one's own vanity and emptiness, how painful that is! and how well do we deserve our own reproaches! But let us beware lest we place bounds to the mercy of God, and let the mists and vapours of our own souls obscure and intercept his rays, which are always shining, and ready to communicate vital warmth and light!"

The illness of her daughter Emilia induced Madame

Bunsen in the summer of 1842 to take her to the baths of Aix in Savoy. The journey was one of much suffering both at the time and afterwards, another daughter returning almost as ill as the one for whose sake they had gone abroad. It was during this absence of his wife, that Bunsen decided upon a country-home for his family at Hurstmonceaux Place, a large country-house about ten miles from Eastbourne in Sussex, situated in the parish of his friend Archdeacon Julius Hare, and upon the edge of the picturesque deserted deer-park, which contains the immense ivy-covered ruins of Hurstmonceaux Castle.

MADAME BUNSEN *to* BUNSEN.

"*Aix*, 16 *August*, 1842.—I hardly know how to believe in the prospect of Hurstmonceaux, that just all I wished, in the most desirable form, attended by every most desirable circumstance, should at once be granted! Indeed I may say, I rejoice with trembling: for it is as if an angel from heaven was visibly before me, bringing me the assurance of being dealt with according to my heart's desire, and mildly reproaching me with the impatience and want of faith with which I have craved that bread of life, which God has never suffered me to want in any possible shape, for myself or mine. My thoughts had often turned to the coast of Sussex, as the part of England most desirable for us, on account of its neighbourhood to Julius Hare and Mrs. Augustus Hare—now that death has closed upon us the once bright prospect of Salisbury and Southampton.

"It is another gift of Providence, that when it has taken

from us Dr. Arnold, it has drawn us nearer to another friend, the only one to be named near him. . . . . O! the delight with which I think of having a garden. The only pang, is the thought of the distance from my dear Mother: in all else I feel thankfulness for a promised place of refuge and quiet, where we may live with our children, ward off as may be such influences as we cannot measure, and as far as in us lies cast in such seed as we know to be good, trusting to Him who giveth increase in its season as He judgeth fit.

"We have driven in the evening to the Lac de Bourget, and staid rowing upon it till after the moon rose. Oh! this lake, and sky, and moon, are so Italian!—and the calm dreaminess of this summer life is a clear reminiscence of a past that I thought gone for ever!"

BUNSEN *to* MRS. WADDINGTON.

"*August*, 1842.—On arriving at Hurstmonceaux I found that the inmate of the manor (once the place of the Hares'), who has a twenty-one years' lease of it, of which two years are remaining, wished to go to Italy for this time. The house is well furnished throughout, has seventeen bedrooms besides dressing-rooms, beautiful gardens, meadows, &c., and is only four miles from the sea. You will think it wrong if I do not seize this quite unexpected opportunity, as a providential solution of a most difficult problem."

MADAME BUNSEN *to her* MOTHER.

"*Aix*, 31 *August*, 1842.—I have not forgotten that objections are everywhere, that trial is everywhere—that

'man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward'—but still, I see sunshine in the prospect of Hurstmonceaux, just as, in the close of last year, I saw gloom in that of London. My feeling (no, not feeling, I have no gift of presentiment, but calculation) proved true in the one case, and God grant it may prove true in the second."

To BUNSEN.

"*Geneva*, 16 *Sept.*, 1842.—Many things in life turn out all the better, for not promising much at first; and so it may be with this bathing-journey; but I certainly came away from Aix under circumstances seemingly more dispiriting than those under which I arrived—Mary scarcely able to stand, Emilia much as she was, and Theodore not by any means well.

"This has been a busy day, and much could I tell of the kindness of the Vernets, with whom I dined at Carra, of the Tronchins, whom I visited on my way back; of Mademoiselle Calandrini, who was with us a long time; and of Madame de Staël, who came hither from Coppet to see us."

It was in October that the Bunsens settled at Hurstmonceaux Place, where Madame Bunsen left her children for the next two years, during her frequent necessary absences in London. At Hurstmonceaux also, she herself often obtained a much-needed reprieve from the choking and crushing fullness of her London life. When obliged to be in London, the nearest compensations for separation from her children were found, not in the usually credited advantages of the metropolis,

but in such tranquil moments as she was able to pass in the society of Lady Raffles, or amid the interests of the British Museum.

MADAME BUNSEN *to her* SON GEORGE.

"*Hurstmonceaux Place*, 16 *Nov.*, 1842.—You will be glad to see the date of this place, which will contain an evidence of our being in comfort. If anything besides clothes and food are necessaries of life, it is certainly what we acquire by our country-establishment,—quiet, leisure, command of time, consciousness of possessing the day as our own,—and air, *real air* to breathe, not a mixture of fog and smoke; means too of taking exercise, which is not merely fatigue without refreshment. This house is the early home of Archdeacon Hare and his brothers, and is very large—really large enough for us!—the rooms very cheerful, basking in the sun, with high windows letting in the light. A park with fine trees slopes away from the house, and the church stands on the brow of a grassy hill just opposite, and at the end of the park—which is no longer so termed, as no longer containing deer, but partitioned off into fields with sheep and cows in them.

"Our gardens are delightful—with large trees, planes and chestnuts, a cedar, and an evergreen-oak, the latter the finest I have seen in England. A flower-garden and greenhouse are near the house, and, at the distance of three-quarters of a mile, through the park, is a large kitchen garden, walled in, and belonging to the old Hurstmonceaux Castle, originally dating from the Conquest, but rebuilt in 1440, a fine and very large fortress, like Raglan Castle, inhabited till eighty years ago, when Mr. Hare's

grandfather was persuaded to build the house which we inhabit, and dismantle the castle for materials!—much to be lamented for the sake of the castle, which remains an ivy-mantled ruin, likely to outlive many a younger edifice: and for the family, who by building the house brought on the need for selling the estate. From our upper windows we see the sea, with Pevensey Bay, where William the Norman landed. There are good roads and paths in all directions, and Emilia and Mary enjoy driving out in a low phaeton with two little ponies, a late very agreeable and useful acquisition. Archdeacon Hare and Mrs. Augustus Hare are all kindness and cordiality. . . . . This has been a year of distress, trial, and unsatisfactory unavoidable expenditure of time and money, such as I hope and pray not to be called upon to live through again! But it has pleased Providence to bring us in this place, to the haven where we would be, before the close of it: and I am hourly thankful."

To ABEKEN.

"*Hurstmonceaux,* 13 *March,* 1843.—Your letter, abundant in delightful matter, leaves me (independent of its exciting interest) the consoling impression that your way through the desert* is not, will not be, a wandering out of the right way, neither for forty years nor for two. The kingdom of God may be forwarded, laboured for, in one position as in another, if it is but kept as the first object, and never

* Abeken had now left Rome and his vocation as Minister of the Gospel. The Prussian government, at Bunsen's request, had allowed him to accompany the expedition to Egypt undertaken at the country's expense by Lepsius, to whom his rare scientific, geographical, and linguistic acquirements were most valuable.

lost sight of: for those who have 'zur Kreuzfahn durch dein Blut, o Jesu, lassen schreiben'—must not fight under another banner.

"The winter here has been to us all a time of quiet, and health, and enjoyment; and for myself, I cannot be sufficiently thankful in the hourly consciousness of stillness and undisturbedness, enabling me to get through my day's work as the day comes. It is not leisure for choice of occupation that I am at liberty to wish for: change of exertion has been for years my appointed means of rest: but I must crave, as being necessary as daily bread, such freedom from disturbance, during certain periods, as may enable me to go on in consciousness that the chief labour of life is not neglected:—which freedom from disturbance in London was impossible at any season of the year. Of my husband's full activity he will tell you himself: it is wonderful how much he has found it possible to do, under the necessity of perpetual change of scene, which however I believe has operated refreshingly. We have a great acquisition in Otto Deimling, the brother of Lina, who is taking Theodore in hand, and is of a nature that amalgamates most happily with all the other portions of the household, while his musical talent is a matter of general delight. I hope soon to receive here a Miss Cecil, as governess, and friend and guide to my girls during my unavoidable absence in London: she lived long with Lady Inglis to bring up the Thornton family, to whom Sir Robert and Lady Inglis in the early years of their marriage supplied the place of parents.

"I have only one book to name that I have read this winter, but that is a sort of event in life—Tieck's *Vittoria*

Accorambuona. It is the grandest delineation of a female character, under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty, that I know: and I never should have supposed Tieck capable of such a conception. It is also a picture to the life of Italian character and manners. Ernest's voice and Deimling's violin, with Frances and Lina to accompany, seduce us into enjoyment of music almost every evening, so there has not been much reading aloud; indeed your place has never yet been supplied, nor is likely to be, as a means to me of this kind of intellectual excitement."

To her CHILDREN at Hurstmonceaux.

"*Carlton Terrace*, 19 *April*, 1843.—This house looks very nice—but I feel as if in an enchanted castle—or in a dream—all is so strange and still; and I find it very hard not to be idle, going about and looking at things, to see if they stand in their place. Only one consciousness is constant, that I am thankful my dear little girls are not here, but established where I trust they are better off."

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"*London*, 30 *May*, 1843.—I had at breakfast an American who has been teaching the poor blind and deaf! and then I went to the consecration of a beautiful church by the Bishop of London—fine sermon, fine service, fine organ, fine chanting, and, lastly, had a walk home through the park with my dear George. I have passed an uncommon morning, with thoughts and feelings and senses occupied by anything but common London objects: and now I come home and find Ernest practising singing accompanied by an Italian, and ten notes that have to be answered—but before I set about this work and thus am screwed

down to the common London level, and become quite stupid, let me remember what I want to say to my own dear children—but it will not be much, because to-day we are to dine with the Bishop of London, and I must dress beforehand, and I must rest beforehand, and I must write my notes before I rest. . . . Your dear Father has had a great loss, in the death of his admirable friend, old Mr. Perthes * of Gotha; I assure you I have wept as if I had known him by sight, and yet I only knew him by his letters, and his life's conduct."

To her DAUGHTER FRANCES.

"*Blaise Castle*, 20 *July*, 1843.—I wish I could write details of my enjoyment in being here, to make you understand how your Father and I are refreshed in body and mind, that is to say, to me the bodily refreshment must come afterwards, for I have been seeing pictures and walking about the grounds incessantly. Yesterday was uninterruptedly prosperous, and filled with matter of agreeable recollection; but to-day is the real refreshment; the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Harford, the beauty of the place and surrounding country, the taste and feeling which has guided and governed the decoration of everything, which pervades the house, household, establishment, furniture, manner of reception (a refinement which is not superinduced, but results from sound views and principles in life) constitute and create a consciousness of well-being, a reality of pleasure and satisfaction, to which one does not often attain anywhere, but hardly ever elsewhere than at home.

* The life of this admirable man, a publisher of eminence, has been written by his son Clemens Perthes, and gives, perhaps, the best insight into German domestic life in the middle classes.

"We arrived at Bristol soon after one, and soon met the Harfords and Mrs. Miles of Leigh Court, at which place we were invited to dine with the Harfords in the evening. Soon we sate down to the banquet, and I was placed, to my alarm, next to Prince Albert: however, he did not *eat* me, nor even *bite*, but was very goodnatured, and of course I had the best view of the long tables filled with guests, and I was at the fountain-head for hearing the speeches. After this was over, all followed the Prince to the covered gallery, high along the edge of the water, prepared for seeing the *towing-out* of the great ship—of an inconceivable length—into deep water; for that was the launch. It was fine to see the great vessel put in motion, but finest to see the hills of Clifton, the shore, the boats, the ships, covered with thousands of spectators, in bright sunshine."

Madame Bunsen, on her last return from Germany, had brought back with her to England, as teacher of music to her daughters, Caroline, daughter of the Rev. Ludwig Deimling, Court chaplain (Hofprediger) to the Grand Duke of Baden, and sister to the tutor of her youngest son. This young lady by her gentleness, sweetness, and her great patience in a long and suffering illness, endeared herself to each member of the family and household. She died at Hurstmonceaux Place in the middle of September, 1843.

MADAME BUNSEN *to* ABEKEN.

"*Hurstmonceaux*, 22 *Sept.*, 1843.—A scene of long sorrow and suffering closed yesterday, in our following the remains of Lina the lovely and gentle, to their resting-place in

Hurstmonceaux churchyard,—she having breathed her last on the 16th. The last time she had quitted the house was on Easter Sunday, when she dragged herself along the same way that now she was borne, to the Communion. During the whole of her long illness she was an uncomplaining sufferer, and full of thankfulness to all who surrounded her.

"You will have received Carlyle's 'Past and Present' in the course of the summer, and Pusey's Sermon, and thus you will have been going over the ground we have been treading. I hope at least that there is a growing consciousness evinced by the Press of the miseries and perils that surround us: but oh! for that singleness of perception, for that instinct of truth, for that consciousness of the needful for self-preservation, for that hallowed fear of the invisible, present, imminent, irresistible reality—which has existed in times of the health and youth of nations, but which ceases in their sickness and decline. Unless God work a miracle, what is to save, what is to renovate the nations of the earth? I think you will read 'Past and Present' as breathlessly as I did. I am not equally sure of your partaking the feelings with which I laboured through Pusey's unutterably dull sermon: you probably will join in the German-Professor sympathies of Archdeacon Hare, who (strangely to my perceptions) thinks the dullness of the sermon sufficient antidote to its poison, and regrets that the teacher of heresies should have been put to silence. O! had people not been more straightforward in the days of James II., we should have been quibbled into a Papist government for good and all.

"You do not say enough to please me of the stupendous

beauty of the character of Vittoria Accorambuona, one of the grandest of the creations of genius—the female Being in its highest perfection, leaving out of the question *Christian perfection*. She is everywhere calculated to produce the effect she is intended to produce: the reader does not take her upon trust. But I do not wonder at her not being to the public taste, which is much too artificial. Those who are used to delight in the outline produced by whalebone and buckram, cannot honestly admire (though for fashion they may say they do) the real flesh and light drapery of the marbles of the Parthenon."

To her MOTHER.

"22 *Sept.*, 1843.—Dear Lina has left behind her 'an odour of a sweet savour'—a soothing image of much human excellence and a high degree of Christian perfection. During the last hard six months, there never has been a murmur against God or man shown either by word or demeanour: abnegation of self, the not demanding anything but what was given, and being thankful for the smallest service or demonstration of a will to help, were become the habit of the mind. And she has met with much love and sympathy from everybody that had observed her, when she glided about in unostentatious activity in the time of comparative health, or when she lay on the bed of pain and death. . . . . I cannot regret the circumstances which brought her to us, nor regret anything but that I could do no more for her: for to love her was no effort, but impulse: and she showed me only love and trust and thankfulness, and never caused me a moment's sensation of disapprobation."

To ABEKEN (in Egypt).

"*Hurstmonceaux*, 29 *Nov.*, 1843.—You can scarcely have a clearer sky, a more unclouded sun, over you, than I now behold—and when you looked last night (as no doubt you did) upon the crescent-moon grouped with Jupiter and Mars, you saw these planets with no other radiance than met my eyes. So it is with supernal objects of other and various kinds—they are the same, but our eyes behold them modified by varying media. . . . . In the spring, there is every probability that we shall remove from this place, to which for so many reasons we shall ever be attached: the society of the Archdeacon will be a great loss, and we shall probably miss the quiet of this perfectly retired situation, so far removed from social interruption: but on the other hand, the evil is great of the continual separations and expense of journeys, to which we are subjected at this great distance from London, and we shall be thankful if the prospect now opened of obtaining a country residence within ten miles of town, should be realised. Lady Raffles has been with us twice lately, and we hope she will come again at Christmas: and it is ever matter of new admiration that she should be so full of love and sympathy for those who float in the full tide of life, while she is personally cut off from its dearest interests, and perpetually reminded that all she loved are in the grave, or rather gone before where she is ever ready to follow, though by a singular dispensation, still bid to wander on the 'bourn.' Neukomm is still here, and I hope we shall keep him long. He calls forth music in the house, as well as performing it, and we thus live in a medium of sweet sound."

CHAPTER III.

IN THE TURMOIL OF LIFE.

"Je vous conseille de ne jamais porter votre vue au-delà de la journée même. Lorsque vous vous auriez habituée à regarder chaque jour comme une existence distincte et séparée de ce qui en suit, le fardeau qu'il apporte, tel qu'il soit, sera supportable, et la vie entière vous semblera bien passagère."

Written in Madame Bunsen's Prayer-book.

MADAME BUNSEN *to* ABEKEN.

"4 *Carlton Terrace*, 6 *March*, 1844.—Such a number of things press upon me to be communicated, in this earliest and quietest hour of the day, that will become busy enough as it rolls on, that it is a puzzle where to begin. To speak of the affectionate interest with which my thoughts ever follow your wanderings, and my cordial thankfulness for the prosperity which has been granted to yourself and to Lepsius seems to me wasting time and paper in *remplissage*, for surely you know it and doubt it not. . . . . We spent the winter at Hurstmonceaux with much of desirable and enjoyable—almost all we could wish, except one prime requisite, being all together. My husband in general was no sooner arrived from town, than something occurred to make it necessary for him to return: in six months, from August to February, he made but four visits to Hurst-

monceaux, and only once could protract his stay beyond three weeks. This must explain the necessity, which went very hard with us, of breaking up our establishment there, and finding a place nearer London—Oak Hill, near Barnet, four miles from Lady Raffles. So I have just finished devastating the fabric of family-comfort that we had been forming and enjoying for a year and a quarter. . . . . Such periods of inordinate labour and trouble, eating large pieces out of one's life to no apparent purpose, must no doubt be very good for me, as they have recurred so often in the latter years,—and as there is only prospect of such in the following. Here in Carlton Terrace I begin to feel a little as if at home: but am reminded there is no being, or fancying myself settled, even here: and Oak Hill may soon be costing us as much trouble to get out of, as in to. I have seen the place and am much pleased with it. Had I seen our dear Hurstmonceaux before it was taken, I should not have consented: but it is all well that we have been there, and we carry away store of valued remembrance from the place and its inhabitants. Our last act was to place a stone with a cross and a short inscription to mark where 'the human seed divine' was deposited, which our thoughts will often revisit."

In March, 1844, Bunsen was summoned to Berlin, where he was joined by his wife in the following July. She then for the first time became acquainted with her husband's country, and rejoiced in seeing many of the places and friends connected with his earlier life, though she could not but experience the mentally as well as physically chilling influence of Germany as

compared with the Italy of her heart. As the water-cure of Marienberg near Boppart was prescribed for Emilia Bunsen, her mother accompanied her thither from Berlin, and while there, had the comfort of a cordial and friendly meeting with her sister-in-law Christiana, so intimately connected with her earlier married life. Bunsen returned to Carlton Terrace to receive the Prince of Prussia on his visit to England. Many circumstances of that visit are recalled which are characteristic both of Prince and Minister. Royal carriages had been sent to meet the Prince on two successive days on which the possibility of his arrival was anticipated, and had returned without him. On the third day Bunsen would not be induced to believe in the possibility of his arrival, and, instead of going to meet him, remained engrossed in the last chapter of his work on Egypt, and was thus surprised by his royal guest, who kindly entered at once into the temptation which had led to such a dereliction of duty on the part of his Minister Plenipotentiary! In the absence of Madame Bunsen she was represented by her sister Lady Hall, who arranged with Bunsen the different dinners and evening parties which were given for the Prince. Afterwards Bunsen accompanied the Prince on a tour of country visits in the north of England, and thoroughly rejoiced in the opportunities afforded of conversation with one whom from his earliest years he had known and loved, but from whom he had in later years been somewhat alienated by events.

MADAME BUNSEN *to her* SON HENRY

"*Hamburg*, 22 *June*, 1844.—We arrived here safely (Frances, Emilia, Miss Bromley, and I) at 7 o'clock yesterday morning. We were admiring the banks of the Elbe from the deck of the steamer after a miserable passage, when, I saw a boat approaching from the shore, and asked myself whether that could be your Father, which was so like his outline, and himself it was. . . . We were refreshed by a good breakfast at 8 o'clock, and while we were about it, *auf gut Deutsch*, began the visits: first Senator Abendroth, then Syndicus Sieveking, followed by the Prussian Minister, Senator Jänisch, Amalie Sieveking —the remarkable woman who has accomplished here a society of Protestant Sœurs de Charité, &c."

"*June* 23.—Yesterday and the day before we dined with the family of Syndicus Sieveking at his country place: and we have all enjoyed those two afternoons, more than I can express, from their great kindness and agreeable society. On Friday, we saw on our way that admirable institution for the reclaiming and training of wicked boys and girls, *das Rauhe Haus;* and made the acquaintance of that really great and gifted man, the clergyman Wichern, who has created and still carries on the whole. To see such a monument of Christian love and Christian wisdom, as that whole establishment, and know that wonders can be brought about, even in these dry and hardened times, by the union of those powers, is affecting and edifying beyond description! The children whom we saw happy and useful, had all been such as their own relations could not get on with, from their frightful development of wickedness at so early an

age. Yesterday we saw one of Amelia Sieveking's establishments, in which twelve sickly children are taken care of by two Sœurs de Charité from Gossner's Deaconess establishment at Berlin: the sister who received us and showed us the children (some of them orphans, and all of the poorest and most needy families) was a farmer's daughter of the Mark Brandenburg, and has been two years following this calling, after passing a six months' noviciate—her name is Antonia. I shall never forget the expression of cheerful goodness and sense, with dignified simplicity, that marked her whole demeanour: nor the unostentatious manner of answering our questions as to the weight of care and duty she constantly bears. These two young women have no under-strappers to take off the heavy work from them—they watch and attend to these twelve sick children night and day; teach them what they can be taught, cook for them, and keep order in the whole house, the remainder of which is divided into neat dwellings for respectable poor families, who pay a rent so low as to be nearly nominal. Besides the children of the house, they have also a Sunday school for some from the neighbourhood. All this is under Amelia Sieveking's superintendence, and she is about to add to the establishment, not by enlarging this, but by having other houses similarly constituted. The Sieveking's are rich and generous, and thus she obtains pecuniary help, besides her own private fortune: but more important still are the understanding, and the Christian spirit, which she brings to the work. She is a highly gifted person, and has the gift of speech, and of expressing herself in writing. We saw that fine picture of Overbeck's—Christ's Agony in the Garden—presented to

the hospital-chapel by the Godefroy's. Yesterday evening was beautiful: and the effect of sky, and lights, and people, and boats, and a singing-party in one large boat, on that fine piece of water—the Binnen Alster, reminded me of Venice."

To her DAUGHTER THEODORA.

"*Berlin*, 28 *June*, 1844.—Yesterday morning I had the great pleasure of spending three hours in the Museum, seeing the exquisite collection of pictures of the ancient Italian masters, which were shown me by Mr. Waagen, whose books about pictures in England you may have heard me speak of. Then we drove to Charlottenburg, which is a little town of itself collected round the palace, something in the manner of Hampton Court; thither your Father was gone to hold a liturgical conference with Strauss and Snetlage, for the sake of having a quiet corner (for in Berlin he never has), and we came after him that we might dine all together, and see the Mausoleum in which the late King and his Queen are buried. The building was erected by the late King for the tomb of his beloved Queen, but the present King has made an addition in the form of a beautiful chapel, in which the two tombs stand side by side. The walls are wainscoted with marble, and adorned above with cherubs' heads in relief, and texts of Scripture in large letters like mosaic—the texts all chosen by the present King, and beautifully selected. The tombs have recumbent statues of the King and Queen, and it is not to be described how beautiful that of the Queen is: that of the King is not yet executed in marble, but the same sculptor,

Rauch, is at work upon it. The sight of the whole is most solemn and affecting. I saw afterwards the apartments of the present King and Queen, where they often live in the spring, beautiful rooms, fitted up with taste and comfort, and looking as if they were lived in and enjoyed."

To ABEKEN.

"*Marienberg, bei Boppard am Rhein*, 23 *July*, 1844.—I am fixed here, for how many weeks I know not, to try the effect of a water-cure for Emilia in this ancient monastery, by command of Dr. Schönlein, whose advice I went to seek at Berlin, a journey which further accomplished another desirable object, that of my being *at last* presented at the Prussian Court. . . . . I hope to learn to like this country, by means of drives on the river banks, but alas! it still seems to me that I am in a trench, and I long to knock down the barrier, so as to have a peep out somewhere into the distance.

"I rejoice to have been in Berlin, where I saw many people whom I was very glad to see. Good Schelling was all cordial kindness to me and mine; he is well-preserved, and is really likely to work in retirement during the holidays in one of the King's country-places. The Eichhorns, mother and daughter, I much liked. Greatly did I enjoy the Museum, in which Waagen showed me the collection of pictures and Gerhard the other antiquities: also Cornelius's new designs for the Campo-Santo, and his Glaubenschild, the baptismal gift of the King to the Prince of Wales. It is a great satisfaction that Cornelius is as fresh and full of power as ever. I saw the Antigone,

the effect of which was beyond all my expectations: and there were hopes of the Trilogie of Æschylus, compressed into a piece in three acts, being made equally enjoyable by Mendelssohn. My husband suggested, and Franz executed, the arrangement,—Tieck read the piece thus arranged to the King, and the manuscript, approved, was conveyed by me to Mendelssohn at Frankfort. I saw the Queen and Royal Family at Potsdam, whither I was 'zur Tafel befohlen"—the opportunity being past for presentation in town. It was on the day of the great military festival, when the King has a portion of every regiment in the service to dine in his presence at the 'Neue Palais,' and I am glad to have seen the fine sight. Altogether the days passed at Berlin have left a multitude of recollections, but no satisfaction was greater than daily seeing my dear Charles and George, and having opportunity of knowing how well they are going on."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Marienberg*, 30 *July*, 1844.—On Sunday we had a delightful drive to St. Goar, and fully experienced what I have often supposed, that no idea can be formed of the beauty of the banks of the Rhine, by being upon the surface of the river, that being just the position from which the surrounding objects cannot be seen to blend to advantage. The whole way to St. Goar is a succession of complete and varied pictures, with *most* of the features that combine to make such scenes charming—not all—for I cannot but deplore the want of wood. At St. Goar was a concert of amateurs, for the benefit of a village that had suffered from fire—a good selection of music, and a good

performance, in an unpretending place and company. We came back by a glorious moonlight.

"Last Sunday I had another pleasure, in a visit of Thile and his father; and, further, I saw an old Swiss acquaintance, brother of our friend Madame Pettavel of Neufchatel, who informed me of a congregation of German Protestants, having a Christian preacher, meeting in a private room at Boppard:—which I shall rejoice to seek out next Sunday. I can make no pretence to belong to those independent spirits, who believe themselves strong enough to rise to heavenly contemplation on their own unassisted opinions, —to me the opportunity of prayer and praise and edification, in the company of brethren in the faith, is a most needful assistance to my easily-flagging powers. My dear Emilia and I read together in our books of devotion: but I shall still feel that to join the congregation of the faithful, in fact and not merely in idea, fills a void which else would remain unfilled. . . . . Whatever the prosaic state of modern minds in Germany may be reduced to, the 'Communion of Saints' signifies a high reality: and 'where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them,' remains the avowal and promise of Christ. 'Lord, teach us to pray,' expressed the wants of the disciples, and the 'ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God,' are bound not only to declare to us the doctrine entrusted to them, but to be our guides in approaching to God,—to *teach us to pray*, as well as to understand,—to guide our thoughts and feelings in the right channel by a well-chosen form of words which shall *remind us what we have need to pray for*. The prayer must be our own—it cannot be prayed for us: but the

greater the need we have of it, the greater we shall generally find the difficulty of hitting upon the subjects that would bring our souls in the temper of prayer. On this subject I speak with such clear experience of fact, that I feel entitled to be positive."

To ABEKEN.

"*Marienberg*, 29 *Sept.*, 1844.—We are at length gladly and wistfully looking to the opening in our horizon, which shows us the homeward way. An agreeable surprise has been a visit from my sister-in-law, full of spirit and strength and intelligence, unimpaired by her 72 years: I was truly glad to see her, for I have ever considered a heart and affection like hers to cover her undesirable qualities. Meanwhile in England an active time has been passed, Ernest and his Father receiving and entertaining the Prince of Prussia, who it would seem has derived a very satisfactory impression of England. My husband had good opportunities for important conversation with him, and the visit seems to have gone off as prosperously as possible. Now has my husband again leisure to send to the press (which is waiting and gaping wide for its prey) the two volumes of his Egyptian work, and the new edition of the 'Gesang und Gebetbuch.' How I enjoy the thoughts of the quiet months we may now hope to have at home, at Oak Hill, you may guess, but I cannot say.

"This long stay in an Ultra-Romish country, where yet the people are truly serious and devout, has furnished many new and curious subjects of observation and reflection. These people are of a good stuff—goodnatured, intelligent, lively, and laborious, and sparing no effort to

wring from the surface of the naturally unproductive soil their scanty maintenance: the influence of the clergy must be great, and unceasingly exercised to fanaticize the flocks which have been driven in crowds to worship the 'Holy Garment' at Trier—being the 'coat without seam' for which the soldiers cast lots;—and not satisfied with this severe effort, to people who live by their labour, and can ill spare four days' travelling, and the bodily fatigue of a foot-pilgrimage through sun and rain,—processions without end go along the banks of the river to Bornhoven, where is an old church and wonder-working Madonna, the alcove in which the image stands being entirely tapestried with votive pictures. But these processions differ strangely from those we used to see at Rome, being real *Bittfahrten*, —the pilgrims one and all singing litanies and German hymns without ceasing, one division taking up the strain when the other is out of breath:—and I understand the clergy are very strict as to admitting individuals to the privilege of attending the processions, not letting those go who are suspected of having no other object but amusement and sight-seeing. The spectacle of such a procession is most striking—a double line, of men and women indiscriminately, bearing flags at little distance one from another, a cross belonging to each line, their Pastor walking in the centre between the two lines,—the voices sounding in solemn harmony. Why have we not such singing in procession, there where we might have it, without any corruption of our worship, in baptismal or marriage processions, or at funerals? I felt painfully, this time twelve months, when following the remains of Lina up the hill to Hurstmonceaux Church, how the long-protracted silence

sunk gloomily upon the spirit, which might have risen upon the pinions of song above death and mourning.

"A Countess Droste zu Vischering, for years obliged to employ crutches, and who had been using the baths of Kreuznach for three consecutive seasons, was seized some time since with devout longing after a sight of the Holy Garment, and conceived that she might thereby recover: whereupon, having been conveyed to Trier, while upon her knees before the object of worship, she declared that she could walk,—and accordingly, without crutches, she walked out of the church and down a flight of steps. How many days or hours she remained capable of the same effort I do not know, but she is now again at Kreuznach, and using her crutches: which has prevented great use having been made of the miracle."

To her SON HENRY.

"4, *Carlton Terrace*, 28 *Oct.*, 1844.—Our time at Marienberg was in many respects remarkable and interesting to me: it was a period of much rest and quiet, which was refreshing after the peculiar bustle of the time spent at Berlin, and the regular bustle of my habitual life. Then I enjoyed seeing the beautiful country, and forming a real notion of what the banks of the Rhine are—walking by the side of Emilia's ass, or driving out with her: and much and gladly did I draw, more than I have time to do elsewhere, and I had leisure for reading, such as I have not at home. I was very glad to have a happy and comfortable meeting with your good Aunt Christiana, who is in a state of health, of calmness, content, goodwill and affection, such as I never saw in her before: there was not

a cloud in the whole time, about three weeks, that we were together.

"At Cöln, Liphart * and Urlichs went about with us, and under Liphart's guidance I saw more interesting things than would else have been possible in the time: the fine old churches, and remarkable pieces of sculpture and painting that they contain, particularly the *painted sculpture*, that singular art, of which one must see the possible perfection in order to believe in it. The cities of the Netherlands have so early and constantly been matter of interest to me, that I am glad at last to have seen two of them—Ghent and Bruges.

"I have been enjoying Ranke. He is an historian just such as I delight in following, like a good guide in a picture-gallery, who groups and classifies and orders, what else when received into the mind as units, would remain a crude mass, and make no due impression."

To ABEKEN.

"4, *Carlton Terrace*, 30 *Oct.*, 1844.—I write on the point of leaving for Oak Hill, where we shall find the rest of the family, headed by my dearest Mother, governed by Ernest, influenced by Neukomm. On the 18th we reached London, in time to witness the opening of the New Exchange by Queen Victoria in person, when holiday was made in the City, and such a mass of human beings crowded the way she passed, even to the very roofs of the houses, as I never saw together before,—all in the best humour, cheer-

* Baron Liphart, a country-squire from Livonia, and a connoisseur in the fine arts, had lived on terms of intimacy with the Bunsens when at Rome.

ing the Queen, who was greeted with the crash of all the church-bells, with the singing of the school children of the two churches in the Strand, and again with a band stationed before the Exchange, where after receiving an address, and making a gracious reply, she accepted a luncheon, of which 1,200 persons partook, and then retired with the same plaudits as when she entered."

During the summer of 1844 the sisterly sympathy and affection of Madame Bunsen had been painfully aroused by the long illness in London, of Hanbury, the eldest and then only surviving son of her sister Lady Hall. In October he was removed in a bed-carriage to Llanover, where he expired on the 11th of February, 1845.

MADAME BUNSEN *to her* SON GEORGE.

"6 *Nov.*, 1844.—I think sadly but not sorrowfully of the trial you are called upon to endure from the state of your eyes: and earnestly should I pray for the removal of this 'thorn in the flesh,' did I not ever feel, when moved to petition for any earthly good, or for relief from any earthly evil, that my mouth is closed by the consideration of the reply given to the chosen apostle himself—'My grace is sufficient for thee.'—Yet does the same apostle say to us, 'In prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God.' And that I think is a different thing. I am sure there is no wish of the heart,—let it concern what it may, that we may not, nay ought not, to lay before God, as a child before a parent of well-known and often-experienced indulgence:—we need

not fear to weary the Lord with our *wishes*, it is only our sins,—discontent, mistrust, murmuring, &c. that weary Him. I have had myself the experience many times in life of the gratification of a wish that I had never supposed could be gratified, at the time I least expected: and I daresay I should find many more such instances, were but the habit more constant of referring every occurrence to the highest cause instead of to second causes, were we not all so apt rather to reckon up desires crossed, than desires fulfilled.—But such wishes must be laid before Omnipotence without claim, without irritation, without impatience—and we must be content to await the appointed time."

To ABEKEN.

"*Oak Hill*, 29 *Dec.*, 1844.—I only wish such an inclined plane could be laid under the Puseyites, as should oblige them one and all to slide into their proper place! instead of remaining long enough nominal members of the Church of England to upset it entirely. The prospects of the Church of England are most melancholy, and if the heads of the Church do not take warning in time, and use measures to exclude false brethren, nothing can prevent a secession, or some national measure against Anglo-Popery. The mistrust of John Bull has once been excited, and he is most justly resisting novelties harmless and indifferent in themselves, but not indifferent as regards the source whence they come. The Bishop of Exeter has been causing such a spirit of resistance in his own Diocese, that he has actually retracted the very orders he had issued: moved, it is supposed, to such humiliation, by a hint from the highest quarter that he would not be supported. May it please

Providence to infuse rational and liberal sentiments in time, for the better confounding and dismissing of all Romanising members of the Church of England! or they will again rouse the spirit of destruction, and we shall have to mourn over the second act of the Cromwell-spoliation of Gothic buildings, painted windows, and decencies of worship. Much has been done and said of late, that finds its exact parallel in the deeds and words of Laud and his adherents. 'O wenn sie in der Stille und Zurückgezogenheit sich läutern und kräftigen, so steckt in ihnen doch ein edles Element, das der Englischen Kirche nicht verloren gehen sollte.'—Are these your dreams in the Egyptian wilderness? How far different from the reality! Instead of a life-pervading element, it is a canker in the tree. . . . ."

To her SON GEORGE.

"4, *Carlton Terrace*, 28 *Jan.*, 1845.—This has been no quiet winter to me; after my dearest Mother's visit was over (a time I shall ever remember with thankfulness, as of unclouded sunshine), we received a succession of visitors at Oakhill. . . . . On Thursday Sir Harry and Lady Verney came to us, whose company we enjoyed truly: they love German, and music, and are interested in all that interests us, and your Father could therefore pour forth and communicate unchecked. At the same time we saw for one day a remarkable man, Thomas Carlyle, not the author of 'The French Revolution,' &c.—but a member of a new sect,* and called the *Apostle of Germany!* You would expect an impostor or madman, but we found

* Viz. Irvingite.

neither: a man and a gentleman, amiable, intelligent, and I believe truly pious and well-intentioned; suffering from the common English distemper of *half-learning*, when nothing else is half: there is a whole man, a whole intelligence, a whole resolution, unity of intention,—and thus is half-learning the more dangerous, in destroying the balance. This Mr. Carlyle has been in Germany, known many people at Berlin, and has written a book on Germany, containing more truth both in praise and censure than has been told, I should think, by anybody who has yet treated the subject. But curious are the glimpses which the book affords, of the new church by which the author would supersede all existing forms!

"How busy have Frances and I been in the garden, and how have we had roses replanted, clumps improved, and flower-beds arranged! I have had a household to arrange too, and in a great degree renew and replant. I wish it also might turn out a flower-garden, and not a thicket of thorns and nettles: trouble enough, time enough, anxiety enough has it cost me.

"I trust that for the sake of your eyes, you will submit to a certain dose of *Langeweile*. . . . . If it be too much to pretend with the old song 'My mind to me a kingdom is'—yet surely there might be some independence of outward circumstances accomplished without demanding too much. I wish for you and all my children few things more than to be kept out of the necessity of enduring ennui, of which I have had much to go through in different periods of life. But as bodily fasting may sometimes be useful, so perhaps is mental fasting, when submitted to, and not kicked against."

To ABEKEN.

"4, *Carlton Terrace*, 4 *Feb.*, 1845.—To-day I have been witnessing for the second time the opening of Parliament. The first time I was present on such an occasion, three years ago, you too heard the weighty words, containing the germ of events affecting the fate of millions, uttered by that clear, melodious, and feminine voice: and you participated in the feelings which the spectacle produced in me. This day the Queen has had much of good existing or anticipated to comment upon, and well might she congratulate all upon the commencement of benefit to Ireland, in the carrying out the propositions of the Act relating to charitable bequests: but the most material feature of the present time, and the most alarming, is one upon which she could not comment, the state of the Church of England, its divisions, and its danger, in the loss of confidence on the part of the great mass of those who though preferring its forms to those of any other denomination of Christians, yet prefer the Evangelical and Protestant principle to any and everything external."

To her SON HENRY.

"10 *Feb.*, 1845.—I am much concerned at to-day's news, that the Proctors have been weak enough to prevent the condemnation of Tract 90—at least for the period of their reign. It is strange that all those who do not wish the destruction of the Church, should not perceive how critical the times are, and that the present moment may be the last opportunity granted for rooting out weeds peacefully: if the opportunity is allowed to pass, a power may arise

by which weeds and flowers together may be turned up by the plough-share."

"*Carlton Terrace*, 2 *April*.—We have been enjoying calm and cheerful days at Oak Hill, and have plunged back again into threefold disturbance. Yesterday we were obliged to have a dinner-party of dullness and dryness: but it is well over. To-day we refresh ourselves with dear Madame de Ste. Aulaire. On Saturday we are to have the Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden at luncheon, and many people to meet her. Meanwhile we rejoice in the presence of the Arnims, and I enjoy seeing London with them. Yesterday I was at the Tunnel, and to-day St. Paul's, the Exchange, and the National Gallery."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Carlton Terrace*, 24 *June*, 1845.—What a glorious summer morning! It is not yet seven o'clock—at six Westminster Abbey and the New Parliament Houses, the trees, water, turf in the park, were all clear in outline, illuminated by the morning sun from a cloudless sky, and showing a mass, substance, modelling of surfaces, which now are fast vanishing under the increasing smoke, and becoming a succession of shadows *en silhouette*, darker or lighter according to the distance. . . I must write to you before the day's business quite runs away with time and power . . for my head and heart are often and often full of things that I want to say to you, just when I cannot write, only think.

"We have had two nice days at Oakhill—Caroline Bromley and her sisters, Count Groeben, and Professor Steinhart, with whom we are delighted. What a glorious

summer!—the *aura estiva* blowing as fresh as the *ponente*, the sun too hot to remain in, the ground dry, the orange-flowers perfuming the whole house."

On the 5th of August, the whole Bunsen family collected at West Ham Church to witness the marriage of Ernest Bunsen with Elizabeth, daughter of the excellent Samuel Gurney. The service was read by Henry Bunsen, and it was the first occasion on which the ten brothers and sisters were united, for it was twenty-one years since Henry and Ernest left the Roman Capitol, when their youngest sister was still unborn. Immediately after the wedding, Bunsen set out for Germany, having been summoned by the King to Stolzenfels, to be present during the visit of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. On this occasion he received from the King the honour of Privy Councillor of the First Class (*Wirklicher Geheimer Rath*), which gave to him and Madame Bunsen the title of "Excellency." After leaving the banks of the Rhine, he visited his birthplace of Corbach and his sister Helen, and had also a joyous meeting with Schumacher and many other friends of his youth.

MADAME BUNSEN *to* ABEKEN.

"*Carlton Terrace*, 6 *August*, 1845.—This morning I returned from Blackwall, after seeing my husband safe on board the Antwerp steamer, on his way to meet the King on the Rhine, whither Queen Victoria will proceed immediately after the closing of Parliament. He was appointed

to be of the party to receive her, first at Brühl, then at Stolzenfels, and it was therefore necessary he should be off before her, as her motions are more rapid than those of other people. This necessity drew with it another necessity more agreeable, nothing less than hastening the celebration of Ernest's marriage, which took place yesterday —the bride being Elizabeth Gurney, one of the nieces of Mrs. Fry, and the same who with her father Samuel Gurney accompanied Mrs. Fry to Berlin in 1840. . . . . Seldom can it have happened in life to have a connexion, in all its circumstances so entirely satisfactory—contemplated from any and every side, so perfect, matter of such unmixed thankfulness. My ten children were collected at the marriage, for the first, perhaps the only time that may be possible."

"29 *Sept.*, 1845.—It was a great comfort that my husband should have been enabled to pass his birthday at his birthplace, and see his sister, and rejoice the hearts of so many old friends! but that was the only pleasure he had from the whole journey, except feeling the King's personal kindness as great as ever, and returning to his post and comfortable nest here!"

"*Oak Hill*, 23 *Oct.*, 1845.—Ever since the return of my husband on the 9th September, he has been fixed by business in London the whole heart of every week, only beginnings and endings being left for Oakhill: a division which suits him far better than it does me—for he finds in one place such different calls upon time and attention from those that offer in the other, that the change only proves a refreshment, whereas with me the business of life is one thread, which such frequent changes of habitation render

it very difficult to spin evenly, or indeed spin *on* at all,—the best I can do is to keep it from breaking. When you return, you will find me better off than when you left me in London. I can more overlook and discriminate the nature of surrounding life: but I have not yet attained to a command over it. I can never feel as if I was quite at home here, such an unsettledness have the frequent changes produced in my consciousness: and though well knowing what causes of thankfulness I have, yet I cannot help the wish, that, as years roll on, the wheel might be allowed to abate the rapidity of its whirling, and give me time and quiet, to recollect and contemplate,—move by an act of volition, instead of being driven. On retrospection I feel a double thankfulness for that which I enjoyed at the time—the intense yet animated stillness of the Villa Piccolomini.

"The King's birthday was celebrated in England by the opening of a Hospital for the German sick, which has been in agitation for three years, and has given my husband much employment. A vast number of persons have interested themselves for it among the merchants of London, and also of Hamburg, but the King of Prussia's contribution is the largest, though several royal personages are among the contributors. The population of poor Germans—mostly artisans—about London, amounts to above 20,000!—therefore it may well be conceived how far the over-stocked London Hospitals must have been from answering the needs of such a mass of foreigners, though never *as such* excluded.

"I think you knew Mrs. Fry?—if so, you will feel what it is to know that her eyes are closed, and that her voice

will no more on earth 'vindicate the ways of God to man,' and effuse around that love to God and man which was her animating principle. The latter years of her life had been somewhat less heavy upon her than the two years preceding, in which there had been little hope of preserving her life thus long:—and she had rejoiced in the happy marriage of her youngest son, and hardly less in that of Ernest and Elizabeth. But much pain, and helplessness, and incapability of active occupation, made her life a load, such as those who best loved her could not desire to see continued and rendered heavier, as it must have been by growing infirmities. On the 12th October she sank down suddenly and expired within a few hours, having been heard to utter ejaculations in prayer, but having given no other sign of consciousness. We shall not look upon her like again! and must try to preserve the impression of her majesty of goodness, which it is a great privilege to have beheld. I never wished more for the possession of the accurate memory which once was mine than after hearing her exhort and pray, particularly on the day of Ernest's marriage. When we were at her house on the 3rd July, on taking leave she said 'May God bestow upon you his best gifts! the fatness of the earth is good, but the dew of Heaven is better.'"

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH (then travelling abroad).

"6 *Nov.*, 1845.—I have been constantly anticipating with sorrow the moment when a cloud would come over your happiness, of which I have long known, but of which distance made you unconscious; and I do feel that such a piece of intelligence is the beginning of a sorrow, or

regret, that will not end but with life! because what your blessed Aunt must have been for those who had the privilege of approaching her continually, can in some degree be felt, even by us who only occasionally had felt her influence, and been aware of the degree in which her whole self seemed to realise the life of God in man. She met everybody in every human sympathy, but of sin seemed to take no cognizance except in compassion. I have been much edified by seeing how your father and sister take the privation, realising indeed the idea of those who sorrow not as 'having no hope,' but as *being full of hope*. As the beautiful hymn says:

> 'Kummer, der das Herze bricht,
> Quält und ängstigt nur die Heiden:
> Der in Gottes Schoosse liegt
> Ist in aller Noth vergnügt.'"

To her Son George.

"21 *Nov.*, 1845.—On the 10th we set out on a peregrination round the county of Norfolk, in search of the various Gurney connexions,—first, to Earlham Hall, the residence of John Joseph (the brother of Samuel) and his American wife, and the birthplace of Mrs. Fry. It is a delightful place, just one such as I like, old-fashioned, a building of complicated form, with Elizabethan chimneys, the garden, grounds, trees, all in English perfection, but with pleasing marks of a much earlier date than the last new fashion. It would take much description, and the attempt at last would not succeed, to give you an idea *wie es uns hier wohl war*. Master and mistress and surrounding circumstances formed an harmonious whole, though each individuality was strongly and peculiarly

marked. We saw John Gurney and his dear little wife in their nice abode, and were taken to visit Hudson Gurney and his wife. On the third day we were conducted on our way by Mr. Joseph Gurney, who took us to see Blickling, a fine old place, which once belonged to the father of Anne Boleyn, and where tradition says she was born: the present house is not as old as that, but dates from the year 1627, and has been preserved nearly unaltered. The old library is invaluable, and some curious manuscripts were shown us. But the whole place is delightful and is kept up con amore. From thence we went on to Northrepps, the dwelling of Lady Buxton, sister of Mrs. Fry, who has lost her precious sister and her admirable husband within this year, and is an edifying pattern of a Christian mourner: all her sympathies alive, none blunted by self-compassion, but living in recollection of those who are gone before. With her we found a large party, her two sons with their wives, the sisters of Elizabeth; her daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Gurney Hoare, who generally live at Hampstead. Near Lady Buxton lives Anna Gurney, a really admirable and wonderful person, the sister of Hudson, who exemplifies the talents and various gifts of this remarkable family under circumstances of great hardship, having been paralyzed at ten months old, and having never known what is meant by health or freedom from suffering: still her animated and placid countenance shows not a trace of the struggle against pain, and, besides her continual and active exertion for the welfare of the poor and distressed, she has had the commanding freedom of spirit to cultivate a remarkable linguistical talent, and astonished your

Father by the sort of questions she was enabled to put to him and by the knowledge she had acquired of the philosophy of language. As she was eager to ask your Father about his Egyptian work, we left him with her, and had a delightful walk to the top of an eminence from whence I enjoyed a splendid view of the sea, all blue, with waves crested white and a quantity of vessels glittering in the sun. Miss Gurney's cottage is in a sheltered dell, with woods on each side, an opening at the end disclosing the blue sea. I was not prepared for such pleasing spots in this generally uninteresting country: but the great interest is seeing such good and superior people.

"From this place, near Cromer, we went across to Runcton near Lynn, the residence of Daniel Gurney, youngest brother of Samuel, where we found Miss Catherine Gurney, the eldest sister of these brothers and of Mrs. Fry.

"A visit of two days at Addington has been very agreeable, and the mildness and clearness of judgment, and constant benevolence of the Archbishop (Howley) and his wonderful memory, with the state of preservation of his body and mind in such advanced years, make out a most satisfactory object of contemplation. There is abundant matter to write about of interest attending our present life in London—of the many of the worthy and distinguished on earth with whom we have communion; and of much, of which we must try to make the best use while we can. The difficulty is, to avoid dreaminess; I always wish I could mark down the passing objects, and retain even their shadows, but time seems always to be wanting."

To Arekken.

"*London*, 2 *April*, 1846.—Not long since T. Acland took me to hear the *performance* at St. Mark's College-Church, the place where there is a training-school for schoolmasters: nothing new to others, but it was new to me. The boys are taught to sing, and the whole service of the Church is gone through by them in a fine style, musically considered: the chanting of the Psalms being *only by them* performed quite as it ought. That chanting is to me very satisfactory, and I would wish it everywhere: but to have the Venite, the Te Deum, the Jubilate, all in *canto figurato*, though ever so good, and a long anthem besides—converts the whole into a performance little to be distinguished but by localities from that of the Sixtine Chapel: well suited to the æsthetical system of religion—(a compound of music and painting and architecture and embroidery, and decent solemnities, and regular attendances, and high professions, and strict exclusions)—now in fashion, but which the very name of the Gospel—of good tidings of great joy, preached, that is addressed to the heart, of the poor and needy, the spiritually destitute—dissipates into air and nothingness. I am, and ever have been, much attached to those external decencies, now become the very idols of worship; but if they are to become all in all—if all churches are to become what many are, I shall end with following the 'Ultra-Protestants' to field-preaching."

In the summer of 1846 Madame Bunsen went to Neuwied to take her youngest daughter Augusta-Matilda to school, and afterwards proceeded to Wildbad for the

benefit of her daughter Emilia. In the same autumn the death of the Baroness von Arnim was felt as a great sorrow by the family.

MADAME BUNSEN *to her* DAUGHTER FRANCES.

"*Wildbad*, 15 *July*, 1846.—I have received a visit to-day from Elise Fellenberg of Hofwyl. She told me of the death of her sister Adèle, whom she described as having been afflicted with *Rückenmark-schwindsucht* and *Gemüthskrankheit!* and as having found peace of mind and relief from pain in the house of Pfarrer Blumhardt, in a village of the Black Forest near Calw,—of whom she proceeded to give the following extraordinary particulars. It seems that he has been known for many years as a truly Christian preacher, who laboured faithfully to revive religion in a parish where it had become matter of much indifference,—but for a long time there were no visible fruits of his ministry. I think after four years he began to observe that his parishioners were almost all coming to him by degrees, seeking private conference to confess sin and obtain spiritual consolation and advice, and soon after this revival, I believe, it occurred to him that if "prayer and laying on of hands" had caused the relief of bodily disease in the time of the apostles, there was no reason why, if done with the same faith, the same effects should not be produced still. It seems there have been cases of cure, and still more of relief obtained, which now cause crowds to collect, many coming from a distance. Elise urged me to go and see and hear the good Pfarrer—to be present at his Saturday evening service, and stay over Sunday—and indeed I have so great a desire to do so, that I hope it will be

practicable. The Pfarrer has many sick in his house, particularly *Gemüthskranke*, and the numbers that collect to hear him preach, at each of the three services that he holds on a Sunday, is so great, that he is obliged to ask the strangers from a distance to stay in the churchyard till his parishioners have taken places in the church—and so many remain without, for whom no room is found, that the church-windows are opened, and he speaks as loud as he can, to be heard by the assembly outside. Although he has so much constant exertion for his voice, he never fails to close the evening with a Hymn in his own house, when he is the Precentor, after uttering grace at the end of the simple supper.

"Elise Fellenberg's account of her sister's death was most affecting. It seems, though long in a state in which her decease might be considered imminent, she was not believed to be in particular danger when at last the end came —for since she had been in the house of Blumhardt, she had experienced comparative ease of body as well as peace of mind. She had told her sister she felt well, and in comfort, not long before a change in her features caused alarm, when Elise called in the clergyman, who saw plainly the last hour was come, and after praying by her side, began to sing a hymn, in which his wife and children, the maid-servants, and by degrees other inmates silently pressing into the room, joined, in that full congregational harmony which is nowhere found in such perfection as in Wurtemburg: and thus they sang till after the spirit had departed, peace and joy and thankfulness being the expression of the eyes until they lost their light. . . . . Blumhardt is urgent with those who come to him not to talk about what

is going on, except to such as are likely to value it in seriousness—I feel sure that he exerts a magnetic gift of healing, sanctified by prayer.

"Yesterday afternoon we had a delightful drive to Enzklösterle—a group of cottages still named after a convent destroyed by the Swedes. The whole way lay along the winding valley of the bright torrent-river, the Enz, the Black Forest hills rising steep on each side, with every beautiful appearance of *Fichten* and *Tannen*, or Scotch fir, and spruce fir, other trees sometimes appearing at the lower edge, and granite-stones thrown about, intermixed with and sometimes beautifully overgrown by wortle-berries: while soft green slopes and flat meadows, watered by little streams conducted over them with much art and care, fill up the centre. It is plain that the further we go into the recesses of the Schwarzwald, the better we shall discern its peculiar character."

"24 *July*.—I had yesterday a visit from M. Appia, who gave me an account of villages in the Schwarzwald, which were colonies of Vaudois. In one of them Henri Arnaud, who commanded the 'Glorieuse Rentrée' is buried, having ended his days as pastor in that colony of his brethren. These various Vaudois-colonies, it seems, were supplied by the English government with the annual sum necessary for their pastor and schoolmaster, until the country was over-run by the French, and then the payment was stopped, and all renewal of it since the peace has been refused. For a long time these poor congregations were in great need of all kinds, but at last they were adopted by the King of Wurtemburg, whose barren lands they have rendered fruitful—and he now supplies them with their

teachers, like other villages of his subjects. Since they were thus adopted, the German language is used in their churches and schools; up to that time, and within these thirty years, they had still their own French, and gave it up with sorrow. Still, M. Appia says, they are extremely poor, from the very circumstances of their position, though they struggle as hard as possible to be independent, and the worst hardship is, that in this northern climate, and in the midst of forests, they have no wood of their own. The original Schwarzwälder have a right one day in the week to fetch wood from the forest—that is dry and dead wood, with a heavy penalty against taking any of the abundance cut down for use or profit of the owner, who is in this case the government. But the poor Vaudois have no such privilege, and must *buy* their firing, it being a question of how money is to be procured, for food they get, more or less, by the sweat of their brow, out of the soil they tread. One of these colonies, Neu-Hengstadt, is very near Calw, and therefore so near here that it would seem easy for us to see it. The French name of it is Boursette—for each of the Vaudois villages has a name of its own, taken from the original habitation of the colony in their Alpine valleys, besides the German name assumed here. It seems, that in good years, the Vaudois successfully maintain their struggle against cold and hunger and disease:—but last year, with its bad season and ruined harvest, laid in a dead weight of distress, out of which they bitterly need to be helped. In some villages they for a length of time had no bread, and lived only upon their half-spoilt potatoes."

"*Wildbad*, 3 *August*, 1846.—It is very beautiful and quiet here, and Emilia and I enjoy it. I delight in the

effect of the pine-forests, that deep grave colouring is like a chord in the bass, relieving a varied melody, and grand in its sameness. We leave for Baden on the 15th, and in good time, because at Herrenalb and Gernsbach, two places of stoppage, I want to walk out and perhaps to draw."

To her MOTHER.

"*Windsor Castle*,* 15 *Sept.*, 1846.—I arrived here at 6, and at 8 went to dinner in the great hall, hung round with the Waterloo pictures. The band played exquisitely, so placed as to be invisible; so that what with the large proportions of the hall, and the well-subdued lights, and the splendours of plate and decoration, the scene was such as fairy-tales present: and Lady Canning, Miss Stanley, and Miss Dawson were beautiful enough to represent an ideal Queen's ideal attendants. The Queen looked well and *rayonnante* with that expression of countenance that she has when pleased with what surrounds her, and which you know I like to see! The old Duke of Cambridge failed not to ask after you. This morning at nine we were all assembled at prayers in the private chapel, then went to breakfast headed by Lady Canning, after which Miss Stanley took the Countess Haacke and me to see the collection of gold plate. Three works of Benvenuto Cellini, and a trophy from the Armada—an immense flagon, or wine fountain, like a gigantic old-fashioned smelling-bottle, and a modern Indian work, a box given to the Queen by an Indian potentate, were what interested

* The occasion of this visit to Windsor Castle was the presence of the Princess of Prussia, now Empress of Germany, who spent some weeks in England to visit her aunt, the Queen Dowager Adelaide.

us most. Then I looked at many interesting pictures in the long corridor.

"I am lodged in what is called the *Devil's Tower*, and have a view of the Round Tower, of which I made a sketch as soon as I was out of bed this morning."

The summer of 1846 was marked for the Bunsens by the resignation of Oakhill, which they found too expensive to keep up; and by the birth of their eldest grandson, Fritz, the child of their son Ernest.

MADAME BUNSEN *to her* SON GEORGE.

"*London*, 21 *Sept.*, 1846.—I hope it will please God not to let the bread of life, and air of life, be wanting to us all, in the next period of existence, any more than in the foregoing: but the consciousness of want of quiet, of the impossibility of contriving for quiet, of procuring quiet, has been painfully strong upon my mind since my return home, and besides the difficulties of every-day life, in December our house-removal must take place."

To ABEKEN.

"6 *Oct.*, 1846.—I thought of your birthday, I thought of the years passing over your head, thankful for your preservation from the manifold perils of your Eastern journey, and wishing and praying that many years, and years of good, may yet be granted to you—in which, I pray for you, as I do daily for myself, that the Lord would make *his* way plain before your face! I think the longer I live, the more my wishes for myself and others

are summed up in that:—clearer and clearer must one perceive, in proportion as

> 'The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
> Lets in the light through chinks that Time has made—'

that there is no other positive good or evil to be sought or avoided, but what shall tend to aid or hinder the fulfilment of our being's aim. With sorrow I read some of the sentences of your letter to my husband: regretting the time spent in the study of theology, &c. Let but all remember, that if they found not truth it was not that truth was not to be found. Truth was and is at hand, was and is found of many a diligent seeker—seeking in singleness of heart and aim that which concerns the soul's best interests, not supposing that any system of words or opinions can give safety or satisfaction. In the smoother waters of the past, people might speculate and shape things external and internal to their fancy: but we are rushing with increasing velocity towards the mighty fall where all constructions of barks, however ingenious and time-honoured, will with one crash be resolved into their component parts: and only *that* shall resist the triumph of decay which is worthy to belong to the renewed fabric."

To her Son George.

"12 *Oct.*, 1846.—A letter received at Bristol from our poor friend Arnim led us to apprehend the certainty of the blow which was so soon to fall, and on Thursday last a letter announced that our dear friend had breathed her last. My dear George, you will feel as we all do, what has been lost in her—what warm affection, what faithful

friendship, what maternal regard towards Ernest, towards you, towards all of my children."*

To ABEKEN.

"*London*, 5 *Dec.*, 1846.—I have very cheerful letters from Matilda in her school at Neuwied. . . . . While I have found that conventual practices and rules invariably have cramped and distorted the growth and left marks on the human character which it must have been very vigorous indeed to get rid of, the Moravian training has left a blessing behind it—'some kindly gleam of love and prayer'—'to soften every cross and care:'—impressions of the love of God and man, of devotion and charity, which intercourse with the world could not efface, and which in the cool of solitude could revive: and lawful, correct notions of Christian doctrine and of man's duty and calling. These are the *positive* advantages which I have seen and known to be the fruits of Moravian education, though there may be many cases in which such have not been its result:—the *negative*, and yet important advantages consist in extreme simplicity of habits of life, and the absence of all attention to matters of mere vanity . . . . . Your mixing in censure the Moravian with the Roman Catholic places of education, shows that you are willing to overlook or contemn the essential distinction between the spirit of the Papacy and the evangelical, true Protestant spirit. Where the latter is, however intermingled with human imperfections, it cannot fail, to use your expression 'sich durch zu arbeiten,' and it will *live* and *create life*."

* The only surviving daughter of the Baron and Baroness d'Arnim, Gräfin von Bussche of Kessell-Ippenburg, continues to be a valued friend of the Bunsen family.

To her MOTHER.

"*Christmas Day*, 1846.—The new gift at this Christmas time is the happy engagement of my dearest Henry to Mary Louisa Harford Battersby, the second daughter of Mr. Harford Battersby, of Stoke, near Blaise. I have seen much of the family in the last three years, and often has it been in my mind that if I was to make choice of a new daughter, it would be Mary Louisa."

"1 *March*, 1847.—We dined at Buckingham Palace on Monday, where there was a ball in the evening, that is, a small dancing party, only Lady Rosebery and the Ladies Primrose coming in the evening, in addition to those at dinner. The Queen danced with her usual spirit and activity, and that obliged other people to do their best, and thus the ball was a pretty sight, inspirited by excellent music."

"12 *March*.—The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge were so good-natured as to ask us to dinner on Wednesday, and take us on to one of the Ancient Concerts. I told the Duke I should write to you about my having been for the first time at an Ancient Concert, by his kindness, and he said, 'Yes, she used to go to the Ancient Concerts—she knows I am an old Handelian.' He called this morning, and looked at your bust, and said 'Only a year older than I am, and how she looks—and how I look! p—f—f!!' I am sure I wondered at his spirits and lungs—talking all dinner-time and even more than usual across the table to the Duke of Wellington and Lady Mansfield; and then, throughout the concert, *singing* after everything, vocal or instrumental."

"26 *March*.—Yesterday, stopping at the Duchess of Gloucester's door, we were let in, having had no further in-

tention than to write names. So in going in I put on a new pair of gloves that I had in my bag, instead of those I had on, and the new ones had been made on the principle of the Russian prince ordering his pantaloons—'Si j'y entre, je ne les prends pas'—in short, a pair of gloves to be *forced* on, not drawn on. At the foot of the stairs, I met Mrs. H. blooming in perennial ugliness—'O my dear, the Duke of Cambridge is there, you will have a minute to wait'—and thus she had time to tell us her son was at Pau, and that she had warned him not to go to Madrid, for fear the Queen of Spain should want him for a favourite!—and I had time the while to work my fingers into the extremities of the gloves, and by the time the servant motioned us in, I was in order. Luckily the Duke of Cambridge being there, set the conversation a-going in English, and thus the Duchess never was so conversible before, as she had always before talked French. She spoke of poor Princess Sophia, and said how admirable she was, never complaining, always cheerful, talking of the many blessings she had to be thankful for—quite happy that she had learnt to do crochet-work, as she would thus have a new occupation."

"29 *March*, 1847.—The Drawing-Room went off well for us, and I think for everybody, and I was very proud of my companions. In the evening I took Mary to Lord Palmerston's."

"*Stoke*, 16 *April*, 1847.—I must say a word of the happy and thankful feelings with which I yesterday stood, and knelt, by the communion-rails of Westbury Church—seeing my dearest Henry with the lovely countenance by his side which promised everything that my wishes could frame for the happiness of his life. The Bishop (Monk, of Gloucester)

performed the service very impressively, with a voice to be heard all over the large church, which is interesting as being one of the first in which Wickliffe preached, for he was a Canon of Westbury College, a monastic edifice of which the substructions remain with a more modern dwelling upon them."

"1 *May*, 1847.—On Thursday we had the great pleasure of a visit from Mendelssohn—who, having no evening to spare, came to luncheon, and afterwards played to us magnificently. He also accompanied Ernest in some songs, and never did his voice sound so perfect."

"6 *May*.—I have been out all morning, for we walked to Sir Robert Inglis's to breakfast. A large party of men, mixed as is the good custom there—Lord Arundel and the Bishop of London, Lord Glenelg and Lord Charles Russell, Mr. Lyons and Stafford O'Brien, Mr. R. Cavendish and Mr. Foster. Afterwards we drove to Lord Ellesmere's, to see the pictures at the same time with Mendelssohn. Yesterday Mendelssohn again played to us in the afternoon, and we invited a small number of people who thought themselves very happy to hear him—including Lady Herschel and her *beautiful* daughter. I have again enjoyed the Ancient Concert by Prince Albert's kindness."

"18 *May*.—Last night we were asked to the Queen Dowager's, who had invited a small party, at which the Queen was present and the Duchess of Gloucester. The object was to give a German named Löwe, who had come with prodigious recommendations from Coburg, opportunity of showing his musical talent, and it turned out that he had none to show."

"*Highwood*, 16 *May*.—You will like to know that we

came here yesterday, and have enjoyed indescribably our beautiful drive, and the unalterable charm of the spring, 'come forth her work of gladness to pursue—with all her reckless birds upon the wing.' Dear Lady Raffles's house is elastic, and has actually taken in my husband, myself, two sons, three daughters, one daughter-in-law, Madame Genot, and Morgan. On Friday we were at the Queen's great ball, which was a bright pretty sight."

"8 *June*.—I have seen such beautiful drawings, done in great perfection of the style of improved water-colours, —for painting, not sketching—which people *can* use now *if they but just know how*. I should like to learn, had I but a little bit of time. These views were done by Mr. Ford, the author of 'Gatherings in Spain'—and they transplant one to the very country."

"1 *July*.—I have just been at Stafford House to luncheon—truly a 'banquet,' as the newspapers say of every commonplace assemblage of eatables, but there is a real banquet only at Stafford House. There the Duchess showed all the rooms and pictures to Prince Waldemar of Prussia."

To her MOTHER.

"8 *July*, 1847.—On Monday morning we were at the station before nine, just before Prince Waldemar, the Duke of Saxe Weimar, and Prince of Oldenburg arrived, for whom the Queen had ordered an especial train, and one of those carriages called Royal, like a long omnibus, just holding the Princes, their gentlemen aides-de-camp, Bishop Stanley and Sir George Grey, Prince Löwenstein and ourselves. The station was a curious spectacle as usual—all

ranks and materials of human society hurrying and jostling or standing together: our little Aaron Elphick, advanced from a cottage at Hurstmonceaux to be knife-cleaner at Oak Hill, from thence brought to London last year, grown and *dressed* into a sort of embryo-footman, and *lent* to Prince Löwenstein for the journey to Cambridge, stood guarding the Prince's portmanteau, while close by, talking across Aaron and portmanteau, stood three Princes and a Bishop! As we shot along, every station, and bridge, and resting-place, and spot of shade, was peopled with eager faces, watching for the Queen, and decorated with flowers: but the largest, and the brightest and gayest, and most excited assemblage was at the Cambridge station itself, and from thence along the streets to Trinity College the degree of ornament and crowd and excitement was always increasing. I think I never saw so many children before in one morning, and I felt so much moved at the spectacle of such a mass of life collected together, and animated by one feeling, and that a joyous one, that I was at a loss to conceive 'how any woman's sides can bear the beating of so strong a throb' as must attend the consciousness of being the object of all that excitement, and the centre of attraction for all those eyes!—but the Queen has royal strength of nerve. We met the well-fed magistrates and yeomanry going to await the Queen, as they desired to fetch her from the station, and walk in procession before her to the town. We saw her entrance into Trinity College, as we stood at the windows of the Lodge, and the academic crowd, in picturesque dresses, were as loud and rejoicing as any mob could have been. Soon after, I went with Mrs. Whewell, Lady Hardwicke, and Lady Monteagle, to take our places in

the yet vacant great hall of Trinity, whither the Queen came to receive the Chancellor's address, and a few minutes after she had placed herself on the throne (*i.e.* arm chair under a canopy, at the raised extremity of the hall) Prince Albert as Chancellor entered from the opposite end, in a beautiful dress of black and gold with a long train held up, made a graceful bow, and read an address, to which she read an answer, with peculiar emphasis uttering *approbation* of the choice of a Chancellor made by Cambridge! Both kept their countenances admirably, and she only smiled upon the Prince at the close, when all was over, and she had let all the Heads of Houses kiss her hand, which they did with exquisite variety of awkwardness, all but one or two. Afterwards the Queen dined with the Vice-Chancellor in the hall of a small college, where but few comparatively could be admitted. My husband was among the invited, but not myself, and I was very glad to dine with Mrs. Whewell, Lady Monteagle, and three of the suite—Col. Phipps, Mr. Anson, and Meyer. Later in the evening I enjoyed a walk in the beautiful garden belonging to the Lodge, where flowers, planted and cared for in the best manner, combine with fine trees and picturesque architecture. The Queen went to a concert, contrived as an extra opportunity of showing her to the public.

"On Tuesday morning all were up early to breakfast at nine (but I had crept into the garden, and admired the abundance of roses long before that) to be ready before ten at the distribution of prizes, and performance of the Installation Ode, in the Senate House. The English Prize Poem, by a Mr. Day, on Sir Thomas More had really merit, besides the merit of the subject. The

Installation Ode I thought quite affecting, because the selection of striking points is founded on fact, and all exaggeration and *humbug* were avoided (pray, my own Mother, forgive that word! I think I never wrote it before; but there is so much of it everywhere—meeting me at every turn, twined in with almost everything, that to mark its absence alone constitutes a high commendation, and unless you will find me a synonym, what am I to do?) Then the Queen dined in the great hall at Trinity, and splendid did the great hall look—330 people at various tables. But I am a bad chronicler! I shall never be hired for a newspaper. In the afternoon we had all been at a luncheon at Downing College, and enjoyed summer air in refreshing shade, and the spectacle of cheerful crowds in brilliant sunshine. The Queen came thither and walked round to see the Horticultural show, and to show herself and the Chancellor. After this was the great dinner, the Queen and her immediate suite at a table across the raised end of the hall, all the rest at tables lengthways: at the Queen's table the names were put on places, and anxious was the moment before one could find one's place. I was directed by Lord Spencer to take one between him and the Duke of Buccleuch, and found myself in very agreeable neighbourhood.

"Yesterday morning I went with the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Desart through the Library, King's Chapel, Clare Hall, and the beautiful avenues and gardens—with combinations of trees, architecture, green turf, flowers, and water, which under such a sun and sky as we had, could nowhere be finer. The Duchess was conducted by Dr. Whewell, Lady Desart by Lord Abercorn, and my

honoured self by *Dr. Meyer in uniform* (as all had been attending the Chancellor's levée in the morning), and he passed among the admiring crowd who followed us at a respectful distance for the hero Sir Harry Smith, as Lord Fortescue was taken for the Duke of Wellington!

"Till twelve we walked, and at one the Queen set out, through the cloisters and hall and library of Trinity College, to pass through the gardens and avenues, which had been connected for the occasion by a temporary bridge over the river with those of St. John's: and we followed her, thus having the best opportunity of seeing everything, and in particular the joyous crowd that grouped among the noble trees. Then the Queen sate down to luncheon in a tent, and we were placed at her table. The only other piece of diplomacy was Van de Weyer, but Madame Van de W. did not come, being unable to undertake the fatigue. The Queen returned to Trinity Lodge, and left for good at three, and as soon as we could afterwards, we drove away with Prince Waldemar. I could still tell much of Cambridge, of the charm of its 'trim gardens'—and of how well the Queen looked, and how pleased, and how well she was dressed, and how perfect in grace and movements. The Duchess of Sutherland's dress was a work of much and varied art."

"*Carlton Terrace*, 12 *July*.—O what thorough summer! and how I do enjoy it! and should do still more, if I could always sit quiet, as I am resolved to do as far as possible the rest of this day, till we go to dine with the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge. I shall *not* take my girls to the ball this evening, nor trouble myself to go to any other. On Saturday we went to the Baroness North's at Putney

Hill, and enjoyed walking about on turf under trees and among flowers—that is the only reasonable sort of invitation at this time of year. There we saw the Lady Frances Sandon—a meeting as pleasing as rare."

"13 *July*.—Yesterday we went early to Lady John Russell's in Chesham Place to be there before Prince Waldemar, and when he arrived we all drove to Kew, to see the Botanic Gardens.—The heat was excessive, the thermometer 90° in the shade. However we went into the Palm-Stoves: and on coming out again, felt the external air to be cool by comparison. I greatly enjoyed the sight of the wonderful plants in the stoves, and quite as much that of the forest-trees, many of rare and foreign growth, and the groups of common trees, and avenues of limes in magnificent blossom, perfuming the air. Then we drove on to Richmond, and splendid was the view from the Terrace. The situation of Pembroke Lodge, which the Queen has lately given to Lord John, is most enjoyable, on the top of the hill—magnificent trees, old oaks, turf and abundance of flowers and standard roses. The Duke of Wellington, Duc de Broglie, Lord and Lady Minto and one of the Ladies Elliot, Lord and Lady Palmerston, and Lord Lansdowne were added to the party at luncheon, or early dinner. After it was over, the Prince went on to Hampton Court and Bushy Park, accompanied by my husband and Prince Löwenstein,* and I drove back to town, wondering at the beauty of the drive through Richmond Park. Thankful I was to get home, and sit quiet all evening hearing Ernest sing. On Monday we dined at Cambridge House

* Then secretary of the Prussian Legation—a college friend of Prince Albert.

with the Prince, who means to finish seeing London this week, and to go on Saturday to Osborne, whither my husband and Prince Löwenstein are also invited."

"10 *July*, 1847.—Last Saturday we had a great dinner-party for Prince Waldemar, and the old Duke of Wellington came, in full health and spirits, and talked much to the Prince about the war in India."

"20 *July*.—Last week we had a little dinner-party which we really enjoyed, having Andersen the Danish poet, who read to us in the evening some of his own tales, and though, being translated into German, they could not produce the effect they must have in the original, we found them delightful. The other day the jewellers Storr and Mortimer (of whom the King of Prussia has often bought) brought us a curiosity to see—a set of jewels made up for the Queen of Spain (of all persons to afford to spend thousands thus!)—a necklace of diamonds set as a wreath of flowers, with a pink pearl in the centre of each. How well I remember your telling me the Duchess of Portland had *one* pink pearl, of immense value! these I hear came from the West Indies, but to have so many together is without parallel."

"22 *July*.—On Monday we all enjoyed Kew Gardens. The goodnatured Sir W. Hooker had borrowed a wheel-chair for Emilia, and loaded her with specimens of various leaves and flowers: and it did my heart good to think how happy a day she had."

"7 *August*.—The Dean of Durham* has declined the Bishopric of Manchester, in which I am sure he has done wisely. A bishop is one of the most tormented of God's

* Madame Bunsen's cousin, Dean Waddington.

creatures in these days, if he is conscientious: made responsible for all the evil he cannot prevent, and expected to act as free, while bound and shackled on all sides."

"10 *Sept.*, 1847.—Yesterday we were long in the open air, having been taken a drive through part of Epping Forest as far as the Hainault Forest, really beautifully varied ground, wood and common with heath and fern, interspersed with scattered habitations. We saw the remains of a hunting-lodge made use of by Queen Elizabeth, very picturesque, and I was sorry not to be able to stay to draw.

"I have been as you wished to inquire at Mrs. H.'s door. She was in Lincolnshire, quite well as far as the housekeeper knew—who 'ne savait pas même qu'il eût eté malade'—as the man answered one of the Pères de la Mission, 'Ne savez-vous pas que Jésus Christ est *mort pour vous?*'—an instance given us by the Abbé Martin of the state of total ignorance in many parts of France."

To her Son George.

"20 *Sept.*, 1847.—Last week we saw Miss Martineau. She wanted to ask your father questions about Egypt, where she has been last spring, and Dr. Carlyle introduced her. I am very agreeably surprised in her: very quiet and gentlewomanlike, no blue-stocking pretension, speaking in a mild voice and with modulation,—a very good figure, and not hideous, as I fancied: rather deaf, but as she had a good trumpet I was in no distress to make her hear. She says she has been in perfect health ever since she was cured by magnetism: her sufferings before were frightful."

"6 *Nov.*, 1847.—Of all that I could wish for you on your birthday, my own George, I think I will name but *one* thing, and that the most important of all: that it may be given you to *accept*, really, calmly, and willingly to *accept*, the heavy and irksome trial inflicted upon you by the condition of your eyes: not merely to say to yourself—the will of God must be best: He cannot intend anything but what is best: He alone *knows* what is best: He has always granted hitherto day by day the daily bread, all that was most needful for body and soul, and He may be trusted in the future—not merely to *say* this, and admit it as the result of reasoning, but to *feel* it as conviction. It has been the result of my own experience more than once in life, that relief from a form of trial which had become peculiarly oppressive was not granted until in my heart I had performed that act of voluntary and entire resignation; and not only performed it, but kept to it: and then, on two occasions that I now recall, the trial was removed entirely. I tell this as a fact—not to bribe you!—nothing is obtained in the world of spirituality and reality (which is so near, even within us!) but by singleness of will and purpose."

To her MOTHER.

"10 *Nov.*—The death of Mendelssohn has shocked us greatly. It is a sad break-up of human happiness—he and his very charming wife were so attached and so united. He was full of health and energy and talent, in every respect happy and fortunate in his position—independent and active, and having no views, no occupations, but of a noble and refined nature. He has quickly fol-

lowed his accomplished sister, the wife of Hensel, whose death was also frightfully sudden.

"And our poor dear Neukomm remains, to drink out the dregs of life in blindness. Inscrutable are the ways of Him whose dispensations are only for the good of his creatures."

"12 *Nov.*—I wish the account of Mendelssohn's funeral might come entire into an English paper—the account in a German paper is most affecting. After a solemn service at Leipzig, the body was conveyed to Berlin for interment, and by night, for privacy: but it was watched for at the railway-stations in two places, and met by processions of the principal inhabitants, singing hymns. At Berlin there was another solemn service, hymns and a funeral sermon, and two of the choruses out of his own Oratorio of *St. Paul*, the words of which, from Scripture, were suited to the occasion."

"14 *Dec.*—You tell me not to write about the Hampden Controversy, but I must do so, if I am to utter what is most spoken and most thought about. There are those who attribute Dr. Hampden's appointment to my husband's influence! the fact being that Dr. Hampden is as much unknown to us as a man *can* be, who has been brought before the public. Charles once *saw* him, among other people, but has had neither conversation nor correspondence with him. The Archbishop's opinion as to Dr. Hampden was expressed long since in the words—'I have read Dr. Hampden's statement of his own opinions, and I find nothing in them inconsistent with sound Christianity: as to the opinions of those who differ from him, he expresses himself with a great deal of charity—and I have

never known any harm to come from *a great deal of charity towards difference of opinion.*'"

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Lilleshall*, 27 *Jan.*—In the refreshing stillness of the country, the main interests of my heart are dwelt upon with less interruption than amid the multifarious cares of home, and therefore you, your state, your prospects, are continually before me, as constituting the severest among the various kinds of trial and anxiety, inseparable from a lot in life so abundantly provided as mine with ties to this lower earth. To deplore the state of your eyes, nay to writhe under the sense of the affliction you are called upon to suffer, is a matter too self-evident to dwell upon, my heart being ever ready to melt in the blameableness of self-grudging—for in the manifold comfort, enjoyment, and mental support, my own eyes furnish me, I continually have cause to call myself to account for the latent objection to God's righteous government of the world, contained in the remonstrance—'Why should I have enough and to spare, while my dear child's youth, and life, and powers, and happiness, are nipped in the bud, hindered from healthy development, by the want of the prime gift our sensual nature can receive?' But when I thus murmur, a voice within replies—not in the words of the Old Testament, 'Shall mortal man contend with God? shall the thing formed say to his Creator, Why hast thou made me thus?'—rather does the spirit of the New Testament remind me that the everlasting Son of God was made a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief, that He bore our griefs and carried our sorrows, that He was *touched* with the feel-

ing of our infirmities. He has borne us witness of the unceasing care of our Father in heaven, 'without whom not a sparrow falleth to the ground,' and to whom we, the crown of his earthly creation, are 'of more value than many sparrows;' and that therefore the righteous Governor of the universe does 'not willingly afflict the children of men'—and if not willingly, then for their essential and everlasting benefit. I know well these words are easy to utter, the deduction clear, the reasoning worthy of all acceptation, and yet the lesson is of all lessons most difficult to learn, for myself and every one else! My own George, have you yet learned this lesson better than I have?"

At the end of December, 1847, Madame Bunsen was summoned to Llanover, by the alarming illness of her Mother, who, for the time, was restored to her. To avoid excitement for Mrs. Waddington, she staid at this time in the house of her sister, Lady Hall.

MADAME BUNSEN *to her* DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"*Llanover*, 4 *Jan.*, 1848.—Your dear little note did my heart good, as everything does that comes from my own very precious little girls. I enjoy thinking of them, and believing that they are doing all they can to improve themselves and make the advantage intended from the present contingency: for every concurrence of circumstances, which we did not bring about, seek, or intend ourselves, must be looked upon as expressly sent from Him who sends nothing in vain, but accompanies every dispensation with its pecu-

liar blessing, if we do but know how to find it and do not wilfully convert it into an occasion of evil.

"Thus, I wish I may be guided to turn to good account the present singular contrast to my habitual life, the dead stillness that usually encompasses me in this *enchanted castle* —for of such, as they are described in fairy tales, I am continually reminded. You come in and out, go up and down stairs, look through rooms filled with every luxury, and having every mark of constant care and attention, but the ministering spirits are invisible, and the inhabitants are, one knows not where. A bell summons you to dinner—you come down and find nobody—peep into the dining-room, thinking yourself too late, and see the dinner standing on the table, set out according to all the rules of decorum; you wait and wander through rooms with bright fires and burning lights, and then suddenly the expected rulers of the feast appear as if starting from the ground. The meal finished, all separate, and seek the receptacles from whence they proceeded; only after tea, the party remain for a short time together.

"The idea of my dearest Mother being actually better, alone however makes me feel it possible to go away. How could I diminish one moment of possible time near her, with the feeling that it might be the last time! But the idea that the medicines have taken hold of her case makes my spirits and hopes revive."

March, 1848, was marked for the Bunsen family by the Revolution in Berlin, and by the sudden and unannounced arrival of the Prince of Prussia at Carlton Terrace at 8 o'clock in the morning of the 25th.

MADAME BUNSEN *to her* MOTHER.

"23 *March*, 1848.—If you have the *Times*, you know as much as we do of the awful scenes at Berlin; but my husband is so thankful for the result,—the breaking up of the King's ministry, and his awakening to consciousness of the realities and necessities of things, in which he would not believe, when for years many and various faithful servants have tried to obtain a hearing to their statements —that he is quite sanguine as to the future. The new choice of ministers is on the whole that which it was to be hoped the King would have made, at the close of the Diet last summer, being the individuals who commanded the confidence of that popular assembly. But now set a-going, they have an immense work to do, which might have prevented the whole insurrection, if they had been at it for the last eight months. The shadow of this event beforehand came in the shape of a report from Paris of the King's having abdicated, which many people believed in London the day before yesterday, and we had almost need of an extra servant to take in all the notes and visitors and enquiries. Several of the notes contained kind offers of hospitality if the King was coming to England—houses in town and country being placed at his disposal. But everybody was answered that the King *had* certainly not deserted his post, *would* certainly not sneak away, and this has proved the truth.

"I cannot get the awful scene from before my mind's eye, when the bodies of the slain were carried in solemn procession before the windows of the King's palace, within the very courtyard, the bearers singing a hymn usual at funerals! and calling upon the King to come to them. He

not only appeared at the window, but came down, uncovering his head at sight of the funeral procession,—spoke to the people, and was cheered, and then after a pause in the cheering, all sung the hymn of thanksgiving, for promises received,—one that you have often heard my children sing. People and King are made of different stuff to those of Paris! The fight must have been tremendous, because in such good earnest, the troops not flinching, however unwilling to perform their duty—but no contempt of orders, no dereliction of duty; and the people all fighting, as those *can* who have had a military training from their childhood, and therefore, however in the beginning unarmed, knowing what they were about, and how to direct courage and enthusiasm. As nothing short of this would probably have brought the King to a conviction of what the state of the public mind required, it is impossible to wish it had not all happened. When at length the troops received orders to march out of town (which was performed with all the honours of war) they were cheered by the triumphant barricaders, as if in acknowledgment of the bravery of brethren, and to prove no ill-will remaining."

"29 *March*, 1848.—I think all the business of accommodating the Prince has been well got through; and if on the one hand one has trouble, on the other one is saved trouble, for of course no visitors are let in, and thus we can remain quiet. The Prince came to breakfast with us all at ten o'clock, and was very amiable. Frances had fetched an armchair, and placed it in the centre of one side of the table; but the Prince put it away himself and took another, saying, 'One ought to be humble now, for thrones are shaking;' then I sate on one side of him, and he

desired Frances to take her place on the other. He related everything that came to his knowledge of the late awful transactions; and let reports be what they may, I cannot believe that he has had any share in occasioning the carnage that has taken place—but conclude that the present general opinion at Berlin in condemning him has been the result of party-spirit and of long-settled notions as to what was likely to be his advice and opinion.

"One longs to perceive in what manner a bridge can be constructed for the return of the Prince. He expresses much concern and scruple about the trouble he occasions; but now the arrangement has been made possible, it is infinitely preferable that he should be here, where we can watch over everything and know what is wanted, rather than that he should hire a place of abode; and it is also much fitter for him to stay here than anywhere else. . . . . The Prince reminds me much of his father the late King, in the expression of truth and kindliness in his face."

"4 *April*.—We are having a series of dinner-parties for the Prince to see people. On Thursday the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge come, the Duchess of Gloucester very kindly promises to come conditionally on the state of the Princess Sophia, which is very precarious—Lord and Lady Douglas, the Prince of Hesse, and Duke of Wellington. The next arrangement must be for ministerial personages, the third for the leading persons of the former ministry, and then I suppose we come to the Ultra-Liberal invitations."

"31 *May*, 1848.—The amount of flurry and fatigue of Saturday, the 27th, almost passes description; as, after the long Drawing Room, I had hardly taken off my train and head-dress, when I found that I must drive to the Riding

House in Hyde Park to see the arrangements for the German Hospital Bazaar, and decide in what part I and mine were to set up our stall. To bed late, intending to drive off at seven to Totteridge for refreshment and quiet on Sunday morning, but at six my husband woke me, and informed me that the courier, who had arrived late the night before, had decided the Prince to start immediately. Therefore I remained over breakfast-time to take leave. The Prince spoke most kindly and touchingly—thanking 'for kindness received'—and saying 'that in no other place or country could he have passed so well the period of distress and anxiety which he had gone through, as here, having so much to interest and occupy his mind both in the country and nation.' This was my share of the ever-memorable farewell."

"21 *June*.—On Friday we dined with the Queen Dowager, and it was an agreeable party, Lord Clarendon keeping up an animated conversation, stimulated by questions from the Grand Duke of Weimar, who is the same person that came to us when you were at Palazzo Caffarelli, and I dare say you still remember my having found charcoal scattered on the stairs at the last moment, when he was expected to come up, and having to send and get it picked up and swept, in danger of being caught. He is here now with his young wife, a daughter of the King of Holland, a lively, clever little person, with a most royal power of locomotion and enjoyment, dancing late, and out early and all day long."

"8 *July*, 1848.—On Thursday night my girls and I had the indescribable delight of seeing Jenny Lind in the Sonnambula. You will conceive better than I can tell you the

wonderful effect of that gifted creature *as a whole:* for the grace, elasticity, modulation, roundness, fulness, continued life and animation, of her bodily movements and of her voice, go together, and seem the result of one impulse. Not an atom of beauty—and yet 'the mind whose softness harmonised the whole'—the effect of grace and unceasing suitableness, making the whole appearance beautiful. But all words are flat that would describe such a union of exquisite high-finished representation of feeling, with the most perfect modesty of deportment, one must rather try by negations to separate the idea of her from that of any actress ever seen. She had not a single gesture or posture of the common stage-sort, and the flow of action was as original as the flow of voice. The long-sustained, ever-varied, piano-passages—in which the softest, lowest tone was as distinct as the sharpest and loudest: the long-continued, rich, soft, piano-shake, followed by a long swelling note, without any appearance of taking breath—in short, the whole of her singing was *song*, without any admixture or imitation of instruments. I should think hers the perfection of the 'voce di petto'—almost without recurrence to *falsetto*. Her sleep-walking—gliding like a ghost, scarcely seeming to lift a foot, moving along a high beam over a mill-wheel, and descending steep steps; sinking on her knees, and rising again, all in a manner forming a complete contrast to her light, elastic, continually lively motions in wakefulness—showed the same extraordinary command over powers of body, as her sonnambule-singing over voice. One never heard anybody sing when walking in their sleep, but one feels her unearthly tone to be the right one.

"After this inexpressible enjoyment, we staid on, being once there, for the ballet, graced by those celebrated names, Rosati, Marie Taglioni, and Cerito: I know not which was which, but one was beautiful, and all wonderful: the style quite different from what I used to see with my Mother, all slow and soft, not jumping and twisting and flying. The body and arms, most graceful; the legs more ugly and ungraceful than ever."

For a year and a half after the Bunsens gave up Oakhill, they had lived entirely in London, but the great need of a country residence felt by so numerous a family, had induced them at Easter, 1848, to rent Totteridge, near Barnet, a place in which they much delighted. "Calm and quiet, busy and occupied, are these days of our life at Totteridge," wrote Madame Bunsen to her mother in the autumn of 1848.

MADAME BUNSEN *to* ABEKEN.

"3 *August*, 1848.—This year we spent what is called the season chiefly at Totteridge Park, coming to town and *lodging* in Carlton Terrace on some occasion of necessity, drawing-room, or invitations to the Palace, or dinner-parties at home for our good Prince. On one occasion of being in London we went to Mrs. Sartoris, and enjoyed as usual her power of reproduction of ballad-songs, which seem as if composed by herself at the moment, so intensely does she feel through every thing the poem and music are calculated to excite and to express. Only I always feel the wish that I could gently *sponge over* her performance, as though it were a picture in which all the lights and shades and all

the tints are right, but the contrasts too strong, the transitions too violent, yet nothing wanted for perfection but a little softening down, and degree of moderation.

"With my girls I have been reading Campbell's 'Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England:' it is a sort of bye-path of history, always crossing, recrossing, and accompanying the great main road, and enabling one sometimes to take a closer and sometimes a more general view of the peculiarities of a period, and of the mode of development of constitution and customs, than regular history has presented—insufficiently and incompletely as English history has yet been written!"

To her MOTHER (after a happy visit at Llanover).

"*On board the steamer, in the Bristol Channel,* 8 *August,* 1848.—I have left my Mother, and all that immediately belongs to her—but, wherever I move, I am in the atmosphere of her love and affection—in its full current! While thinking over the unceasing proofs and demonstrations of her love, human weakness, and at bottom human self-conceit, will always revert to one's own undeserving—'what have I done, what can I do, what am I, that I should receive such boundless, overflowing measure, of life's best gift.' But a more reasonable feeling prompts the reply—'It is not the question of deserving or undeserving—it is to open one's heart wide enough, for what another heart will give: it is to take and receive, freely and thankfully, what is given so bountifully: it is as much the nature of love to absorb its like, as it is the nature of love to bestow itself.' And after running through the diapason, it closes, as it began, in the last resource of human inefficiency—that appeal to

God, which is never in vain, to supply the finite with the infinite, to make good my short-comings, and grant immeasurably more than I can ask or think,—of grace and blessing and peace, to the heart of my Mother—

> 'Peace be to that habitation
> Peace to all that dwell therein:
> Peace, the earnest of salvation;
> Peace, the fruit of pardon'd sin!
> Peace, that marks the heav'nly Giver,
> Peace to worldly minds unknown!
> Peace divine, that lasts for ever!
> Peace, that comes from God alone!'

"In the consciousness how little one *is*, how little one *can do*, how often human infirmity errs as to what one *ought to do*, for those best-beloved, for whom to say one would give one's heart's blood would be a very poor image. Often have I felt the need of that recourse to Him who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not, who has said 'Open thy mouth wide, and I shall fill it'—that He would do for those I love, what I shall fail in, what I may attempt erroneously, and what at best I can do ineffectually and incompletely. That which is really good, in time and eternity, is His alone to give: the main point is that those I love should obtain what I desire for them: it is immaterial to that main point whether I am in any measure the instrument to that good end, or not—but if it will please God to make me an instrument of good and not of hurt, it is a great additional mercy."

In December, Bunsen was summoned to Berlin to be consulted on the question of the King's acceptance of the Imperial Crown of Germany, a measure strongly

advocated by Bunsen, but eventually refused by the King.

MADAME BUNSEN *to* BUNSEN.

"*Totteridge*, 8 *Dec.*, 1848.—We all lift up hands and eyes in wonder at the intelligence received! I grudge your being disturbed in the composure which you had *re-conquered*. Now I must express the heartfelt satisfaction with which I have contemplated the effect of the workings of your own mind through a trial very irritating to flesh and blood, and witnessed the complete conquest you obtained over feelings most natural and allowable. Such a conquest could not fail of its own proper reward, in renewed consciousness of the never-failing aid from above, which can command a calm in any tempest of human affections, if only appealed to in humility and admitted powerlessness.

"May God bless and guide you, through good and evil report, through exertions of friends and machinations of enemies, to the one end of your being! '*Tu fecisti nos ad Te, et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in Te?*'"

"18 *Dec.*, 1848.—Here is an affecting proof that Neukomm's eyesight has been restored since his operation, though he is not yet so far restored as to be allowed free use of it. These are his words:—

"'And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. —Thanks be to the Lord, for He is gracious, and His mercy endureth for ever.

"'The first line that I have written since the operation performed on the 6th October. As ever your friend,

"'NEUKOMM.'"

To her MOTHER.

"*Totteridge*, 1 *Jan.*, 1849.—The year closed with an event, in the arrival of a courier with a letter from the King requiring the presence of my husband at Berlin with all convenient speed. I have long been afraid of this, and now it is come. Gratifying, no doubt, that the King should feel he wants his counsel and help, but if his counsel be no more attended to than it has been before, when attending to it might have warded off evils which have come, he will not know how to help. But all is in the hand of God, and as this call has come unsought and unwished, we must the more consider it as the way of God's Providence, and trust that the evident attendant risks and dangers will be averted. . . . . Prince Löwenstein was to be immediately dispatched from Berlin to act as Chargé d'Affaires, and may be expected to-morrow. I shall be very anxious for my letter—for I have more patience in the lump, than would bear splitting into day and hour and minute quantities, and yet be efficient."

To her SON HENRY.

"*Totteridge*, 13 *Jan.*, 1849.—I thank you for all you write on the weighty matters that must fill one's heart in these times! I feel that the mass strikes me dumb. At the same time, be it or not my native disposition to reverie or dreaminess, combined with the luxury of quiet that I am, and have been, enjoying in this place—I do not and cannot feel the least *active* anxiety as to the future. I do not hide from myself all its risks and dangers. I know that we are as if on the Niagara, gliding onwards smooth and swiftly to the fall,—that is, towards a vast crash and

change: and I wish the feeling that keeps me quiet and cheerful were all resignation to the designs of Providence, founded on consciousness of unfailing help and protection and provision in all the past years of life. Less is the difficulty of the common burden, with reference to the future, than the entering into the details of each object of dearest interest; and yet the result ought to be the same. For the needs in body and spirit, of my precious Mary, of Charles, of George, of Matilda—I ought implicitly to trust Him who is *their* Father, and He is *mine*. I omit the many other names, not as being less dear, or less ardently prayed for.

"I have hourly upon my mind the unavailingness of everything *but prayer*."

"17 *Jan.*, 1849.—I have to-day the wished-for first account from Berlin, where the travellers arrived on the 11th and found a letter from the King at Potsdam, desiring my husband to come at once on Thursday to dine with him at Charlottenberg. He was most affectionately received, but after four hours' incessant exertion of his voice, returned at night quite voiceless, and had to stay in bed next day fasting on barley-water."

"29 *Jan.*—The intelligence in the newspapers, of the entirely democratic majority in the (Prussian) Elections, as far as they have taken place—alarming as it may be in one respect, may have the beneficial effect of counteracting the intoxicating effect of late re-actionary demonstrations, under cover of the military force in Berlin, upon the King and Ministry. The King of Hanover's moderation (as that used not to be his characteristic quality) cannot but be a proof of his admeasurement of danger, with

his most remarkably good understanding! I think the good sense with which he has acted, considering the prejudices and habits of thinking and acting of his whole life, most unusual and remarkable, for it may be guessed to what a degree it has gone against the grain with him to be directed by his *liberal* minister, Struve. He is said to have uttered in his usual bad German, the translation of the English phrase 'I have made up my mind to satisfy the people, and, by God, that is no easy matter in these days!'

"My eyes now sometimes insist upon rest . . . . but I have no right indeed to complain if such faithful servants now ask a little to be spared. The worst is I do not always see how I am to circumscribe what the said eyes ought to do—Heaven knows that the arrears of writing from even a week's partial disabling are frightful—*Aggiustare la soma per la strada*, is a wise proverb!"

To BUNSEN.

"*Totteridge*, 23 *Jan.*, 1849.—It is as hard to begin to write, when one is waiting to receive tidings, as to begin to speak, when one waits to be spoken to. How I long for the explanation of the various enigmas which the newspaper accounts furnish!—to know what this, that, and the other indicates?—but for all that I must wait.

"On Saturday morning Ernest and Elizabeth had their little girl baptized by the names of Hilda Elizabeth, and Emilia was allowed to hold her. The venerable Steinkopf officiated, and the service used was that in your Gesangbuch. All wished you had been present, but except that, there was nothing to wish. In the afternoon I arranged

your pamphlets. Whenever I lay things in order, the question arises involuntarily—'How much longer are we, and the books, and all the other et cetera to have their dwelling-place in Carlton Terrace?'—a question easier asked than answered.

"On Sunday the Schwabes came to luncheon and brought Mr. and Mrs. Cobden with them, with whom I was much pleased. An animated conversation was kept up, and we parted with great cordiality—I expressing the wish that they would come again when you should be at home, and answering for your being glad to see them, and they desiring nothing better. I was pleased with Mr. Cobden's testimony to the King's uprightness and faithfulness, in having kept to the letter every promise of concession made in the hour of revolution, and not having been tempted to equivocate by the consciousness of military power and the turn of the tide of popularity. As he observed, such truthfulness is rare in the annals of royalty."

"29 *Jan.*, 1849.—And so the months have rolled round and are bringing again the opening of Parliament the day after to-morrow! and no trifling stand have the Ministry here to make against the array of facts to be mastered: I should think Sicily, Lombardy, Italy in general—and the Sikhs—each in former times might have been 'the least a death.' But if they have difficulties, what are not the difficulties of the Continental governments in comparison?"

"1 *Feb.*, 1849.—You will judge how your letter, received here yesterday morning, warmed and delighted me! I well understood before that your silence meant having nothing of comfort to tell!—though I could not measure the degree of distress you had gone through. I

trust you are doing what you can to save your body, on the principle of keeping it up to its office as the mind's instrument.

"To-day the Queen will utter her speech! I long to know what will be in it, and still more what Lord Palmerston will reply to the various attacks that will be made on his foreign policy. I am truly glad that Lord Cowley should be what you find him! it is a weighty matter in the history of the world that a person with power of seeing and judging should be in his position."

To her MOTHER.

"15 *Feb.*—My own Mother, I am so glad you saw and mentioned the planets! That you see in the west, from your own bedroom window through the trees, is Venus, visible now for some time after sunset; and Jupiter is on the opposite side of the horizon, visible all night, I believe. Sunday, Monday and Tuesday nights were clear and frosty. I went out on the gravel walk at ten o'clock, just before going to bed, and saw the most splendid position of stars that I believe can be seen together: those that I learnt with my Mother out of Frend's Evening Amusements: Orion, Sirius, Procyon, Aldebaran, the Pleiades, and many other splendours, on the southern half of the sky, further decorated by Jupiter: and the moonless night allowed of the appearance of such a multitude of stars of inferior magnitude, that the sky seemed as it were thick sown with them. The last evening Frances helped me to make out Capella, and Regulus, and the Gemini.

"I am feasting upon Mr. Macaulay's History. How I always have desired, and desire more than ever, for my

children, the intense pleasure I have always had in history, in truth of facts, in reality of character? If I had pleasure in works of old, not such thorough histories as people have it in their power to write now,—in proportion is the enjoyment heightened of having men and conditions of society revealed in full light and shade, as Ranke has done, and Macaulay is doing. I know not yet what the faults and deficiencies of Macaulay's History are: of course they must exist, as in everything human, but as yet my only feeling is, obligation to him for giving me *ten* reasons where I had *one* before, for holding opinions I have long held!"

March, 1849, was marked by the fatigue of removing the residence of the Prussian Legation from No. 4 to No. 9 Carlton Terrace—the present German Embassy.

MADAME BUNSEN *to her* MOTHER.

"*London*, 2 *March*, 1849.—I have a most troublesome bad cold, and that being the case, you may think of the difficulty to resolve to go and dine with the Queen on Monday. Many a time did I think I must have declared myself ill, and yet it is no joke to do that, the very beginning of the year in London, for then everybody you see for a month asks after your invalidship, for want of better subject of conversation: beside that *I like* to dine with the Queen. And yet, how to go when I had wanted six pocket handkerchiefs in the course of the morning? But I summoned courage and put two *real* pocket handkerchiefs in a little bag and carried that hidden behind my trimmed handkerchief, and I got safe through the ordeal, and was

able to manage everything quietly. . . . . Prince Albert showed a torque, or necklace of pure gold, found in a fox-burrow in Needwood Forest, quite pliable, and worked to imitate a coiled rope, the same kind of thing remarked round the neck of that fine statue called the Dying Gladiator, but not a gladiator.

"A few days ago I spent a morning with Frances and Mary seeing the Ragged Schools at Westminster, about which I have long been interested, and I saw that remarkable and admirable man, Mr. Walker, who originated these and many other establishments for reclaiming and civilising the most wretched of human beings, laboring still and having labored for years as a City Missionary;—going about unhurt among the most abandoned, being looked upon by all as a friend and an object of respect. The Schools were a most affecting sight.

"Alas, between one religious party and another, people are screwing narrower and narrower, and darkening the light of Heaven more and more, Low Church almost as bad as the High—and where this practical Popery, though in name out of the Popedom, is to end, who can tell? I am now thinking of the absolute persecution poor Mr. Maurice is under, as well as our dear friend Archdeacon Hare, because the latter published a life of Sterling. There is no doubt and no attempt to deny that Sterling fell into scepticism in his latter years, the more the pity: but he was not a sceptic when he took orders, and officiated as an active and pious curate. But a review has boldly accused the Archdeacon of persuading a man whom he knew to be an unbeliever to go into the Church. The Archdeacon and Maurice thought it right to publish a pamphlet in justification, and my

husband thinks it much to be regretted that they entered into the controversy, for they have roused a wasp's nest: and the plain English of the whole is, that they are marked for slander, as being known to study theology in the spirit of the universal church, and to look upon people as brethren in faith who are not within the Anglican pale of salvation. May God help the world! it is in a bad way, morally and physically."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY LOUISA.

"20 *May*, 1849.—I wish I knew how you could be helped to a little more strength!—and the restoration of your eye is also matter of earnest prayer,—as far as any one individual blessing can be the object of direct request and importunity: but I remind myself, that the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, and the strength you need will not fail to be measured out as the occasion calls—and that as to the eye, which we would all have bright and clear as it once was, if it is to remain dim, we must ask with Milton,—

> 'So much the rather, thou, celestial Light
> Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
> Irradiate! there plant eyes, all mist from thence
> Purge and dispel—'

and we may ask, in fullest confidence that this prayer will be heard and answered."

In the autumn of 1849, a series of pleasant visits were paid in Warwickshire and Lancashire, and to Mrs. Arnold at Foxhow. The winter was saddened by an ever-increasing sense of Bunsen's political estrange-

...EL, CALIF.

ment from his King, towards whom his personal attachment was as strong as ever. In the midst of much which filled Madame Bunsen with melancholy forebodings, she was cheered by the happy engagement of her daughter Mary to John, the eldest son of Mr. John Harford Battersby, of Stoke, near Bristol.*

MADAME BUNSEN *to her* DAUGHTER THEODORA.

"*Wootton Hall*, 30 *Sept.*, 1849.—Before leaving Foxhow we walked to Mr. Wordsworth's, and saw him and his wife, 80 years of age, but well in health, though bowed down by the loss of their daughter two years ago. We peeped at their garden, where I begged to go for a sight of the Rydal Lake. At dinner we saw an old lady whom I had seen 40 years before at Edinburgh,—then a beautiful woman, and now at 80 so preserved in mind and body that I should have known her anywhere. Her name is Mrs. Fletcher.

"Dear Mrs. Arnold is the same admirable person as ever: I am most thankful to have been with her again. How I should like to take my Theodora to Foxhow, to see the Arnolds, as well as the country."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY LOUISA.

"*Christmas Day*, 1849.—Our Christmas arrangements turned out all very well and I think were much enjoyed: about 25 children had their tea, while Mary, Ernest, Charles and George, with help of Mr. Lear, gave last finishings

* On the death of his uncle, Mr. Harford of Blaise Castle, Mr. John Harford Battersby succeeded to that property, and dropped the name of Battersby.

and lighted up. The Virgin and Child from Raphael formed the centre of a bower of green and light, with a tree right and left and a festoon and star above. The organ was in a corner, unseen, and Frances played the Pastorale as the troop entered in procession. After all distributions and noise were over, Ernest sung 'Comfort ye, my people.'"

"*Jan.* 1, 1850.—I am so happy in Mary's happiness, I want to embrace you each,—for thus I would express more—

'O wäre jeder Puls ein Dank,
Und jeder Athem ein Gesang!'

Yesterday evening we were a happy quiet party together, awaiting the sound of the midnight clock, succeeded by a melodious peal from churches far and near, under the bright moonlight. Ernest sang 'Lord, what is man'—and all sang *Nun danket alle Gott*."

The long series of letters which has followed the whole course of her married life will sufficiently have shown how close was the tie, neither weakened nor relaxed by other cares or affections, which bound Madame Bunsen to her mother. Those weeks of her life were ever considered the happiest, in which the venerable and beautiful grandmother was the cherished and honoured centre of the large family group: and those days were as oases in the whirlpool of her family and London life, which Madame Bunsen was able to spend in the quiet of the "upper house" of Llanover, recalling with her mother those memories of the long-past which no one else could share. To the end of her long life Mrs.

Waddington retained her wonderful intellect and warm sympathies. Her society had an especial charm because it was evident to the last that she was ever willing to correct her own prejudices by personal experience. Her existence was spent amongst her peasant neighbours, upon whom she bestowed not only her charities but her strength. As is frequently the case in old age, she had, with ever increasing sympathies for the trials of her fellow-creatures, an ever-fresh delight in the simple pleasures which had enlivened her youth—the peacocks perching and roosting in the cedar tree opposite her windows; the shells which Mrs. Delany and the Duchess of Portland had taught her to arrange in her childhood; the sketches which it was her eldest daughter's happiness to send her, of all the places she visited or admired. But most of all her love of flowers so increased, that her hall and rooms were filled with them in every form—in glasses, bowls, baskets, pyramids—in moss, in ivy—when they abounded, but in all seasons she *had* flowers.

Almost the whole of Tuesday, January 15, Mrs. Waddington was engaged in relieving the poor or sending after the sick. She did not like Mary Bunsen's marriage being put off till after Easter, and that afternoon, with a cheerful happy dictated letter of her own, she forwarded some verses which she had desired Lady Hall to write and enclose with a sprig of the Dwarf Furze (*Ulex Nana*), quoting a Welsh tradition that Love did not revive after that plant

had ceased to bloom. With affectionate remembrance of a favourite arrangement of her adopted mother, Mrs. Delany, she filled a bowl with buds of the monthly rose, surrounding them with young shoots of Lavender, of which the sea-green tint had been much used by Mrs. Delany in her wonderful chenille-work from natural flowers. Then, while her guest Miss Tylee was reading to her from a letter of William von Humboldt,* sitting calmly in her chair, she received her death-stroke. She motioned to her companion, rang the bell herself for her maid, walked to her bedroom, went to bed—assisting herself, but never spoke again till she expired. In the two last years she had lived in the anticipation of death, but death and its terrors seemed to be hidden from her; her daughters and granddaughter had no spoken parting blessing, but they knew that blessing had never failed while consciousness lasted.

The overflowing attendance of Welsh of every denomination at the funeral (and at the church on the following Sunday) showed a last mark of respect for her, who, through her long life, had never failed to evince that she considered equally all Christians as brethren. When her coffin was borne out of the house, the ancient Welsh dirge called "Gorphenwyd" was sung by the people, and taken up in thrilling cadences during the whole long line of the procession through the wood to the hill-set churchyard above the river Usk.

* Humboldt's Letters, lv.

The pall was carried by eight attached female servants, and her two daughters and grand-daughter followed, at the head of the other mourners.

The grave, which loving hands still deck with the fairest emblems of each season as it comes round, is in Llanover churchyard, near the vault in which other members of the family are laid, and beside which, with honeysuckles and other flowers, grows a pine, reared by the beloved Lady herself, from seed which she had brought from Italy.

The "upper house" of Llanover is tenderly cared for by her youngest and favourite child, whose principal home is close by; it is kept fresh and bright and aired, as if the long-lost Mother were daily expected to return. In her rooms warm fires always burn in winter, and throughout the year fresh flowers are daily placed on the little table by her old-fashioned sofa. The plants she loved still bloom in her little "Fountain Garden," her pictures and books are unremoved from the walls, and the descendants of the peacocks she used to feed still spread their bright tails in the sun under her windows.

MADAME BUNSEN *to her* DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"*Llanover*, 19 *Jan.*, 1850.—This morning at 20 minutes past 5 she breathed her last.

"Her end was without pain, we all firmly believe,—and let us thank God, how can we be thankful enough! that consciousness did not return, that she never knew herself to be helpless or disabled. We cannot say of her—'One moment perfect health, the next was death'—but we can

say, one moment was perfect activity and fulness of life, energy of feeling, clearness of perception, even enjoyment of the narrowed circle of her existence,—and the next moment was insensibility, unconsciousness. On Tuesday, the 15th, she had been busied all day, from an early hour in the morning, with seeing and hearing about poor people, and ministering to their wants: also she dictated a precious letter in immediate answer to Matilda's, and another cheerful letter to Lady Hall, in which she spoke of a dried flower and some verses for my Mary, and among other things, expressed the wish that Count Perponcher would lend her one of his drawings, a view of Constantinople, which she had so much admired that she wished to have it copied. Then, after 3 o'clock, Miss Tylee came to her, and she looked at drawings with great interest and pleasure, then had the daily service, and portions of Scripture, read to her by Miss Tylee, conversed cheerfully, and had parts of Humboldt's Letters read—repeating with her usual animation that they were as if written for her, and echoed her feelings. Then she had her tea. . . . . The servant in answer to her bell came in to take away the tea-things, she beckoned him up to her, and spoke incoherently, what, neither he nor Miss Tylee could understand, but they saw a sudden change. Betsy was called in a moment, and with Griffiths's help supported her across the passage to her bedroom. She never spoke again, and when she was in bed, Betsy felt that her right side was powerless. The stroke of death had taken place; though life was not yet extinguished. She lay as if asleep all that night: in the course of Wednesday had one or two fits of restlessness, and after that the night was quiet, and so was

the following day, Thursday the 17th, when Lady Hall and I reached the house at 7 o'clock in the evening. It was only an increasing hardness of breathing, and a steady acceleration of pulse, that showed the end to be approaching.

"The last night, I moved not from her side till all was over. At one o'clock Lady Hall was prevailed upon to go to bed, for our precious mother was breathing so quietly that no immediate change was expected. I lay on a sofa close by, and Betsy on another. The quiet breathing went on unchanged, till a few minutes before three, then I started up on hearing a noise in the throat—sent first for the medical attendant Dr. Steele, who was gone to bed, and then for my poor sister. She asked Dr. Steele the question, which I needed not to ask—'Can this last much longer?' He said, 'No—a change must come very soon.' We both sat close to the bed, and Mrs. Berrington was sent for (she had arrived that afternoon)—after a time the quiet breathing was resumed, but grew short—that went on, it seemed long—when we both together started up, for it paused—then there was another still gentler breath, and that was the last.

"There was no struggle, there was no sign of pain. O! how can we thank God enough!

"She was lovely, loving, and beloved, in life: she has died in peace, having been conscious that death was near, and preparing for her last hour, as long as sense and consciousness lasted: and when the dreadful hour was at hand, she was led by the hand of mercy as in slumber through the gates of death. She is where the light of God's countenance ever shineth—the veil is removed—and

eternal day. But her love for us, as for our, was a part of her immortal self, and ed with those dear and as yet little

! she is more to be pitied than I am. . . . . I believe she flattered herself with hope, such as I never entertained. Yesterday about noon she proposed reading prayers, and the words of Bishop Patrick and Jeremy Taylor did us much good: then Mr. Evans came, and prayed with us.—After all was over, poor Augusta again proposed our praying together, before we parted to go to rest. The books before used had been removed, and only Dr. Johnson's prayers were at hand, but there are many relating to the death of beloved objects, and the words responded to our feelings. She had strength and eyes to read them, and how good it is to have a book to help one's weak mind! which when most in need, can least command itself.

"You will all want some account of what relates to myself. There was no delay in the journey. The evening was fine, and there was no snow, and less frost, after the neighbourhood of Ross. We stopped at the garden-lodge, and walked through the gardens to the house*: the new moon shone, and the stars were bright over the roof—those stars that *she* loved to look at, and to hear about when she could not look out. Mrs. Herbert† met us at the

* The anguish of that silent walk in breathless anxiety, through the wintry groves and gardens and by the fountains then hung with icicles, made an indelible impression on the mind of both sisters—as one of them afterwards expressed it, they "trembled at the sound of their own footsteps" on approaching the house.

† Augusta Charlotte, only daughter of Lord and Lady Llanover,

hall door. I suppose she had heard the carriage driving across the bottom of the field to the other house. . . . . It has been a great comfort to have no disturbing element in the house of mourning. . . . . I hope to draw the room and furniture amid which I so lately saw her in life—the sofa, which I continually expect to see her return to occupy. I know not how it is that one can bear the sight of all these familiar objects, now that her visible presence is removed from them—but one *can* bear everything. Do not be in the least afraid for me."

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"23 *Jan.*, 1850.—I enclose to you a precious relic, showing that the most affectionate interest about you occupied your dear Grandmother to the last. It seems that she had heard of a Welsh proverb, signifying the flower of the furze to be an emblem of lasting love, and that the love is a lucky one that is contemporary with the furze-flowering. So she sent to a place where the furze would probably be found in blossom, and carefully dried the bit which was discovered. Then she caused Clara Waddington and Mrs. Berrington to be written to, and asked to write verses on the subject, that she might send them to you with the flowers. Both did as they were desired, and she chose the lines of Mrs. Berrington, and had just forwarded them to Lady Hall to give to you, on Tuesday, the 15th, the last day of her life!

"You will have heard that the poor neighbours are

had married, Nov., 1846, J. Arthur Herbert of Llanarth. Being in Wales, she had been summoned on the first alarm.

deeply gratified by her having desired to be buried 'like the poor—in the earth!'"

"26 *Jan.*, 1850.—It is a week this morning that my dearest Mother breathed her last! I have no measurement of the time in my feelings, which sometimes represent the last moment as recent, and sometimes as though an age had passed since. Betsy watches the beloved remains by day, and sleeps by them at night, and constantly renews the flowers and fragrant leaves: the peafowl are fed in the same place on the gravel, opposite the windows, where she could see them from her bed."

"28 *Jan.*, 1850.—I have been sitting a long time in that room of death, drawing, and hearing from Betsy recollections of words and actions, all tending to form a more complete picture of those latter days and weeks, and all showing that habit of effusion of love and kindness, which seemed to grow stronger with years. After the usual Christmas dinner given by Lady Hall to tenants and neighbours, my Mother interested herself to make out whether anybody had been omitted, who might have had any claim to be invited: and she had a set of persons sent to and provided dinner for them herself, and one old man in particular, named Booth, she caused to come into her room, with his daughter, and sit down, and she sent for two glasses of wine for them—and the old man did not drink to her health, but said, 'I drink, Madam, to your happy passage to the realms of bliss; we can neither of us be very long in this world,'—and she was greatly pleased, and said, '*That* is the best toast I ever heard in my life.' She parted from him saying she hoped to see him often, and *soon again*.

"When I was last here, she told me, with much satisfaction and solemnity, of Edmund George's having said to her —'Well, Madam, you be old,—you be much advanced in years, and your end cannot be far off;—and we must pray for you, that you may be *prepared* for a better: it would be flattery to say anything else but this.' She said afterwards to her maid, 'I was so pleased with Edmund George to-day, he told me the truth, it was so right,' and she commented upon the simplicity and truth of Christians in lower station, not trammelled by mistaken rules of good breeding. This Edmund George is Sir Benjamin's woodward at Abercarne."

"30 *Jan.*—How I do long to return to you! The daily business of life is becoming a pressing need, not for want of enough to do, but because the present occupations, compelling the mind ever to retrace the same melancholy round of impressions, are saddening beyond expression. Yesterday we found a quantity of little records of my poor sister Emily, which brought back before me the whole picture of a wretched life, which God closed early in mercy. . . . . I have burnt those papers; the miseries they record we may humbly hope are swallowed up in blessedness; and it is the result to dwell upon."

To her DAUGHTER THEODORA.

"*Llanover*, 31 *Jan.*, 1850.—I write to you to-day, my own Theodora, rather than to your sisters, because you were with me when last here! and you will therefore the more exactly follow the feelings with which last night between six and seven I walked down to the other house with Lady Hall, for the purpose of hearing some of the

men who will belong to the funeral sing the Welsh dirges, which they are in the habit of performing when they follow a funeral procession among themselves. The night was as dark as possible—the sky closed in by clouds, threatening the rain which has since fallen: the moon had not yet risen, only the usual planet *loomed* through the mist, so as to show its place rather than its lustre. . . . . From the house gleamed those same lights, that used to be ready for you and me. Noiselessly the door opened and we found the *enchanted palace* as it used to be, fire and lights prepared by unseen hands. We sat down, and presently voices sounded from the gallery above. One of the dirges was that which your dear Grandmamma desired Frances to write out plain for her. This, the first music I have heard, since she has been taken away, whose delight in music I never failed to remember every time I heard any, with the desire that she should hear it, indescribably overset me: and yet what folly!—for she is conscious now of the everlasting harmonies! She needs no longer so poor an echo of them.

"I hailed with satisfaction Lady Hall's proposal to let the people sing upon the way, as they are accustomed to do at funerals amongst themselves. It will yet more confirm the impression so gratifying to them, that my dearest Mother preferred being buried like the poor!—and you will remember how much we felt when following the remains of Lina to their resting-place, what a dead weight falls upon the spirit, in that unbroken silence, and how one craves a chant, to give one's sad thoughts a prop to dwell upon."

"5 *Feb.*—Yesterday afternoon I walked with George to

the churchyard by the river.—Strange! when I look at that grave, and those wreaths of flowers upon it, I cannot yet believe what I saw done only three days ago. In the evening Mrs. Berrington sang Welsh airs, and the girl from the boat-house sang with her fresh clear voice."

On the 4th of April Madame Bunsen had once more the happiness of seeing her ten children collected for the marriage of her daughter Mary: it was the last of these unbroken family gatherings.

MADAME BUNSEN *to her* DAUGHTER MARY (on the day after her marriage).

"5 *April*, 1850.—This morning I went up-stairs to count what children I had left! Then your father came, and when our remnant was all collected, I proposed singing the hymn "Wie schön leucht uns der Morgenstern"—which I was surprised by your father's desiring to change for the hymn "Wer weiss wie nahe mir mein Ende"—and after two verses of that, he desired to have four verses of "O wie selig seid ihr doch, ihr Frommen." Then we read the 90th Psalm, and he prayed—having told us that he had received intelligence of your Aunt Christiana's death! She went to her rest on the Wednesday in Passion week, and was buried on Good Friday, but your Father would not tell us till the festival was over. You know that this is an event fraught with deep interest to me; and we all have not only to feel that a heart full of warm affection for us all has ceased to beat, but also that a noble spirit and high intelligence have now found their proper home, have

broken all bonds, and dilate and expand in a worthy and genial atmosphere."

In June the Prince of Prussia again visited England to be present at the christening of his godson Prince Arthur. The following month was clouded by the death of Sir Robert Peel.

MADAME BUNSEN *to her* DAUGHTER MARY.

"10 *July*, 1850.—A deep shadow of death and mourning has come over London, and we have been relieved from the drawing-room and court balls, as well as a multitude of other things, by the death of the Duke of Cambridge, although it is that of Sir Robert Peel which is the great event. All persons agree that there has never been an instance of such general gloom and regret—there is no one of the various fractions into which party is split, except just that small one of the Ultra-Protectionists, that does not deplore the loss of a statesman towards whom it seems all looked, far more than they were aware while they reckoned upon his life as being as likely as any to be long preserved in well-being."

The winter of 1850 to 1851 was a time of great enjoyment to the Bunsen family, especially to its younger members. The long visit of Radowitz in Carlton Terrace was a source of much happiness, and many are the pleasant recollections of the meeting of "the Academy of the Thames" which he instituted, at which a piece of French, Italian, or English poetry was selected

for translation into German verse, and a prize awarded by general acclamation.

MADAME BUNSEN *to* ABEKEN.

"*London*, 6 *March*, 1851.—As you speak of Shakespeare, I too have seen this winter two pieces very well performed —Richard II. and the first part of Henry IV.—in which Hotspur and Falstaff left nothing to wish. But how can you be so lost in modern notions, as to make such a criticism on Shakespeare's Coriolanus? Where had he learnt his Roman History? *Lei m' insegna*, in Plutarch—which he had studied well; and what could he or anybody know of the plebeians, but that they were *London 'prentices*, and in short, *populace*, until Niebuhr taught us all another lesson, and informed us that they were as aristocratic as their tyrants?"

To her SON HENRY (on the death of his father-in-law, Mr. Harford Battersby).

"11 *May*, 1851.—We have felt together in this time of sorrow, and I thank God with you for all the mercies by which it has been marked, more especially for the visible revealing of the heavenly life, in proportion as the earthly was gliding away—

> 'Still the unrobing spirit cast
> Diviner glories to the last—
> Dissolv'd its bonds, and winged its flight
> Emerging into purer light.'

Every recollection relating to him who is gone, is full of consolation: taken away in ripe age, yet without previous decline and decay—allowed full consciousness of his con-

dition, yet preserved from fears and tremors—strengthened to look Death full in the face and realise to the full that privilege of the Christian—surrounded 'by all that should accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends;' we have only to look along his luminous track upwards, to be strengthened on our earthly way.

"Your Father and I were at Stafford House when the Queen was there on Friday. The luncheon was beautifully arranged as ever, and I think the flower-gardener showed more talent than ever in producing effect by juxtaposition of flowers. The Queen looked well and charming—and I could not help the same reflection that I have often made before, that she is the only piece of *female royalty* I ever saw, who was also a creature, such as God Almighty has created. Her smile is a *real smile*—her grace is *natural*, although it has received a high polish from cultivation—there is nothing artificial about her. Princes I have seen several, whose first characteristic is that of being *men* rather than princes, though not many. . . . . The Duchess of Sutherland is the only person I have seen, when receiving the Queen, not giving herself the appearance of a visitor in her own house, by wearing a bonnet."

To her SON-IN-LAW JOHN BATTERSBY-HARFORD.

"26 *June*, 1851.—Our Tuesday evenings have answered most thoroughly, and enabled us satisfactorily to receive a great number of foreigners and show them something of London society. Last Tuesday among others the Duke of Wellington came, and was very amiable, and Ernest sang to him the Blücher-song, which he remembered to have heard. It is a great pleasure to show Professor Schnorr

the treasures of pictures to be found in London—he lived in a portion of Palazzo Caffarelli, during several of our earlier years in Rome, and was our habitual associate, in many a scene of pleasure and pain—so you will imagine the extreme interest of a renewal of intercourse under such altered circumstances as to things external, while principles, tastes, and sympathies, remain the same. Seeing our good Kestner too, quite carries me back in a sort of dream to scenes long past in Italy. We had lately the great pleasure of a visit from Lady Harrowby, when Neukomm, Kestner, and Schnorr all happened to come in. They had seen her in her bloom,* twenty-six years ago in Rome, and wondered to find the same loveliness, though not the bloom: and she wondered to see Kestner precisely the same, not a day older."

A pleasant memorial of the usual life at 9, Carlton Terrace at this time is given in the following extract from a letter of one of the daughters of the house:—

"25 *August*, 1851.—I should like to procure you a glimpse of our usual luncheon and tea-table, which (particularly the latter) is generally surrounded by an average number of from twenty to twenty-six guests. First you would see Wichern, from Hamburgh, with his tall commanding figure, and his fine, mild, but decided and energetic countenance, while his deep bass is always heard pervading all other voices. Then (usually sitting next him) Bernays, from Bonn, forms the strangest possible contrast, with his small quicksilver figure, and black-bearded, restless, clever

* As Lady Frances Sandon.

face. Then Lieber, from America, with his fixed, melancholy, sentimental look, joining nevertheless in conversation with great zest and interest, always mixing in strange outlandish compliments. Next to him Waagen, with his inexhaustible fund of good humour and anecdote, always for the benefit of everyone within reach of listening. Then Gerhard, with his benevolent expression, ready either for serious or learned talk, or for any joke or fun that may be going on; and his wife, with her never-failing, mild cheerfulness and interest in everything, without any fuss or fidgetting, thus giving only pleasure and no trouble in daily intercourse. These are the inmates of the house, to which you must suppose in addition a regular supply of unexpected guests drop in at every meal. Yesterday, Pastor Krummacher came with two daughters to make a call;—and while we detained his daughters here, he joined Wichern and several others to inspect some ragged schools. They returned about eight o'clock, when the home set were just ready to rise from table, so room could be made for the five who entered. First, Wichern; then Cramer, from Lyons (whom we much liked), who married Elizabeth Sieveking; Krummacher; Le Grand, brother of the friend of Oberlin; and a Mr. Marriot, of Basle, a kind of missionary going about all Germany, and seeming more of a German than an Englishman.

"On Saturday evening, when Count Albert Pourtalès was here, Frances, wishing to divert the course of conversation, endeavoured to lead Waagen to relate a celebrated story of his. Waagen was deeply engaged in conversation with one of the five professors from Berlin, and thus she found it necessary to repeat the call in rather

a louder tone, 'Herr Professor!' whereupon five figures instantly started up with a bow, responsive to the appeal, which each supposed intended for himself!"

Amongst the guests of the summer of 1851, whose visits (not alluded to in her letters) should be especially mentioned as having given pleasure to Madame Bunsen, are the sculptors Rauch and Kaulbach, peculiarly interesting to Bunsen as both belonging to his own native principality of Waldeck. It is remembered that during his visit, Rauch was affected to tears by the sight of the Greek medals in the British Museum, as seeing then for the first time the perfect work of a great Greek artist. He had never seen the medals at Berlin, though he was already celebrated there as the sculptor of the most beautiful modern statue in the world, the figure of Queen Louisa on her tomb at Charlottenburg.

MADAME BUNSEN *to* ABEKEN.

"21 *Sept.*, 1851.—The past season in London has been one of much exertion to us, but we never had a greater return for our trouble in social pleasure than this year—having met a number of old friends and acquaintance, and made some interesting new ones. The visit of Schnorr was a greater satisfaction than it is easy to express—our friendship with him began when we were young in Rome, and his memory is full of the images of a time now in the blue distance, which I love to dwell upon: and he is grown old without losing any of the qualities which commanded our esteem and regard. How happy we were to see

Kestner, and how happy he was in England, I leave you to guess."

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"*Blaise Castle*, 4 *Sept.*, 1851.—You cannot imagine a more delightful day than we had on Tuesday, driving to Barley Wood. The way there and back is wonderfully beautiful. From the exquisite valley of the Avon we ascended a *Wasserscheide*, from the other side of which we gained a sight of the Mendip Hills—a beautiful range, and the exquisitely rich and varied expanse of country, ending with Weston-super-Mare on the shore of the channel, which is marked in the distance by isolated eminences, the actual sea being rarely visible. The flower-garden at Barley Wood, and the manner in which the cottage is decorated with choice climbing plants, is a pattern for imitation: all the common and easily managed plants growing in the greatest variety and perfection, in a small space thickly covered. We sat out on the grass under a tree planted by Mrs. Hannah More herself."

To her SON HENRY.

"22 *Nov.*, 1851.—Your Father goes on actively and happily with his writings, and so the whole house is cheerful and busy, and life glides on like a stream with the sun upon it. Altogether I look back upon the past year with great thankfulness, on account of the course of happy activity in which he has lived. I wrote to him on his birthday what was most true, that life always lies lightly on my shoulders, when I have neither the consciousness nor the apprehension of his being annoyed and

dissatisfied with people or things, and so it is more or less with all the household. He is in full enjoyment of the art of *telling a piece of his mind* to the public: and pouring forth by degrees the result of the favourite studies of his life."

"2 *Jan.*, 1852.—On the last evening of 1851, Ernest walked to us by half-past eleven, sang to us 'He shall feed his flock,' and joined in the choral, 'Gottlob! ein Schritt zur Ewigkeit,'—and when the clock of Westminster Abbey had struck twelve, led 'Nun danket alle Gott.'"

To her DAUGHTER FRANCES.

"*Windsor Castle*, 15 *Jan.*, 1852.—Here I sit, in a curious condition of stillness and isolation, having returned, after breakfast, to my beautiful bedroom, that having more light than the adjoining sitting-room—and the weather being wind, rain, and dulness. Your Father is just come back from a snug breakfast and conversation with Stockmar, having since seen Lord Granville—he, your Father, having been up and writing since half-past five o'clock. I helped him to feel about in the dark after a match, which was not there, but his good intentions were aided by the fire in his dressing-room having kept in all night, and thus he was enabled to light his candle. One must make an *N. B.* that when one visits queens, they give one everything but *matches*. I was once in the extreme of distress for one at Queen Adelaide's.

"We have the same agreeable apartments as last winter, on a level with the corridor, and therefore not putting my deficient order of location—or whatever you call the faculty of finding one's way, to the test. The party at

dinner were Lord and Lady Derby, Lord and Lady Granville, and Sir Charles and Lady Mary Wood. Lady Canning, who is in waiting, was most amiable and conversible; she is a thoroughly harmonious person, and her tone of voice seems sweeter than ever. Charming was the music during dinner; the first thing being the Midsummer Night's Dream, exquisitely played. In the evening Sainton played finely on the violin, with accompaniment. The Queen spoke so long to each person after dinner that the standing period was unusually protracted, and the sitting-down circle was very short, although we did not move to bed till half-past eleven. When the Queen sat down, I was bidden to sit at the other corner of her sofa; she spoke about the German emigrants shipwrecked on the Isle of Wight when she was at Osborne, to whom I knew that she had shewn much kindness."

To her SON HENRY.

"22 *Jan.*—I was indescribably refreshed by those days at Windsor, when I walked in the park *nach Herzenslust.*"

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"20 *Jan.*, 1852.—I hoped to have written from Windsor Castle, but I had less time there than I expected, owing to the beauty of the weather, which I most thoroughly enjoyed, in rambling about the Home Park—and I cannot say what good the country air has done me.

"We met at Windsor many remarkable people, and the time was as remarkable, so critical in the state of the world! The Queen was most kind and amiable, and it is always a pleasure to me to see her and know about the

spirit and activity and sense of duty that pervades her day. Lady Canning was as pleasing as ever, and as conversible. The theatrical representation amused me much, as far as the first piece was concerned, called 'Not a bad Judge,' but the farce which followed did Mr. Kean's judgment no credit."

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"10 *June*, 1852.—You will be glad to hear, that though still having enough to do, we can now confine ourselves more to *what we please*, and what amuses us, than before. And much amused we are, at the German play, where last night we saw Comedies, capitally acted—and how we did laugh! The night before we were at the Opera, a box having been given to Frances. To-night your Father and I see 'Egmont,' having been cheated of *half* the first night by the Duchess of Gloucester's invitation. To-morrow your Father and I dine with the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort, which you know we like, and I am doubly glad of the invitation, because it shows that the Duchess, though she reads the 'Record,' has not given your Father up as an Infidel!"

To her DAUGHTER THEODORA.

"17 *August*, 1852.—We have spent three delightful hours at Trentham. The scene was such as one has fancied in reading poetry or fairy-tales, and never expected to see realised: all seeming an Italian villa, but with a grand completeness of decoration which an Italian villa never yet had, because it could not have English hands to dress it, the command of the beauties of vegetation from all parts of the temperate zones, and the advantages of

English climate. And for all this we had a sun as glowing as if in Italy, the effect varied by exquisite shadows of floating clouds. I did not expect so much natural beauty in the place—the fine bank of wood, the lake appearing natural, the beautiful trees, the river Trent. Among the pictures I was glad to see Sir Beville Granville, the Duke's and my common ancestor, a very fine portrait, —and to trace a resemblance to my dearest mother in the portrait of Mary, Lady Granville."

To her YOUNGEST DAUGHTER MATILDA.

"*Windsor Castle*, 13 *Jan.*, 1853.—I have just been indulging myself with a walk in the Park, returning by the *slopes*, which are gravel-walks on the steep declivity of the hill, turf and evergreens at the sides, and a prospect of avenues of high trees below standing in a lake, which in summer would be a meadow. At a distance I saw the Queen and Prince Albert and various groups of the Royal Family enjoying themselves like myself, in the fresh breeze and sunshine. I brought back some sprigs of evergreen to my cheerful warm room in the Lancaster Tower, proposing to draw them. . . . . I do wish my children would believe me, how well worth while it is to acquire the dexterity of hand and accuracy of perception requisite for drawing, in those early years when they have leisure, and also capability, as far as strength of body and of eyes goes. The power of drawing has been such a source of pleasure to me through life, such a refreshment, such a diversion of thought from care or anxiety—that I wish I could persuade those I love to provide themselves therewith, as a help on life's journey. . . . . I hope you take

pains with your reading aloud. . . . . Will you try, my own child, to perfect and polish yourself.?—'Let our daughters be as the polished corners of the temple,' is a verse of a Psalm that always gives me an image equally just and pleasing. The corners of the temple are of good firm stone or marble; the firmer the substance, the finer is the polish they bear: but the polish which renders them beautiful to look upon, lessens nothing of their power of supporting the edifice, and connecting its parts into a solid structure. 'Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever are lovely, and of good report, wherein there is virtue, wherein there is praise—think on these things, and do these things.' These words of the wisest of the Apostles, are worthy to be ever thought upon, and acted upon."

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"*Carlton Terrace*, 5 *May*, 1853.—I have just come from church, at St. James's, which I never saw so empty before; —the exact church-goers were I suppose at Lambeth, witnessing Dr. Jackson's consecration, and the *inexact* were most likely in bed, after the Duchess of Norfolk's ball! Yesterday evening we enjoyed the quiet of home; Mrs. Wilson* came, and sang to us exquisitely a number of good things, mostly national melodies.

"This morning I was so glad to wake soon after five, and to see the most glorious morning, and sky clear as crystal, not a chimney smoking, and the club-buildings standing out in that grand solid reality of colour and light and shadow, with which objects in Italy present themselves. An hour later, and the enchantment was gone."

* Daughter of Dr. Sumner, Archbishop of Canterbury.

"9 *May*, 1853.—There is a whole world of things to tell, if I can but write them: first, that *we*, in this house, have made tables move, by fingers lightly applied, and *will* strongly enforcing. We went to the Archbishop's to dinner—and there did I hear from himself, that he had been strongly disposed to believe it all a trick, but had become convinced, the day before, that the matter was a reality, unexplained. Sir Robert Inglis had come to the same result.

"Yesterday, Sunday, we were turned upside down by your Father's determination to go and hear Mr. Maurice preach at Lincoln's Inn—so we drove to Lincoln's Inn Chapel, and I was glad to see the building, and hear good chanting, and above all, that real *praying* of the service, which one scarcely ever hears, but from Mr. Maurice and Archdeacon Hare. But as to the sermon, I can give no account of it. I heard so little, that I only made out the dashing at a difficult problem, without perceiving the solution: there may have been such, though it is too like Mr. Maurice to start difficulties, which he leaves one to get out of as one can."

To her SON THEODORE.

"*St. Leonards-on-Sea*, 23 *May*, 1853.—On Saturday we drove from hence to Hurstmonceaux, and spent the day with Archdeacon Hare, whose late severe illness has brought him into old age. . . . . Most refreshing it was to renew the old impression of the *unique* rectory, with its books, and classic works of art, and conservatory, and garden, and the exquisite freshness of spring all around. Time did not allow of our visiting the park and the

churchyard, but many a scene associated with a piece of our lives from 1842 to 1844, was viewed and feasted on"

To her DAUGHTER THEODORA.

"*Stoke*, 2 *August*, 1853.—It would be hard to express how I enjoy being here, under my Mary's roof, and taken care of by her in so many winning ways. . . . . Yesterday evening, at Blaise Castle, Dr. Whewell was asked to explain and comment upon the structure of Cologne Cathedral, having before him the book of immense engravings of it. I was glad to hear him do justice to the grand idea, out of which every part had grown, not as an excrescence, but as a natural or necessary result, and he pointed out the superior construction of the spiral towers, as distinguished from the plan too common in English churches, of setting a cone upon a square tower—whereas the Cologne spires, like a plant, grow and develope gradually into a form different from that which started from the ground. I do not repeat this as having been new to me, but what he said of the seven chapels behind the chancel naturally resulting from the necessity of massive buttresses to support the immense height of the vaulted roof of the chancel, was as new as it was satisfactory to me."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

"30 *Sept.*, 1853.—May you be tolerably well in health on your birthday, and may all rays of cheerfulness converge in it, to make you rejoice together with all those who rejoice in the beginning of an added year to your life! and wish and pray for your preservation, and for

every blessing to support and cheer you on your way. You have passed through the valley of the shadow of death in the last year! and deep is the thankfulness of all that love you to be allowed to see you so like yourself again. May the experience of the possibility of being saved, preserved, restored, brought back from the very gates of death, operate to steel your mind against apprehension! to make you so feel that *all things* are possible to Him in whose hands we are, as to be relieved from the flutter of anxiety. I well know that I used to be as a blade of grass, ever in fear of the future, till after I had gone through what I call my year of trial, when my child died, and my husband was at death's door; but the experience of support taught me to feel (as Patrick expresses it) that I had 'the everlasting arms under me, the wisdom of Heaven to direct and guide me, and the infinite treasures of goodness to supply all my necessities.' . . . . On this anniversary I *thank God*, as I have ever done for the inestimable gift of such a daughter, and I *thank you* from my heart of hearts for the truly filial affection you have ever shown me."

The winter of 1853-54 was spent by Emilia Bunsen at Paris, with her fellow-sufferer and ever-kind friend the Princess of Wied.* Here both wonderfully recovered their health through the marvellously success-

* The Princess of Wied frequently mentioned in these memoirs, a greatly honoured and beloved friend of the Bunsen family, is Marie, wife of Hermann, Prince of Wied; daughter of William, Duke of Nassau; sister of Adolphe late Duke of Nassau and of the Duchess of Oldenbourg; and half-sister of the Princess of Waldeck, of Prince Nicholas of Nassau, and of the Queen of Sweden.

ful treatment of Count Szapary. How great the trial of their beloved daughter's sufferings from childhood had been to them, her parents scarcely knew, till father and mother alike burst into tears on receiving the news that she had been enabled to stand on her feet—though at first only for a moment.

MADAME BUNSEN *to her* DAUGHTER MARY.

"27 *Dec.*, 1853.—How I have delighted to think of you, arranging a tree and a picture, and a school and a hymn, and the *pastorale* after the home fashion! I have had great pleasure at home in the sight of Elizabeth's baby and Moritz, who were delightful! The other children were happy, but in a less demonstrative manner. The darling baby gazed at the lights, and crowed in wonder, and smiled tranquilly when anybody spoke to her. Ernest and George had built up a magnificent pyramid of green, hung with lights, against which the usual picture leaned, in the midst of the long drawing-room.

"Count Albert Pourtales is here, having arrived yesterday, and the Baroness Langen is here too, for a day, in her way northwards from Dover. We are all in spirits that matters have been made up, so that Lord Palmerston remains in, for the weakening of the Ministry would not do in these dangerous days. My own Mary, I say nothing about Mim's letter—you and I know what both feel of thankfulness and hope, while we preach to our own hearts resignation, if the event at last should not be what sanguine Fancy will persist to image forth! And then, we have felt together about Charles's appointment, and his having now, for the first time, attained a real

standing. What Christmas-gifts of Providence have not these been!—and are not we ever more bidden and urged to *hope in patience* for the fulfilment of wishes about other dear ones?"

To ABEKEN.

"*London*, 30 *Dec.*, 1853.—I need not expatiate upon what we feel, and have felt, about Radowitz—in whom the spirit seems still to have brightened more and more, 'unto the perfect day.' When I think of him now, relieved from the tortures of martyrdom, and the body's corruption, enjoying the dawn of life eternal—I am continually reminded of a passage in the works of Newton (not the philosopher, but the Christian teacher), in which he observes, that the astonishment of the disembodied spirit will be threefold—first, to find *many* admitted among the blessed whom, when in life, it would not have supposed worthy: secondly, to remark the *absence of many*, whose salvation in life it had considered secure: thirdly, to find *itself* admitted."

To her DAUGHTER MATILDA.

"6 *Feb.*, 1854.—Dear Uncle Bernard died on the 30th January. Up to a fortnight before his death he had continued to perform service in the church, though with great difficulty. You will enter with the sad feeling of beholding the departure of the last but one of my dearest Mother's generation, and so kind and amiable a person as Uncle Bernard was. It is a great comfort to know that his thoughts were ever drawn more heavenward, and he received the Lord's Supper with great clearness of mind on the day before his death. His is not the only death which

has lately much affected me. My excellent cousin Mrs. Shirley, the widow of the Bishop of Sodor and Man, died on the 10th January after a few days' severe illness. She had led a life of fitting preparation for its end, in love to God and man, incessantly occupied in doing good to all whom her efforts could reach, in body and soul."

To her GRANDDAUGHTER LILLA BUNSEN.

"13 *Feb.*, 1854.—I had fine weather at Windsor, where I had a nice walk in the park between 11 and 12, and got Grandpapa to go with me, as far as the place where the Queen's dogs live. There is a pretty cottage with a garden, where a nice Highland woman lives, with her five children; and she let us in to pass through a succession of yards, where the different dogs were put either together or separate, according as they liked each other's company. There were beautiful dogs of all kinds, but the curiosities were, a pug all black, which I thought handsomer than the common ones, just as, if I *must* see a Negro, I would rather that he was quite black than only dingy. Then there was a Chinese dog with a sky-blue tongue, and his coat all chocolate brown, from nose to tail, and to the very ends of his paws—with a droll, sly countenance:—and a Cashmere dog, as big as a young lion, and with just such legs and paws—very goodnatured to those he knows, but terrible to meet as an enemy:—also an Esquimaux dog, who was one bush of hair, with sly fox-eyes and sharp nose peeping out—who must find himself much too warm in this country. The dogs were pleased to be noticed, and I should have liked to have sate down amongst them, and tried to draw them—the places were as sweet and clean as your chicken-

yards—but I had to come away directly, that I might drive with Grandpapa, and we had a beautiful drive—twice crossing the Thames, and going a circuit all round the castle, in one of the Queen's carriages.

"I wish my account of the dogs may amuse Lilla and Lisa, but I should have liked best to have had them with me, to see what I saw that evening between 5 and 6 o'clock, when we followed the Queen and Prince Albert a long way, through one large room after another, till we came to one where a red curtain was let down, and we all sate in the dark, till the curtain was drawn aside, and the Princess Alice, who had been dressed to represent *Spring*, recited some verses, taken from Thomson's *Seasons*, enumerating the flowers which the Spring scatters around—and she did it very well, spoke in a distinct and pleasing manner, with excellent modulation, and a tone of voice like that of the Queen. Then the curtain was drawn, and the whole scene changed, and the Princess Royal represented *Summer*, with Prince Arthur lying upon some sheaves, as if tired with the heat and harvest-work: the Princess Royal also recited verses. Then again there was a change, and Prince Alfred, with a crown of vine-leaves and a panther's skin, represented *Autumn*, and recited also verses, and looked very well. Then there was a change to a Winter-landscape, and the Prince of Wales represented *Winter*, with a white beard and a cloak with icicles or snow-flakes (or what looked like such), and the Princess Louise warmly clothed, who seemed watching the fire: and the Prince also recited well, a passage altered from Thomson, which Grandmamma used to know by heart. Then another change was made, and all the Seasons were

grouped together, and far behind, on high, appeared the Princess Helena, with a long veil hanging on each side down to her feet, and a long cross in her hand, pronouncing a blessing upon the Queen and Prince, in the name of all the Seasons. These verses were composed for the occasion. *I* understood them to say that St. Helena, remembering her own British extraction, came to utter a blessing on the rulers of her country—and I think it must have been so intended, because Helena, the mother of Constantine the first Christian Emperor, was said to have discovered the remains of the cross on which our Saviour was crucified—and so when she is painted, she always has a cross in her hand. But Grandpapa understood that it was meant for *Britannia* blessing the Royal Pair.—At any rate, the Princess Helena looked very charming. This was the close; but the Queen ordered the curtain to be again drawn back, and we saw the whole Royal Family, and they were helped to jump down from their raised platform, and then all came into the light, and we saw them well: and the Baby Prince Leopold was brought in by his nurse, and looked at us all with big eyes, and wanted to go to his papa, Prince Albert. At the dinner-table, the Princesses Helena and Louise and Prince Arthur were allowed to come in, and to stand by their mamma, the Queen, as it was a festival day. I think it is the Princess Louise who is the same age as Lilla. In the evening there was very fine music in St. George's Hall, and the Princess Royal, and Princess Alice, and the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred, were allowed to stop up to hear it, sitting to the right and left of the chairs where sat the Queen and Prince Albert and the Duchess of Kent."

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"11 *Feb.*, 1854.—What can I say about your letter of to-day? The same Divine Power that restored cripples and renewed body and mind, in the days when our Lord was on earth, is still at work, and works for your restoration: and if you figure to yourself the feelings of those whom the Lord's own hand uplifted and strengthened—the awe, the devotion which must have been called forth, to subdue the tumult of joy—I think it will help to calm you.

"Again and again, God be thanked! and abundant be the blessing which the Princess (of Wied) calls down upon her own head, by all she does, and all she feels, for you! All thanks, and all the gratitude that prompts them, are too poor to offer: but God will make her the return. Nothing good is ever lost, or turns out empty—but it is seldom granted to those who receive, to have power and opportunity to make return, except in love and prayer."

"23 *Feb.*, 1854.—I seem struck dumb, and waiting for power of utterance. I had thought we should have had long to feast upon the fact of your walking from one room to another! Your doing more, and walking downstairs, and *up* again, and getting into the carriage yourself, I had not contemplated as a *possibility*, it seems such a vast progress beyond the first step. My own precious child! I wish, as I have often done in life, to be equal to the greatness of the moment, to feel the whole bounty of God's Providence in its full extent, to expand my heart and mind to take it all in, to steel myself to bear it without being overset: and I am brought again to reflect on the narrowness of our present capabilities, and to conjecture that the happi-

ness of a higher state of being will be in a great measure the power of taking in what God will give!

> 'Ich öffne meinen Mund und sinke
> Hin zu der Quelle, dass ich trinke!'

utters something of the longing that I would indicate."

To ABEKEN.

"15 *March*, 1854.—Alas! the news of Kestner's death is arrived. That faithful friend is gone before: the third life of value to me that has closed since this year began. I have ever been thankful, and am now more than ever, for the happy meeting that we had with him in the Exhibition-year: he was as animated and affectionate as ever, and entered with the same spirit as in any other part of his life he could have done, into the pleasure of everything we could show him. We all tried to persuade him to shorten his visit to his relations, and come again to us last year—but we were not to meet again, here. Thankful we must all be, that he did not outlive eyesight or power of bodily activity—that his last sufferings were short and unexpected, and his mind clear to the last.

"Pray do not use, or misuse, the phrase 'auf Gottes Hülfe trauen'—when the lives of the instruments and supporters of a system of iniquity are in question. God's Providence can long tolerate iniquity—but I can only trust in God's protection for such of the powers that be as are his instruments for good, and not his scourges for evil."

To her SON HENRY.

"31 *March*, 1854.—Yesterday Ernest and Elizabeth dined with us, and so did Dr. Bekker, and Mr. Benedict,

and Signor Lacaita, whose first lecture, on Italian literature, Theodora and your Father had heard in the afternoon. When Theodora returned, she and I went to the House of Lords to hear Lord Clarendon's speech on the declaration of war, and we staid long enough for Lord Derby's on the same subject, and were much interested by both, and the first thing that took place was a suggestion by Lord Roden that a day should be set apart for prayer and supplication on occasion of the awful announcement of war, which was assented to with acclamation, — Lord Aberdeen declaring the intention of the Ministers to advise the Queen to that effect. I think indeed there is everywhere a very becoming consciousness of the awfulness of this crisis!"

CHAPTER IV.

HEIDELBERG.

"Era già l'ora che volge il disio
Ai naviganti e intenerisce il core,
Lo di' ch' han detto à dolci amici addio."

—*Dante.*

IN the beginning of April, 1854, Bunsen tendered his resignation of his post in England, and two months later received his recall. In giving up the position of honour and labour which he had occupied, his first intention was to remain in England, and to take a house in the Regent's Park near his son Ernest, devoting the rest of his life to his family and to literary research. But after considerations induced him to rescind this decision, and to turn his thoughts towards Germany—to Germany, but not to Prussia, where he might have been unable to avoid being drawn once more into the whirlpool of politics. Of German towns out of Prussia, Heidelberg, with its beautiful scenery, its university society, and its fine public library, offered the greatest advantages, and there Professor Carl Meyer, already the faithful friend of half a lifetime,*

* Carl Friedrich Meyer, poet and linguist, from his heart-qualities

found for the Bunsens the beautiful villa of Charlottenberg, on the bank of the Neckar opposite the castle, which was the happy home of the next five years.

Before the Bunsens left England, an unavoidable sale dispersed most of the works of art and a great part of the fine library at Carlton Terrace, though it cost a severe pang to part from many of these silent witnesses of past happy days. At this time also a division of many family treasures as legacies took place —the less unwelcome, because the occasion was not death. While the house was being dismantled, Bunsen visited his ever-kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Wagner at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, to whose hospitable home he had frequently retired during his residence in England for weeks either of rest or quiet work.

It was a severe trial to Bunsen to go out of such a centre of activity—social, political, and intellectual—as London had become to him, into the still waters of Heidelberg. But for Madame Bunsen, the death of her mother had broken the strongest tie which bound her to England, and though it was a severe wrench to leave the country which contained the homes of her sons Henry and Ernest and of her beloved daughter Mary, even

one of the most valued and faithful friends of the Bunsen family. He left Rome with the Bunsens, and accompanied them to Germany. He was for some time private German secretary and librarian to Prince Albert: after which he remained in retirement at Heidelberg, during the residence of the Bunsens in that town. He now (1878) lives at Berlin as Legations Rath, and attached to the Court.

this triple separation was compensated by the relief from the cares which had oppressed her for many years. In the changed circumstances of her life she received affection and sympathy and cordial offers of hospitality, even where she would not have looked for them: but chiefly was she animated, not depressed, by the voices within her own home—"Oh," she wrote at this time, "how good all my children are, I can feel, but cannot express—encouraging instead of unnerving their parents."

On the 10th of June, Madame Bunsen left England with her unmarried daughters, and a week later Bunsen followed with his son George. All were alike delighted with their new home of Charlottenberg, the last of the many houses which line the north bank of the Neckar at the foot of the wooded or vine-clad hill opposite Heidelberg, and which look across the water to the hill-cresting castle, and the town, and the long bridge with its many arches.

MADAME BUNSEN *to her* DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY-LOUISA.

"*High Wood*, 24 *April*, 1854.—I must write to you the first thing this morning, from the peace of this friendly shelter. . . . . Your Father was up at 6 o'clock yesterday morning and at 5 this morning—lighting his fire and working at his writings. He has been most cheerful and amiable, meeting the crisis as he should, willingly, thankfully, but quite conscious that it is a strong *wrench* that drags him out of so large a part of the habits of life. . . . I feel the whole of this matter to be an answer to prayer,

and wonder in every respect at the providential arrangements to lighten care in so many quarters, that indeed our faith must be very feeble, if it cannot keep up in the hope of being helped through everything. In Abeken's Lecture on Religious Life in Islam, I find that the Moslems in returning thanks for any gift, do so, not directly to the giver, but to God—'I thank God for thy goodness to me'—a beautiful example! which accords with my feeling towards the Princess of Wied, and towards Lady Raffles."

To her SISTER, LADY HALL.

"27 *April*, 1854.—I have put off writing to you all these days, till I had anything to tell, except that we were enjoying quiet and the sight of spring vegetation. Now I can communicate that we received yesterday the telegraphic announcement of the acceptance by the King of my husband's resignation of his post, to which Count Bernstorff (now Minister at Naples) is appointed. The official account of all this cannot arrive till next week, and therefore as yet this is what is called a secret!—the *Morning Herald* having known it two days ago, I suppose by means of an '*own correspondent*' at Berlin. We shall therefore soon go to town, to break up our household, pay bills, and pack up our belongings, putting them together in as small a compass as we can, until we have found a future dwelling-place to which to remove them. I feel so relieved in the being spared the labour of the season, which every year has become more irksome to me, that I think little of the approaching annoyance of pulling down and picking to pieces the whole fabric of household comfort that we have been trying to arrange and keep up all these years! and

of the succeeding annoyance of having to re-arrange such materials as are our own property, in some yet unknown and much-restricted locality. In the fact of our retreat from a public position, I have the most entire satisfaction: for many a year I have wished, but never saw the least opening for a hope, that we might be allowed to pass the latter years of life in quiet: and now the outlet has been granted, in the mode least anticipated, but not the less thankfully accepted. I shall always think with pleasure of the kind letter you wrote, and the kind expressions used by Sir Benjamin, offering us to come to Llanover for a time unlimited! but the greater nearness of High Wood to London gives it an advantage over every other place, of the many that have been kindly offered to us on this occasion. My husband's own occupations (to which he has returned with a zest and activity that does one's heart good to see) bind him to the immediate neighbourhood of London, that he may be within reach of his books."

To ABEKEN.

"*London*, 2 *May*, 1854.—I have an immense piece of work to do, in breaking up this home of years, and long to have it done, and thus to have finished with the only bitter part of the present change—for the fact of the change to private and independent life, in *circumstances however restricted*, is hailed by me with thankfulness, and has long been matter of desire and of prayer. I might have wished my husband's breaking off from public life could have been brought about in a manner more mild, more handsome, more friendly: but as it is, all is well, because he bears with equanimity the method used to get rid of him."

To MRS. LANE (daughter of Bishop Sandford).

"30 *May*, 1854.—At last, after two months' waiting, my husband has received the *official* acceptance of his resignation, which acceptance was announced by telegraph the last week in April, and so now he has been able to apply for his audience of leave, which the Queen will probably soon grant, and then I believe we shall embark on the steamer to proceed towards Heidelberg, where we intend for the present to set up our staff.

"I am resolved to keep off all solemn leave-takings, for I cannot feel as if I was going for more than a pleasant visit to a beautiful country, where I am to live in quiet with husband and children, without having anything more to do with social relations than inclination may prompt. It is matter of most thankful satisfaction to me, to have broken for good from diplomatic representation: and the hard matter of having the sea between me and three families of my children, besides numbers of valued friends, is what I try not to think of."

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"10 *June*, 1854.—Having packed and breakfasted, and having no further duty to perform until called to get into the carriage on the way to the steamer, I can write a line, my own precious Mary—though I shall try to say nothing to overset you or myself. I have kept up well in an unconsciousness of leave-taking, hard to explain, except from the full satisfaction that our present plan is the right thing and best thing we can do—and that we have a prospect of well-being and comfort in life, such as in our late (so-called) brilliant position was unattainable. *You* know, as few

people do, that any cheerfulness I may have shown for twelve years past, was *putting a good face* upon *care*, and heavy and distracting care: and you will believe, as few people do, how earnestly and constantly I have prayed to be shown a way out. I did not wish that the way out of our position should have been also a way out of England: but then various wishes may be incompatible, and those I love will I trust come and see me beyond sea: and as we go, we may be bidden to return, if it is best for us."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY-LOUISA.

"*Steamer between Mainz and Mannheim*, 14 *June*, 1854.—How often have my thoughts been with you in these two delightful days of the most luxurious locomotion—when, sitting in my own very easy chair under an awning on deck, I have enjoyed the air all day long, and basked in the long daylight. The sort of life is like a dream, and the length of days, beginning at three in the morning, sets all measurement of time at defiance. I could fancy that each day had been about three days, since I last saw you. The beautiful part of the banks of the Rhine, from Coblentz to Bingen, never was so beautiful before, in my experience—gilded by the brightest sunshine, and clothed in the vegetation of spring, for everything has as yet its first tenderness and richness and variety, not having passed even into the uniform bottle-green of summer. The young corn, the vineyards—it is not to be said what a beautiful variety there is now, in the colouring which I have ever complained of as dingy and uniform on the slate-rocks of the Rhine.

"On the journey I have been reading the Life of

Jacqueline Pascal, and I know nothing more edifying than the state of mind of those Port-Royalists, both as to the reality of religion which they attained, and the awful aberrations from right and just views of God and Christ, which resulted from the human pride of those who thought they had renounced all things, and the selfishness which flattered itself in supposed perfection of self-denial. Many of their maxims remind me of the 'Theologia Germanica,' while their practice was founded on the heathen-principle of *fear*, the crouching of the slave before the scourge.

"Soon we hope to reach Heidelberg and see more clearly than now upon the weighty subject of our future dwelling."

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA (who was at Monrepos, with the Princess of Wied).

"*Heidelberg*, 19 *June*, 1854.—We feel more and more at home and delighted to be at home, in Charlottenberg. How we did enjoy our quiet, luxurious Sunday yesterday! We breakfasted a little before eight, had a delightful and easy walk to the Heiligen Geist Kirche, heard a very satisfactory sermon from the Stadt-Pfarrer Plitt, in explanation of the Gospel of the day, and were much pleased with the hymns and singing, and the prayers—in short, rejoiced to find a parish church to go to regularly. Rothe * goes to the same: he scarcely ever preaches now himself. Next Sunday they celebrate here the Reformations-fest, it being the anniversary of the adoption of the Confession of Augsburg.

* Once Chaplain at the German Protestant Chapel at Rome, and at this time Professor of Divinity at Heidelberg.

I am so pleased that we arrive just in time for that celebration: it gives one the consciousness of being among *christianos viejos*, which I care about as much as the Spaniards, though in another sense. I am glad to find that the Protestants here belong to the *Union*, having adopted it in 1817 by the wish of the congregations themselves, whom the Government luckily did not attempt to influence in any way. In the afternoon we took no distant walk, because the clouds threatened and failed not to keep promise in a storm of thunder, rain, and wind from the west: before and after which we went up the well-constructed garden walks, resting in seats at all the turns, to enjoy one exquisite prospect or another. But in the house, sitting with open windows, air and river and prospect everywhere, one has pleasure enough without going out.

"Good Meyer comes to us daily, some time or other, and is always ready to take us to the beautiful spots that we long to see: but we have not been to the castle yet, and have virtuously done business elsewhere. Dear Theodora settles and arranges, and imbibes delight on all sides."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY-LOUISA.

"*Heidelberg*, 23 *July*, 1854.—I am sitting in my bedroom in our new home, near a window towards the east, whence a delicious fresh wind is blowing down the Neckar. To-day I was awake at four, but did not get your Father off for his morning's walk till near five, and then we had a most delightful ramble up a dell, which opens into the hills, opposite the castle: the road winding so gradually that the ascent was never difficult, and we were surprised when we found ourselves above the castle level, from whence we

descended through the vineyard and wood-walk belonging to this house, and were at home by half-past seven. I am most thankful to find my walking capabilities so great and to be able to enjoy the morning-coolness in this manner. Most luxurious too is it after dark to go out of the drawing room upon the gravel-walk, smell the orange-flowers, and see the glory of the stars.

"Frances is incomparable in her household-activity. What I should do without her I cannot guess: for the transplanting into a new soil detects the age of the plant, which finds it not easy to get beyond vegetating—but does that effectually."

To ABEKEN.

"*Heidelberg*, 4 *August*, 1854.—I have rejoiced to have a welcome from you into Germany, but am sorry not to have your sympathy in my own joy and thankfulness in being freed from a life of racking cares and unceasing and irksome labour, on which I struggled to put the best face I could, and to make the most, as far as powers and strength would last, while always expecting them to fail! But it has pleased God mercifully to preserve my health till I could enter upon a position in which peace and happiness, and the spending of time and strength according to taste and inclination, are *possible*.

"You know something of the labour and trouble of breaking up our Roman household, and yet that was a joke to the mass of business attending the sudden crash after twelve years in Carlton Terrace, and I was besides sixteen years younger and stronger on the former occasion. Since then, we have had to shrink into a small dwelling-

place after being used to spread over a large one; to get the still large remainder of our possessions unpacked and placed; and to contrive the arrangements of a smaller household with new and unpractised hands, few in number.

"As to seeing Heidelberg, we enjoy the sight of castle and river from the windows and from the gardens, and that is so great an enjoyment that we can well wait for leisure to make occasional excursions. I have not yet half seen the castle-gardens, and have not ascended the *summit* of any one of the heights, although, in the very hot weather between the 8th and 20th July, my husband and I have often between five o'clock and seven in the morning explored the steep wood-paths that extend beyond and above the extremity of the vine-terraces above our house. How merry and happy he has been here, I hope his own letter will tell you! I can bear witness to his cheerfulness and improved state of health. It has been a great pleasure to us to have Usedom here for three days, and Pourtales for one day."

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"14 *Sept.*, 1854.—You will feel with me what a weight the feeble health of Theodore is on my mind: and you will pray with me, for us all, that 'our faith fail not'—that we not only say, but do, as the Scripture says—'I have waited for the Lord, until He have mercy upon me!'—and not only wait, but believe steadily, that all is for the ultimate good of such as turn not the grace of God to evil results upon their minds. For *us* in particular, how inexcusable were want of faith! when we have so often been

helped out of accumulation of distress—not the less real, or the less hard to bear, because circumstances enabled and compelled the putting on a mask of external composure. When my own Mary came to see us that last time in Carlton Terrace, just the beginning of Passion Week, what a mass of difficulties there were to be unravelled! and yet now we look back upon them, as those landed on a pleasant shore look back at the rough waves they were lately toiling over. So much less than all we have, would have been matter for deep thankfulness, that I am struck dumb by the multiplicity of blessings and desirable circumstances that are heaped up on all sides.

"I always hoped that your Father would get reconciled to a change of position, much worse to him than to me: but I had not ventured to hope that he would be as happy as he is here, entering into the fulness of delight in leisure and peace, and the exquisite beauty of the country, and peculiar recommendations of our precise situation. My own Mary! how I do want to have you here! and John, and the children! and I want John to bring all possible paints, and to draw and colour after these exquisite scenes. For almost four weeks we have been enjoying an Italian sky! and of late the air has been so cool and invigorating that taking exercise is only a pleasure and no fatigue. This morning I looked out before the sun had peeped over the hill,—it was not yet six, and I roused your Father to determine upon having a good walk at once, instead of standing at his desk to write all day. He sent to Professor Dietrich (who was with us all last winter) and to Theodore, and by a little after seven we set out, and came back by half-past nine to breakfast. I wish I could give

you an idea how beautiful our walk was—up the hill, through wood-walks, with sight of river, valley, castle!

"We have enjoyed having Mrs. Augustus Hare here, with Miss Leycester and Augustus."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY-LOUISA.

"19 *Sept.*, 1854.—Emilia is here! and I actually see her walk about, firm and upright, enjoying a walk for exercise. I cannot get over the strange novelty. She is the same Emilia, and yet with such a wonderful difference. This morning at eight I went with your Father to walk before breakfast, and who should we find in the gardens before us but—Emilia! She was greeted by rain, but yesterday the whole splendour of Heidelberg returned, and this is one of those days in which I long to sing one of Ernest's songs—the longing of a young girl to get out into the fields, protesting that she cannot sit still and spin. I must have a walk with Theodore before the hour at which it is possible for Theodora to arrive from Zurich, after her happy tour with the Gurney's."

To ABEKEN.

"*Heidelberg*, 27 *Dec.*, 1854.—The year must not close without my writing my own personal assurance of faithful affection. The cheering and soothing impressions of a three days' renewal of intercourse lately, are ever fresh with us. We have passed a quiet and cheerful Christmas time with our comparatively small home-party, which yet is larger than when you saw it, through the presence of Theodore, and the return of Matilda: grandchildren we had none present, but some children of poor neighbours were invited, that we might not have a Christmas Tree with-

out children to see it! The season is wonderfully mild, and though storms have been frequent, and snowfalls occasional, the winter cannot yet resolve to be in good earnest, and many bright hours are granted, particularly at the time of sunset, which I never saw finer anywhere than at the outlet of our valley, looking over the church-spires and the bridge.

"My husband never was in better spirits or greater activity of head-labour—but I cannot even begin an explanation of all he is doing and planning. He lately received the Life of Sydney Smith, as a gift from his daughter, the wife of Sir Henry Holland, and the book has infinitely entertained and interested me, treating as it does of people whose names, and in many cases persons, were well known to me in younger years. But a work that engages other feelings, and stronger interests, is 'Trois Sermons sur Louis XV.—par Bungener.' The title does not lead you to guess what you find—an historical novel bringing the characters of the time before you, but scrupulously founded on facts relating to the persecution of the Protestants during the last period in which it was still matter of *law* and government in France. The work is of deep and painful interest. Louis Philippe inscribed his clever collection at Versailles, 'à toutes les gloires de la France'—but neither the French nor other nations would have been apt, till recently, to reckon among those 'gloires' a number of martyrs, such as any country might be proud of!"

The chief event of the happy autumn of 1854, in which Madame Bunsen never ceased to "thank God for having made a path out of diplomatic life," was

the engagement of her beloved son George to Miss Emma Birkbeck, to whom he was married on the 21st of December, 1854.

MADAME BUNSEN *to her* DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"22 *Dec.*, 1854.—Yesterday we celebrated George's wedding-day, as best we could. Meyer dined with us, and we drank healths: and then Frances after dinner summoned the two Miss Mohls and H. v. Gagern, and H. v. Sternberg, to help in charades which were very successful. The first, *Hoch-zeit*, closed with a procession singing verses composed by Meyer for the occasion, which, after walking round and round till the verses were finished, ended with dancing a *grand rond*, to the tune of the Grandpère dance—the procession headed by Frances and Theodore as Grandpapa and Grandmamma, talking of their wedding fifty years ago."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW EMMA.

"29 *Dec.*, 1854.—I enjoy dwelling on the idea of your absorption in each other's company. I have never doubted your finding in each other what each has wished and wanted and anticipated: but without such doubt, it was a rare satisfaction to receive from each the assurance of being 'intensely happy.' I like to suppose you both 'voll Muth und Ahnung'—in the full sense of those beautiful words of Goethe, which I remember thinking of and using myself, when in the first consciousness of a new double existence, in which my own individuality was to be merged in another without losing itself, and by communication, to seek completeness. It might seem strange to

look upon 'Muth and Ahnung' otherwise than as things of course in youthful years: but they were sensations most unusual with me in mine, and I think that you, who have known sorrow and trial, as I had, may very likely understand as well as I did, the difficulty of looking forward without shrinking. The experience of life has taught me since, that with a due foundation in life to rest upon, its cares and trials may unflinchingly be met, and its storms may bend without breaking.

"We passed Christmas Eve quietly, with our reduced family numbers, only with the addition of our friend Meyer, and Frau Heydweiller the mistress of the house we inhabit, and a young Englishman with his tutor, whom we invited as being strangers here, that they might not be solitary on the especially social evening: and not having any grandchildren at hand, we invited some children of our washerwoman and of another poor neighbour, to see our tree covered with lights, under which was placed a picture representing the Infant Saviour and his mother —an addition to the German tree at Christmas which has always been customary in our house for the sake of a visible memorial to the children of 'Him who brought good gifts unto men,' at the time when gifts are bestowed upon themselves; the beautiful image of our Saviour's childhood should not be lost in the Christian mind, because the Romanists have profaned it into Heathenism!"

To Miss Charlotte Williams Wynn.*

"31 *Dec.*, 1854.—The retrospect of this year is to me almost overpowering, from the infinity of causes of thank-

* Charlotte, eldest daughter of the Rt. Hon. Charles Williams Wynn, now well known from her delightful letters.

fulness as far as I and mine are concerned—that is, because God has in so many ways 'dealt with me after my own heart's desire!' When the ways of Providence are not with us as we wish, we are too apt to forget that the mercy may not be the less certain for being unpalatable!"

To Mademoiselle Anna Vernet (sister of Madame de Staël).

"8 *Jan.*, 1855.—At the year's beginning and end, one is peculiarly moved to count up one's treasures near and far, and wish to waft wishes and kind thoughts to many a far-removed locality—the wandering contemplations ever finding rest in the consciousness of meeting in the chorus of prayer and praise with hearts allied, before the throne of grace; and thus I believe my spirit has met yours, in this peculiarly solemn period, when, alas! grief and anxiety are the portion of so many, and I am spared grief, except in sympathy for others."

To her Daughter Emilia.

"25 *Jan.*, 1855.—I often think of her who 'departed not from the temple, fasting and praying night and day,' and of the perpetual church-going of those whose religion consists in practices: and can understand the satisfaction there must be in continual reiteration of forms of prayer and supplication in hallowed spots, *if only* one did not know better than to believe one shall be more 'heard for much speaking.' But *our* comfort is—'selbst Tempel, Buch, und Altar sein:' and that every time, every place, will serve for an intensely-felt aspiration and ejaculation—for indeed

there is no other comfort under the consciousness of what the best and bravest are undergoing." *

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"28 *Jan.*, 1855.—We have all lost a most kind friend. Archdeacon Hare breathed his last on Tuesday last, the 23rd. He had been very ill in December, but was supposed to be mending. . . . . Alas! what a mass of images and recollections relating to Hurstmonceaux are by his death marked off as belonging to the remote, the past, to what has no more to do with our present every-day life! How glad I am that you and Theodore visited the Rectory in 1852, and that I was there myself in the spring of 1853: thus we refreshed our impressions of the place that we shall not see again, and after three months shall not think of again, except as desecrated by the occupation of strangers, and by the removal of all that marked it as the dear Archdeacon's own—the residence of taste and literature and intelligence, of love to God and man! I trust the invaluable library will not be scattered, but retained somewhere as a whole, and as a monument of the mind of him who collected it: and I shall long to know what becomes of all the pictures."

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"*Heidelberg*, 15 *Feb.*, 1855.—Your Father goes on wonderfully—not the slightest cold, and his habitual asthma keeping within moderate bounds: standing at his desk, working with head and hand all day, never seeming to be dull—though he but rarely has anybody to converse with,

* In the Crimean war.

for in snow and ice it is not wonderful that people do not often come half a mile into the country, and as he does not and will not go out and make visits, except by great exception, it is only by exception that he receives them. With some difficulty I get him out into the garden, having the gravel-walk swept; and thus there are few days that we do not get a walk, or *two*—indispensable for keeping one's feet warm."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY-LOUISA.

"*Heidelberg*, 8 *March*, 1855.—The winter here is indeed a Belagerungs-zustand. It cuts seven months out of the year for all purposes of enjoyment and exercise, and one lives in a state of struggle with the elements, wondering that one is not ill and expecting to be so. We are already delighting ourselves with the dream of spending next winter in Italy, always with certain indispensable *ifs*. . . . My eyes were rejoiced by gifts of flowering bulbs on my birthday, a pleasure far greater than you luxurious people can guess, who never break off entirely your acquaintance with flowers and verdure, having always evergreens to look at. Now, on the most sheltered side of our terrace, *one* holly contrives to live, and one Weymouth pine, and some yew and box, but their branches turn so yellow in the cold, that one pities them as expatriated—*ins Elend getrieben*.

"Papa is and has been doing wonders in the way of work, and often has the spirit moved him to rise before four on the winter-mornings, lighting his own stove!"

To her SISTER, LADY HALL.

"*Heidelberg*, 12 *March*, 1855.—Between one long resi-

dence in Italy and another in England, we have been spoilt, and do not know how to accept the fact of having seven months out of the twelve reduced to an absolute struggle with the elements, and despoiled of all charm for all or any of the senses. My husband comforts himself with the determination to go somewhere *south* in October next, and not come back till the season is humanized and civilized."

To ABEKEN.

"*Heidelberg*, 1 *May*, 1855.—We have had continued winter, with the exception of Passion Week, which was mild and calm as though it had been in Rome. But these early gleams of brighter times, in northerly regions, are out of character, and give but half pleasure, there being neither flowers nor evergreens to meet the sun's rays, and keep the blue sky in countenance. Our thoughts are strongly bent towards the south for next winter.

"Several friends have announced themselves as projecting a journey hitherwards—and so, all at once, before the chill of winter is gone, we have rolled over into the habits and feelings of the fine season and the long days, with a new sense of relief and liberty, in being so placed that we *may* enjoy all that we feel to be enjoyable, without any obligation to spend time and strength in what we dislike.

"My birthday was a truly happy one. A great plan had long been in preparation, of which I was to know nothing, for its celebration, and I did in fact know no more, but that *something* was in agitation, which I scrupulously ignored, and so was surprised by the performance of the *Précieuses* of Molière, and a little French Proverbe

besides, ushered in by a Prologue composed by Meyer and recited by himself and my three daughters, and closed by a *Duo Buffo*, sung by Meyer and Sternberg."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY-LOUISA.

"23 *May*, 1855.—I wish I could give you an idea how beautiful the spring-scene is by which we are surrounded, and how we take in the delight of it hourly: which is yet enhanced to me by the comparison made with times past, when I look at a Galignani-newspaper, and see the account of the Queen's balls and concerts and drawing-rooms—and give a gasp (which the unknowing might take for a sigh) signifying a consciousness of unutterable relief, that I have not to dress and appear at them.

"I have three times this morning however told myself to get a folio quire of paper, and put it ready in a convenient place for writing down the names of the people we see: I wish we had done so from the first, the number is so remarkable, and so are many of the names."

To her SISTER, LADY HALL.

"*Heidelberg*, 27 *June*, 1855.—Theodora is engaged to the Baron de Sternberg. . . . . I am not merely satisfied, but thankful, for the clear prospect of happiness that opens for this precious child. She looks bright and happy, and her satisfaction pervades our whole family party, which still includes Mary and John, and George and Emma, and Emilia. We have known our future son-in-law almost ever since we lived here. He is of an ancient family of high standing and respected root and branch. He holds a government office of much responsibility in the

law, hard to translate into English, as the system is so different that there is no parallel I can find. . . . . The comfort of feeling that we do not absolutely part from Theodora, but that we shall continue to inhabit the same place, enjoy the same scenes, and live in the same society that she does, keeps us all in spirits and enables us the more to rejoice in her prospects."

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"8 *July*, 1855.—On Wednesday your Father and Sternberg were asked to go over to Baden and dine with the Princess of Prussia, and she sent a carriage for your Father to the station, and gave him two rooms, in which he remained whenever not with her. Thursday was spent at Madame Uhde's, with the Grand Duchess Stéphanie, whose conversation was as original and engaging as in her younger days, and we were invited to dine with her at Mannheim on Saturday."

To her SISTER, LADY HALL.

"*Heidelberg*, 12 *July*, 1855.—Is it not curious that Kingsley should make our ancestor Sir Richard Granville,* the admiral, grandfather of Sir Beville, a main part of the subject of his novel 'Westward Ho!'—and know so much of Stow and all the country, and yet not have learnt the orthography and derivation of the name, which he spells *Grenvile!* Pray read it, if you have not yet, and feel, with me, that we ought to rummage the country itself, and old houses in it, for memorials of the family and former state of things. How I should like, if I was young and active and

* The hero of Tennyson's poem, "The Revenge."

moveable, to go about that whole tract, so graphically shadowed forth in the first volume! . . . . The book treats much of the *historical* misdeeds of the Jesuits. I believe Kingsley had principally at heart to show the truth of the case at that time, in opposition to the late Puseyite and Romanizing writers who sentimentalize about high-treason in the case of Jesuit offenders, and blacken Queen Elizabeth and her Government for mere *legal* acts of self-defence in carrying out the penalty of the law. The curious thing is that the present reaction, doing justice to the Government of Elizabeth, was begun by a French writer, a Roman-Catholic if anything, who startled people a few years ago by historical lectures at Paris, informing them that Mary Queen of Scots was no saint or martyr, but one who lived in conspiracies for the murder of Elizabeth, and in utterance of solemn falsehoods in concealment of her practices, and that it was no wonder if all Elizabeth's Protestant subjects felt the necessity of cutting off a life so fraught with ruin to their cause as that of Mary Queen of Scots."

"26 *July*, 1855.—A fortnight ago, when we dined with the Grand Duchess Stéphanie at Mannheim, to our astonishment we met Rio, Madame Rio,* and two daughters. They have since come to Heidelberg, and stay till next week, when they go to Wildbad. He is very infirm, but otherwise he is just the same as ever—talking, and being very entertaining, and trying to convert wherever he can get a hearing.

"Dear George and Emma have just concluded the purchase of a house, farm, and garden, just what they wished for, not too large, and very complete, close to Bonn."

* *Née* Apollonia Jones of Llanarth.

"4 *August*, 1855.—We had yesterday the great pleasure of H. von Auerswald's* company at dinner, and Häusser,† Gervinus,‡ Gagern,§ and Mohl‖ to meet him in the evening. Three days ago we were informed that we might see the Princess Louise of Prussia on her passage by the railway, so went and saw her for ten minutes, and very engaging and satisfactory she was."

"14 *Sept.*, 1855.—My precious Theodora was married on Wednesday the 12th. The wedding-day was bright and cheerful and undisturbed by any untoward occurrence, and I saw her drive off from her parents' dwelling with unmixed satisfaction in the man to whom the care of her happiness is now entrusted. . . . . At 11 o'clock we were met at the door of the Holy Ghost Church by the bridegroom and George, Theodore, John and Mary, Henry and Mary Louisa, two uncles and an aunt of Sternberg's, Barons and Baroness von Völderndorff, the bridesmaids being the bride's three sisters (Emilia now able to walk and stand and appear among others!) and her sister-in-law Amélie von Ungern-Sternberg, with Henry's two little girls,

* One of the Ministers of State under Frederick William IV. in the period after the revolution of 1848.

† A very successful Professor of Modern History at the University of Heidelberg: an eminent patriotic speaker in the Baden chambers, who did much for the feeling of German unity: author of a History of the French Revolution and of Frederick the Great.

‡ Professor of History at Heidelberg, one of the few who ventured to protest at the time of the Empire being proclaimed.

§ Heinrich von Gagern, who took a leading part in 1848, when the revolutionary party sate in Parliament at Frankfort and made an imaginary constitution. He went to Berlin to offer the imperial crown to Frederick William IV.

‖ Robert von Mohl, Professor of Public Law at Heidelberg: afterwards Minister for Baden at Münich. He died at Berlin in 1874.

looking like angels. . . . . The spirit of the English liturgy was in the address and quotations from Scripture, though the form was different and simpler, and ushered in and closed by hymns sung with a vast power of voices, for the church was as full as it could hold. . . . . The pair looked so bright and happy, so serenely satisfied and joyful, that it did one's heart good to see them, and still does it good to think of them—and a handsome pair they are, contrasted, as were the twins, *he* fair, and *she* brunette."

"27 *Sept.*, 1855.—Never were people more fortunate than Sternberg and Theodora in their honeymoon—in the uninterrupted fine weather, to enable them to enjoy a most beautiful country, as well as one another's company, which last they do most intensely: I do believe and have all along believed that no two people could suit each other better, and it is delightful to read Theodora's naïve expressions of happiness—'she never had fancied any one could be *so* happy.'

"I wish I could give you a full account of our Polterabend, the evening before the wedding, when it is the custom to have a *planned* amusement to divert people's thoughts. It was contrived in Mary's lodgings, for our one large drawing-room was pre-occupied by the table intended for next day's dinner-party. Meyer composed poetry, and the diversion was charade and tableau and declamation and singing, all together. The Nine Muses beautifully *drapées* by our old friend Rhebenitz, consisted of my Frances, and Emilia, and Mary, and Matilda, and Mary Louisa, with Miss Mure, Miss Campbell, Mademoiselle Welcher, and Mademoiselle Lemire, and very nice

they looked, with Theodore for Apollo! Afterwards they danced."

"3 *Nov.*, 1855.—The Sternbergs came back from their Black Forest wanderings on the 6th October. They look so radiant and so delighted with each other, that it does one good to see it. I am myself well and strong and equal to exercise, and to a great deal of occupation by daylight—but alas! the long evenings, which used to be such a favourite time for many a sort of work, are now almost unemployed, my eyelids being much as my dearest Mother's used to be after any attempt to use them by candlelight. As to using spectacles, *that* is a thing of course, and not to be named as a grievance: but though they help me to see more clearly, they help nothing against weakness of the nerves of the eyes.

"My husband's work, 'Signs of the Times' (the main subject being, freedom of conscience, or the want of it, and the sins of Continental governments against it), was sold off in the last ten days of October, an edition of 2,500 copies! He is much delighted, and surprised. Humboldt is one of those who go about preaching the contents: they are all delighted that he should forcibly utter what so many think. He sent the King the first copy on his birthday. I know not whether Longman will make the speculation of an English translation: I believe the book would be read with interest in England. My husband saw the King at Marburg. He was desired to come thither, after he had fought off various invitations, and urgent ones, by the King to go to Berlin. The King was as affectionate as ever in manner, but the change in him, bodily and mental, was painful to observe."

SAN RAFAEL, CALIF.

To Miss Charlotte Williams Wynn.

"13 *Nov.*, 1855.—I want to tell you that my husband has taken to riding, and delights in the exercise, enjoying the sort of independence of seeking his own way along the road. He has made the discovery of Ziegelhausen, and admires the lake-like expanse of the river at the turn. He will tell you himself how wonderfully he gets on with various works, and how pleased he has been, not only with the letters he receives of exulting satisfaction in the 'Zeichen der Zeit,' but with the fact that the printer commenced a second edition before the first fortnight was out after its appearance, having parted with the whole 2,500 copies of the first.

"As you entered into all the interests of the house, I must tell you of the tragical end of one of Matilda's adopted children, the youngest, who was killed by a waggon-wheel last Thursday. Never was a brighter day, and everybody seemed, as I felt myself, roused by sun and air to double activity and animation. I had run into the garden about twelve, and saw just by the fountain you remember, little Kätchen setting out full speed towards her school, a long way off near the church at Ziegelhausen —very tidy in the warm clothes which Matilda had been delighted to contrive, and a flat basket on her arm like a bag, with the great slate and her book in it, and the child looked bright as the day when I spoke to her, and little guessed either of us that within half an hour she would be a corpse! It seems that she got up behind an empty waggon, made, as you will recollect, with mere planks at the bottom, with wide spaces between: it would seem that she let her basket slip through, stretched after it and fell

through, and the wheel passed over her, causing death by inward injury, for she was little injured to the eye. A passer-by brought word to our house, and our two maids ran directly to the place, on the road under the Stift,—found a humane man who had taken up the body, and tried to get it into that *one* cottage on the way up to the Stift, where the people rudely denied admission: then our maids took it and carried it hither, met on the way by poor Matilda, whose grief was great—her first sight of death, and the first shock of the kind where her affections were concerned. The basket and slate came back, nobody knowing who brought them, safe—surviving, as still life does, what gave it value and interest!

"Tell us whether anybody writes any books worth reading, or is that practice given up?"

To her SISTER, LADY HALL.

"15 *Nov.*, 1855.—I was touched by your naming the subjects which weigh upon your mind. . . . . You say what I am sure is correct, that you would not be disturbed by those things if you were not unwell—that is quite true, and yet the causes are real and your feelings are real—the difference is that the lightness of spirits accompanying bodily health carry you like wings over the rough places that must be traversed by weary steps when the wings are not there."

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"11 *Dec.*, 1855.—We have been going on for many days with deepening snow and steadfast ice. On the bitter fourth of December, the frost made a sudden attack upon

the Neckar, and caught the mill-stream fast in one solid surface, upon which skaters are seen as long as daylight lasts, in a line from the mills, till nearly opposite our windows, giving the only sign of life to be perceived in the absolute stillness of the scene, except the tinkling of the bells of passing sledges. The air is so motionless that the snow rests on every branch and railing, and very beautifully is everything pencilled with white."

One of the chief friends of Bunsen's later life was Mrs. Salis Schwabe, who, when the time came for leaving Carlton Terrace, had been the first to place her beautiful seaside castle of Glyn Garth at the disposal of the Bunsen family for so long a time as they might be pleased to inhabit it. Very frequent were the visits paid to Heidelberg by Mrs. Schwabe, when her originality, intelligence, and sympathy made her conversation very welcome to Bunsen. One of the many kind and delicate attentions which marked her intercourse with them in later years, is the subject of the following letter:—

BUNSEN *to* MRS. SCHWABE.

"*Christmas Day*, 1855.—How shall I describe to you my astonishment, I might say my pleasure in sadness, when, on entering yesterday evening at 6 o'clock the room closed throughout the day, then brilliant with the Christmas tree, I was greeted by the soft organ tones to which I was accustomed on the Capitol, and afterwards in Carlton Terrace, sounding forth from a hidden corner the 'Pastorale'

of Händel and then the German 'Chorale,' to which the voices of twenty children and many others, those of Frances and Theodora and Sternberg prevailing, intoned the Hymn itself! I could not help thinking, in the midst of these pleasing sounds, of the fine organ enjoyed so many years, left behind in England with so many other treasures. But when I turned to ask whence came the organ now heard? to whom belonging? of whom borrowed? Frances met me with the card containing your name and kind greeting, and then the pleasure became as great as the surprise. For the *orgue expressif* was our own, and it was your present—your Christmas gift! After the greater part of those present had retired, we again enjoyed the organ and Theodora's playing, full of soul and feeling—to no one more delightful and surprising than to her husband. Then we had 'He shall feed His flock' of Händel, sung by Theodore."

MADAME BUNSEN *to her* DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"*Dec.* 26, 1855.—Yesterday we were at church and received the Sacrament with Sternberg and Theodora, and in the evening were invited by them to the lighting-up of their tree, M. Stanier, Böhmer, Meyer, Rothe and his wife, and H. v. Gagern, being the rest of the company. Very nice did the rooms look, and still nicer the *padroni di casa!* Theodora's table set out and everything exemplary. A little tree sent and altogether decked out by poor Elise v. Sternberg on her sick bed caused much mirth, but would make English hair stand on end! a Baby-doll, and the whole tree hung full of miniature clothing, of doll dimensions for all periods of life! most

wittily imagined, with verses explanatory and didactic as to education!"

To her SISTER, LADY HALL.

"30 *Dec.*, 1855.—We have had a terrible dose of cold, but had the good luck of contriving a sledging party just on the only day when the cold was moderate and the atmosphere without wind. The fun consists of sitting muffled in furs to the nose, two persons in each sledge, and tearing along at the full speed of the horses (who seem to enter into the sport) over the beaten snow, along a flat road, then returning to drink warm coffee, &c., and dance from 3 o'clock to 7. We were 12 sledges full. Most of the party were young dancers, and enjoyed the exercise, which those not of dancing age might have envied them."

The summer of 1855 was passed in tranquillity at Charlottenberg, where the immediate neighbourhood of the Baron and Baroness von Ungern-Sternberg, added greatly to the cheerfulness of the family home. In the month of October Dr. Kamphausen came to fill the post of linguistic secretary to Bunsen, in the Old Testament translation, to which thenceforth his time and his powers were principally devoted. "It is fortunate that my husband has the art of teaching people how to help him," wrote Madame Bunsen at this time: "his literary work is the pivot upon which our life and all its interests turn."

The necessary drawback to the charm of Charlottenberg, was always found in the severity and long

duration of the winters at Heidelberg, and the extreme social isolation thus entailed, but for this the large and bright family circle offered many compensations.

MADAME BUNSEN *to her* DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"12 *Jan.*, 1856.—Last night we had a French vaudeville, according to a plan long laid by Theodore, followed by German charades, then supper, then music—pianoforte and violoncello, and then a most animated dance, which concluded all with the greatest spirit, and before twelve the house was cleared. I was in total ignorance to the last of what was going to be, so that Papa and I shared the surprise of the other spectators. All acted capitally."

To her SON HENRY.

"*Heidelberg*, 12 *March*, 1856.—You will be as glad to hear as I am to tell, that the King has granted your Father's retiring pension on the just terms, to be enjoyed wherever he chooses to live. I think you will understand and believe when I say that my first feeling was to be glad for the King! that he had done right and according to justice. But, God be thanked! that at last the means are positively assigned to us for meeting the expenditure demanded for your Father's comfort: thus allowing a feeling of security (humanly speaking) of knowing what one has to reckon upon—which has never been allowed me during the far greater part of my married life: it might have come over me as a dream occasionally, which was rapidly dispelled."

"29 *March*.—I thank God upon your birthday for all that He has done for you . . . . and I thank you for the

comfort you have been to me all the years of your life, for the increasing nearness I feel towards you, as all life's experiences draw us more and more together in spirit, in views of life, and its objects. . . . . It is such a blessing to feel that your children are *happy*, and in the completeness of healthy development, and O! if all parents were but aware that no children can be happy but those who are kept under wholesome rule and order, and trained to *rule* and *order* their own minds with regard to God and man, and not the demands of *self*—'das *Ich*, der dunkele Despot.'" *

To Miss Charlotte Williams Wynn.

"6 *April*, 1856.—In the sermons of F. Robertson I have ever-increasing satisfaction, finding that as soon as I have read one set through, I am ready to begin it over again. O for more of such teachers, full fraught with the *main truth* (not the mere accessories—the merely not false), knowing how to express it, and having the moral courage to dare opinion! . . . . I am greatly comforted to hear of such toleration of comments on the Bible-translation—for

* From a translation of Friedrich Rückert from lines by Jellâl ed dîn Rûmi, a Persian poet.

"Wohl endet Tod des Lebens Noth,
Doch schaudert Leben vor dem Tod,
Es siehet nur den dunkeln Kelch,
Die lichte Hand nicht die ihn bot.

"So schaudert vor der Lieb ein Herz
Als wär's vom Untergang bedroht,
Denn wo die Lieb' erwachet, stirbt
Das Ich, der dunkele Despot.

. . . .
. . . .

"Du lass ihn walten in der Nacht
Und athme frei im Morgenroth."

I had rather not look forward to my husband's becoming the subject of an Oxford Auto-da-Fé after his Bible-work shall have come out.

"I have to make, with thankfulness, a wonderful report of health during the winter—my husband invariably well and cheerful and busy, even though not riding, and walking being reduced to a minimum!—only being daily dragged by me into the garden, to walk up and down, and look at the river, the only thing which during the six months' reign of death synonymous with the continental winter (in contradistinction to the English six months of grey and green twilight) preserves beauty enough to employ the eye, which longs for objects to remind it of life.

"We have much enjoyed a visit from Baron Usedom, who has been here on and off for some time, and whose conversation is of unfailing interest, besides that his having been in London, Paris, and Berlin since we saw him, gives us the means of obtaining information not to be had through common channels. Alas! for all connected with the name of Berlin!—one is ever disposed to exclaim, 'Lord,—how long?' Quite apart from the consideration of my own and my family's connection with Prussia, I deplore the *Decline and Fall* of so much that was good, and of what one hoped, through long years, was issuing into somewhat still better. The oligarchical power, which is now overtopping the regal, has been nursed up wilfully, by a succession of illegalities: and the author of the wrong is startled at the effects produced, without tracing the evils to his own acts and maxims! It is a state of judicial blindness: and how it can be in the secrets of Providence to bring good out of all this evil, remains a mystery.

"Of course you have read Montalembert's compliment and comment, to and on England? there is much truth in it, particularly as to the gradual veering towards democracy, and the wisdom of gradual adaptation to the changes of the times, which keeps off revolution in that one country alone. May that wisdom be still more shown, in the doing away of moral separation between the higher and lower classes! May all take warning by the folly of other nations, in making lines of demarcation, rather than in strengthening sympathies, between aristocracy and non-aristocracy!"

In April, 1856, Madame Bunsen paid a visit to Burg-Rheindorf, the farm purchased by her son George near Bonn, where she rejoiced in becoming a witness for the first time of his domestic happiness in his own home. The place also afforded for her its own motives for enjoyment in "the admirable cultivation and flourishing crops, and the splendid effects of sky and sunset," atoning for the flatness of the country.

MADAME BUNSEN *to* BUNSEN.

"*Burg-Rheindorf*, 22 *April*, 1856.—I must tell you how prosperous my journey and how happy my arrival has been, however unreasonably long the time seems since I parted from you at the door of our much-blest and beautiful home. . . . Matilda and I walked on the deck (of the Rhine steamer) till we had thoroughly looked at Worms, which is most picturesque and inviting from the river. At Königswinter I had the delightful surprise of seeing my dear George among the current of entering passengers,

which I was watching without any such anticipation! and when we landed at Bonn, dear old Brandis and his wife were standing on the bank to receive us. The sunset had shown me the Siebengebirge splendidly, and just as the long day was closing, I came under my own George's roof, and was welcomed by Emma, and had fullness of delight in the sight of the Baby, who had staid awake, I suppose on purpose, and who made acquaintance, with Matilda first, and with me next, in the kindest and most confiding manner. . . I like the house and all its arrangements, and feel as if I could never be thankful enough for the merciful dispensation which has given my precious George such a house, with such a wife and child in it, and the means of hourly occupation of continued usefulness and interest. The last time I was upon the Rhine, in June, 1854, what a load of care was upon my heart, just for him!"

"27 *April*.—Yesterday afternoon Matilda and I walked down Arndt's* little field or orchard towards his house, and observed a man on a ladder cutting dead boughs off a tree, of whom we should have taken no further notice, had he not called out '*Meine Frau ist ausgegangen*'— and so I walked across the grass and introduced myself, and he came down the ladder and took a hand and arm of each of us, of which he kept hold nearly all the time we were with him, and my fingers and wrist received a crush and a bend, which they have *recovered*, but it is saying much.

* Ernst Moritz Arndt, the patriotic poet. He was the intimate friend of Stein, had suffered much for his country during its years of trial, and was one of the first to set forth the idea of German nationality and greatness. He lived latterly as Professor of Literature at Bonn, where he died (at 91) and is buried.

I should like to communicate all the flood of eloquence he poured out, going from subject to subject of interest—'Ihr Mann kann sich wohl grämen uber Zustände—muss sich aber niemals ärgern—der Aerger ist es was schadet—sagen sie ihm das!' Then he spoke of the King and his having made Niebuhr angry by not sharing his enthusiastic expectations from the Crown Prince. He told me he had been translating bits of Greek poetry, and should print them if he lived a little longer: that they refreshed him, and he enjoyed tracing the utterances of the Divine Spirit in times vulgarly supposed not to be enlightened by it—that he liked all you had written in that view. He told Maltida the explanation of her name—Kriegsgenossin! showed me a fine Holly he had planted, and derived its name from Holy? because used in some parts on Palm Sunday. He had known many youths who took part in the *Befreiungskrieg*, 'und alle bekamen ein Zeichen davon furs Leben—einen höheren Ernst aufs Gesicht gestempelt: Nur der Kronprinz hatte das nicht—er war unfähig ins Grosse zu schneiden—nur Kleines schnitzeln.' This is not half.

"We dined with the Brandis's, only Dr. Pauli * besides ourselves, and Johannes Brandis and his students, one of whom had a face full of beauty and promise, with the utterly unmeaning name of Smith! Old Brandis was bright and delightful: Pauli *sprudelnd*—I was glad he could keep up his spirits so well: he is pleased at having eight persons put down their names for his English History Lectures the

* Reinhold Pauli, a native of Bremen, at one time Secretary for Literary work to Bunsen. He had thus obtained the introduction into English life, which resulted in his histories. He was afterwards Professor at Göttingen.

first day; for his Prussian History Lectures there is as yet no name, and he fears there will be little chance, as there is no interest in the subject. He says the documents of the fifteenth century are melancholy, as showing the immense falling off of national prosperity consequent on the persecution of the Lollards, *upon which* the House of Lancaster founded its power—that is, their dependence was upon the Church, the favour of which they thus purchased. I was always sure *that* was a chapter of English History never yet duly treated. The Church of Rome, as we know, set the Normans upon destroying the prosperity of a country, not submissive enough to please the Pope, because too well off! and the civilisation of England was thrown back then at least 200 years, and again by the Lancaster usurpation. Pauli says, some of the French historians have made out and told more of the woes of the fifteenth century than any others.

"George went on Friday morning to Coblentz and returned yesterday evening—much pleased not only by the kind reception of himself; but also of his communications. The Prince's observations did him great honour — he called the MS. in George's hands, 'not a *document* only, but a *Heiligthum*,' and told him it ought to be kept carefully, as a proof that there had been a man who ever uttered the truth to his sovereign, even when (he added) 'the one who might have a right to speak, that is myself, found silence necessary.' A kind message was given by the Princess, charging me to call at Coblentz on my way, and I shall write to Countess Hacke to ask whether I may present myself and Matilda on Tuesday.

"The strong disinclination in England to the Prussian

connection, is a very painful matter! How Macaulay's History shows in broad light and shade the curious characteristics of John Bull! If he is once determined to be angry, he is hard to deal with. The frame of society has worked its elements into a more equable consistence than in the time of which Macaulay treats—but still in our quieter times we have experienced conditions of popular ill-humour quite as virulent as those of old: and ill-humour always suggests irrational acts and judgments, although it may not in itself be without cause."

To her SON HENRY.

"21 *May*, 1856.—In returning from my happy visit at Burg-Rheindorf, we spent a day at Coblentz, in full sunshine of kindness from the Princess of Prussia and Princess Louise,—were sent to Stolzenfels in the morning, invited to dinner, and then again in the evening with Theodore, who had arrived in the afternoon. I was charmed with Princess Louise,* who is truly engaging. I stayed a day at Neu Wied—which day I enjoyed as you may suppose: the whole Burg-Rheindorf party accompanying me so far, including the darling Baby, who is everything that can be wished at seven months old, and conducted herself in the most exemplary manner through all the trials of overwhelming novelties in steam-navigation and palace-visiting, which broke in upon her hitherto uniform existence."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH (on the death of her father Samuel Gurney).

"7 *June*, 1856.—Words are very feeble, when one desires in some way to utter the feelings your latter letters

* Princess Louise of Prussia married (Sept. 20, 1856) Frederich William, Grand-duke of Baden.

have called forth!—but you know and believe in my sympathy. Indeed I carry about with me, through whatever occupations, the death-scene which it falls to your lot to witness, and pray that you may be supported in body as well as mind, through what is almost too agonizing for flesh and blood to behold. . . . . Yet it is a privilege to have seen such an end—the grandest of earthly spectacles, the Christian in full possession of consciousness, looking Death in the face, in clear and placid confidence of passing into blessedness, through Christ! full of love to all, thinking not of self, uncomplaining, not demanding, surrounded by love and respect, which his character through life has inspired and nourished, so that every act of duty is performed involuntarily by each and all as self-gratification.

"My dear Elizabeth! how deeply affecting it is to me that you should bring yourself thus frequently to write to me! such communications are valuable beyond expression, and will remain among chief treasures. Since I left you just two years ago, through how much sorrow have you not past! but the eye of God has not less shone upon you in mercy, and the ripening effect of His visitations will not have failed.

"Again and again I pray, God be with you! and He *will be*, and He will *make good* all that the feeble love and wishes of human hearts strive after in vain."

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"13 *June*, 1856.—If you think yourself the victim of neglect, consider your mother and sisters as the victims of dissipation. Morning, noon, and evening—visitors; if I

did not get up at six, I should never write a letter or do anything else. Perhaps you do not even know that Charles arrived on Sunday afternoon, when we had driven to Schwezingen with Neukomm and Frederica Bremer, and as we drove home past our terrace, whose face should we see but his, with Frances, the twins, and Sternberg? Frederica was delightful, but she *absorbed* us during the two days she staid. Then came the Moscheles family with Frau Rosen.* Thus there were meetings for music, complicated and beautified by Joachim, the unequalled violinist: and by performance of Neukomm's masses, by ladies, headed and generalled by Frances. Then came Mr. and Mrs. Grote, and yesterday afternoon we had full assemblage of *fanatici per la musica* at Le Mire's, afterwards a drive with the Grote's, and tea at home, with Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Ross, she a daughter of John Sterling and a very superior creature. Charles, Theodore and Matilda, two days ago, danced from 4 o'clock in the afternoon till 1 in the morning, after wandering in the woods. We are all well, and enjoy ourselves greatly, in fine weather, agreeable society, and exquisite music."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

"28 *June*, 1856.—Just before I sate down to write, I discovered that our dear old friend Neukomm had slily withdrawn out of the house, after his fashion, avoiding leave-taking! We had all guessed that he was going one of these days, but it always comes as a painful surprise, when I find on my table a note signifying that he is no

* 2nd daughter of Moscheles, wife of the oriental scholar—consul at Jerusalem, and afterwards consul at Bucharest.

longer here. This has been a happy visit that we have had from him, he has been in his best state, and has liked the people he saw, and the manner of life, and we have been in luck in having had the visit of the Moscheles family and of Joachim the violinist while he has been here, and he has, as ever, warmly sympathized in the new interests of these latter days. How many have been the important occasions of our lives, when we have had his sympathizing presence!"

To Miss C. Williams Wynn.

"30 *June*, 1856.—We have all been attending the celebration of the anniversary of the legal establishment of Protestant worship in Heidelberg two hundred years ago (the whole country had been Protestant long before, for it has the honour of being among the earliest to renounce sanctioned corruptions, though it did not till 1656 attain liberty of worship from its rulers), which took place amid the circumstances which mark and assist simple earnestness of feeling—a hymn sung forth from the church-tower, accompanied by the Posaune (trombone) at sunset on Saturday and at daybreak on Sunday—as is done on all great festivals: overflowing congregations, and eloquent preaching from Schenkel. Do not fancy you have evil climatic influences all to yourself! My cosmopolite habits of life have long brought me to the consciousness that '*tutto il mondo é paese*,' physically and morally: and this year the chorus of groans against the climate and weather, as something unheard of, is so loud in Heidelberg, that I should think you must hear it in London! and now that the weather is that of glorious summer, I have a cold and

sit shivering and wrapped up, and afraid of the blessed air!

"We have had a month's visit from our dear old friend Neukomm. The birds of passage have been numerous—we were very glad of the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Grote, among others. As to reading, I have only cast longing glances at Milman's last volumes of 'Latin Christianity,' but have got on more with Gervinus's History, which I feel sure would interest you. It is to me the most engrossing of all subjects, to be told, by a person who has studied the innumerable documentary works, the truth of facts and characters to which I have been contemporary, forty years ago: the truth, I mean, in the writer's view—at least an honest and undisguised though a very dark and depressing view of things. What a delightful event in life do I find Macaulay's new volumes! Criticism and fault-finding come very easily and naturally to the human mind, such as it is—but with all the consciousness of such disturbers, where has one such an amount of the sort of information as to human conditions that one most desires, of the 'goldene Zeit des Werdens,' of the beginnings of powers, institutions, convictions, good and evil, with which the times we know more of, and have lived through, have had to do? There is much destruction of *prestige*—but the older one grows, the less can one tolerate romance, other than that of reality, and when were ever passages more striking than the splendid parts—battles, trials, &c.? I long to read Froude's History, but new books are little heard of and never seen here, except German books—and of those, and good ones, I have certainly more than enough to read: but still one wishes sometimes that among all the

travellers there were such as would convert themselves into a traveller's lending-library! I am sure I wish not to have more books *given!* for I know not how to put up those we have, and my husband's gift-books are ever increasing: but opportunity of sometimes borrowing English or French books is among the things about which wishes will be busy.

"I hope the Swiss tour, so much talked of, may be so far realised as that Theodore escorts his father to Coppet, to visit Madame de Staël and meet Gobat and Merle d'Aubigné, visiting Basle and friends there by the way. I never *wish* to leave Heidelberg, but to avoid that half-year's reign of death, called Winter. Can you have ever read anything so antiquated as Thomson's 'Winter'? I well remember the feeling that the closing passage (which I know by heart) was an ideal description, or applied to the aspect of winter in countries unknown to me. It applies very literally to the continental winter, not to that of England."

The month of July, 1856, was marked by the engagement of Charles Bunsen to his cousin Mary Isabel, daughter of Thomas Waddington of St. Leger near Rouen and Janet Mackintosh Chisholm his wife, and sister of William Henry Waddington, Minister of Public Instruction and afterwards of Foreign Affairs in France. This event was hailed by his mother "with a joy which finds no words." In August, Bunsen was absent on the projected tour, first on a visit to Madame de Staël at Coppet, and then on a short excursion to Switzerland.

MADAME BUNSEN *to* BUNSEN.

"5 *August*, 1856.—So here is the letter I have longed for!—and what a letter! so delightful throughout. I enjoy your meeting Pressensé, and in the idea of Quinet, whose lectures, in annihilation of the Jesuits, I remember enjoying. How I like to figure to myself the blue water of the Rhone bursting from the lake just before your windows! But I long to fancy you at Chamounix: and I trust my dear Theodore will find opportunity of walking yet higher into the blue sky, only not up the Mont Blanc itself.

"Frances *sta faticando* upon the fourteen letters she had to write for you. When you are at home again, you must let her come one day in the week to help you to clear off, as they come, your letters of *seccatura*. What a pleasure it is to have Emilia here, I cannot describe."

"16 *August*, 1856.—I rejoice in the accounts of your meeting people, and being stimulated the more to write what inquiring minds want to know. The greater part of minds, however, are not inquiring, the greater number want *humbug*, and must make it, if not found ready made —example, the Duc de Broglie with his deduction of Romanism from the Gospel!—that is what in Scripture is called 'loving and believing a lie.' I wish I could make people read Milman's 'History'—that is, *believe* that it would interest and entertain them, and therefore begin it, for once begun, they *must* go on, and could not help being struck with the picture of the embodiment of the *principle of misrule* in the Papal system."

To MISS C. WILLIAMS WYNN.

"13 *Sept.*, 1856.—My husband laid in a store of illness

in Switzerland, and since he came home has had much compulsory rest of mind and body. We are now happy in the presence of Ernest and Elizabeth and their four fine children, and we rejoice in the most glorious weather, which shows off Heidelberg to them in perfection. The sunshine of Emilia unites with all else that is bright and cheering around, and all these circumstances of joy and consolation are just what my husband requires at this time of conscious incapability of usual pursuits. Last not least happy, is the spectacle of Theodora and August and the little daughter born on the 2nd of September.

"I am most truly sorry for you in the death of your dog, and the bitterly tragical mode of it—as to which, most certainly, many as were the proofs of love you had given him in the course of his little life, 'the last gift of love excell'd the rest,' inasmuch as you saved him from lengthened pain by enduring a most bitter pang yourself. Do you remember in 'Uncle Tom,' the quadroon Cassy telling of her having given opium to her new-born infant, that it might not grow up to become a slave like herself? I can quite comprehend the feeling of self-sacrifice, which made that act the proof of intense maternal affection—and that passage of the book is the most tragical of all to my perceptions. I delight in what you say of the example that animals give us—the worst is that most people only keep them, and seem fond of them, for the sake of having an object upon which to bring all whims and humours, and what are supposed affections, to bear, without the inconvenient interference of conscience, or any reference to rule of right and wrong. I gave Kingsley great credit for the idea of making a dog the first monitor as to the worth

of moral actions, who produced effect in softening a hardened heart; and I never would like what I have heard my husband quote (I think) from Schelling—'das Thier ist die concrete Furcht'—for the same dog which will not be seduced to swerve a hair's-breadth from obedience to any command of his master, will rush upon any danger to save him from hurt:—I wish the expression, *fear* of God, could be expunged from the Bible translation and all devotional works—for I am sure it is not *fear* but *awe* that should be understood in most passages. 'He that feareth is not perfect in love,' and 'perfect love casteth out fear'—to my perceptions express the Christian truth: the *fear*, that love casteth out, is of the Old Testament religion—of which but too much is still everywhere. I think that animals, especially dogs, *stand in awe* of the moral energy, of higher rank than their own, to which they show the most jealous and undoubting subservience, ready to return with boundless love and gratitude at the least indication of kindness; thereby shaming us with their example."

To ABEKEN.

"29 *Sept.*, 1856.—I thank you for naming the 'Life of Wilhelm v. Humboldt.' Very striking it is to contemplate and compare various biographies of that period, of which the Humboldts are nearly the last survivors: for many are similar in that respect, striving hard after human perfection *as they understood it*, and feeling sooner or later that their efforts could only bring them to a certain point, with which they strove in vain to be satisfied. But what will the biographies of their successors show? I fear but 'dwindled sons of little men.' Society is in general con-

scious of the need of higher motives, and of an object of endeavour beyond the sphere of daily needs: but a greater majority of individuals seek to cheat themselves with the unrealities of names, petrifactions of forms, and the living spirit is embodied *nowhere.*

"Froude's two volumes of English History are highly interesting, and give much fact that I suppose unknown before, tending to give a different view of the beginnings of Henry VIII.'s reign: but I think it a very crude work, and that is not surprising, considering the phases the author has passed through. What pains me in it, are his low and disgraceful opinions on the subjects indicated by the awful words *heresy* and *persecution.* Could one expect to hear from an author decidedly not Romanist, in these days of supposed enlightenment, that if we punish the murderer with death, who only destroys the body, it is not illogical to visit with aggravated punishment the teacher whose doctrines may consign the soul to perdition? One had hoped that the allowed sphere of human law and of human retribution had been by this time clearly defined for all not Papists, and that *opinion,* honestly entertained, and not upheld by crime, would be left by every historian to a higher tribunal than that of man's justice.—A very unjust and objectionable representation of the Lollards in England, belongs to this view of the subject: and his assertion that the 'heretics of the fourteenth century' left a hateful recollection, shows a great want of discrimination—for he ought to know better the custom of the Church of Rome in all countries of blackening the memory of confessors *not their own:* and he ought to know Shakspere's merit in having reinstated the memory of Oldcastle Lord Cobham

in due honour by *marking his Falstaff as a different person*, as well as in *making a hero of the conqueror of France at Agincourt*—for the dramatists of the fifteenth century made no less a contemptible buffoon of Prince Hal, than of his early associate, afterwards the martyr. Yet we will be grateful to Froude and every one who will study the documents and MSS. and give us more facts of English history."

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"9 *Nov.*, 1856.—I am thankful to be able to tell you of your Father's having gone to Dürckheim and returned without in any way suffering from the change of bed and diet, and the visit was thoroughly agreeable and satisfactory to him. He had the great pleasure and surprise of meeting Stockmar there, who made the little circuit from Coburg to visit the Princess on his way to England, whither I am rejoiced to hear he is going! I cannot fancy anything more to be desired for the Queen than having him near her through the complications which loom so fearfully through the mists on the horizon."

"12 *Nov.*—I know not whether you have heard of my fall on the pavement in Heidelberg, by which I was so seriously bruised, that I have been obliged ever since to be as nearly motionless as possible. I am better to-day, only I am mortified that I should not be able to see Prince Alfred, who is just arrived, and your Father is going to him."

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"15 *Dec.*, 1856.—We now look so ugly, so dingy, so black, and so withered here, that no creature would recognise beautiful Heidelberg who had known it before, and

no imagination could be strong enough to picture the effect of sunshine and vegetation. I think too we are all wintry in mind, by which I do not mean melancholy or dispirited, only under the consciousness of the need of inward exertion, to keep up the battle with the tyrant of the year. Yet your Father enjoys his Bible Commentary, and quite feasts upon the subjects of contemplation and inquiry connected with it. Most justly may one apply the line of the old poem—'My mind to me a kingdom is': for in this place, so full of variety of intercourse in the fine season, there is now next to nothing wherewith to refresh the mind."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY LOUISA.

"20 *Dec.*, 1856.—We are again in the period of the year which Papa calls the state of siege!—Few are the visitors that venture over the bridge, so much dreaded in Heidelberg on account of the wind, and few are those that one wishes to see cross it: so one is closed in winter-seclusion, and bound to find amusement and occupation for oneself as best one can, which for us old people I think very natural and feasible, but I long for more interest and amusement for those younger. Theodore and Matilda however have often had balls, which I am glad of for them as diversifying the scene, and giving opportunity of thorough exercise, such as I should like to have myself!"

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW EMMA.

"2 *Jan.*, 1857.—You and dearest George and your two precious children were very present with us in mind, as our small home-party awaited the hour of midnight on the

last day of a year which has brought us abundance of blessing, and which we are allowed to close in health and peace. How happy to feel about Rheindorf that the preserving and carrying on the present state of blessing is what we have to ask! In the case of other beloved ones, there must be longing wishes and earnest cravings—only to be quieted by the recollection of life's experience, which ever shows that the merciful Providence of God has always provided what was best, whether we perceived it to be such or not!

"We had our Christmas Tree in the large sitting-room, and it was as high as the ceiling would allow, and very ornamentally arranged by the skill of Theodore, with help of young Streatfield, besides whom we had no strangers present but Frau Heydweiller and her youngest son. Yesterday we had a visit from Deimling and his violin, and Frances was again able to play on the piano-forte and organ. Her father's new book ('Gott in der Geschichte') is a real feast to me—for much as I had heard of it in fragments, it is a new pleasure and satisfaction to read in connection such parts as suit me. The comments and criticisms on various unallowed hypotheses, I regularly skip, and advise you to do the same; but I make no doubt of your enjoying as I do the explanations as to the Prophets and Prophecies, for which I have wished all my life, conscious of the quantity of unintelligibility in the subject."

To ABEKEN.

"7 *March*, 1857.—Your letter was a pleasure only enhanced by anticipation, for I was quite sure you would write to me near the time of an anniversary with which

your presence was long associated, and on which, even in absence so long protracted, your sympathy is ever reckoned upon. Your enumeration of the places and scenes upon which I might look round and look back with thankful eye and heart, most faithfully responded to the train of my reflections, which have ever brought me back to a sense of incapability of being *thankful enough* for the rich variety of blessing which has attended the course of my life, and for the providential mercy which spares my advanced age the struggles and labours and anxieties which were seen good for my more vigorous years. I know not how to believe that I have completed 66 years! and yet such is the case; few people have I ever known in such health and comfort, and capability of bodily activity and of mental enjoyment and of constant occupation, as I am allowed to experience: and even, wonderful to tell! I have found my eyes materially strengthened within the last year—so that the dark months of winter have not caused me such interruption of habitual employments latterly as in former years. This must be owing to the gradual renovation of all physical powers consequent upon a life spent in animated tranquillity in pure air and country stillness, and the possibility of keeping out of heated rooms and glaring lamplight.

"The pleasure of Charles and Mary-Isabel's visit was unalloyed. . . . She may take her place in the remarkable group of my daughters-in-law, all first-rate, each in her own original way!"

To her Son George.

"*Heidelberg*, 15 *April*, 1857.—I have had lately a great fright from your Father's determination to leave this house.

. . . I begged hard, and the notice was not sent. But he may be right, as he often is in anticipations—and 'die schönen Tage in Aranjuez nahen vielleicht ihrem Ende.' And what then? I ask—and you must help to make out the answer. Not any one of us is more in love with this habitation than your Father is—and not one of us will have more difficulty in becoming accustomed to any other—and then, we are so difficult to house! not on account of the number of our persons, but of our things. Our books are an ever-increasing mass, and your Father has an ever-increasing attachment to them and regret for the forced diminution which took place on leaving London—so that I trust it may never be indispensable to pain him by a suggestion of selling any of them. Our piano-forte and *Kunstfestung* also demand rooms on a large scale."

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"27 *April*, 1857.—This day week was a glorious summer's day, when I had the first walk I had been able to take for ever so long—up the Hirsch-gasse to look at the exquisite cherry-trees in blossom against the green slope."

"15 *May*, 1857.—Your Father's feeling about leaving this place seems to have given way, I believe owing principally to the extreme beauty of the spring and of this spot of earth, for he is more than ever delighted with all around him—the inward sunshine answering the outward. I have such unutterable shrinking from the removal, the sacrifice of time and of a great piece of life in the totally unprofitable labour of breaking up a whole fabric of household comfort, and re-edifying it elsewhere as may be—that I can only comfort myself in the certainty that if it is good

for us to stay where we are, it will please God to make it possible. 'Let come what will, we have been blest'—not only in general terms, but peculiarly in this unequalled course of splendid weather: the sky is cloudless, and the *glow* of vegetation and blossom is such, as one should think one had never seen before. I have the impression of continued brightness, with very short intervals, ever since Charles and Mary Isabel came in February: I scarcely remember so long a time of basking in light, and never was there more sunshine *within*, because your Father is so happy in the progress of the work of his life."

"27 *May*, 1857.—One has always the trick of swimming down the stream of time, too much enjoying the immediate objects right and left, to see how rapidly one approaches a mark on the way, to which one had been tending as far distant: and now we are only two days from your birthday. . . . . I am thankful for you, and I am sure you are for yourself, that the work of each day is now so clearly marked out for you, and there is so clearly a *must* for everything, with however willing and cheerful a mind undertaken. Depend upon it, to be *quite* clear what one ought to do, and have little or no choice, is one of the great essentials of happiness, more especially belonging to young years. Thankful though I am for the ease and quiet and leisure granted to my own advancing years, I am often tempted to wish I had *actual work* more clearly marked out for me, always provided it was within the compass of my much-diminished strength and activity."

To her SON GEORGE.

"6 *July*, 1857.—Your Father has been greatly interested,

and so have we all, by the traveller Van de Welde, who has been here for some days, and has spent each morning and evening with us. Yesterday we had a visit from the family Von Dietrich, parents and daughter, who belong to a race of Protestant confessors and martyrs, not less than two of their ancestors having died in a good cause in Strasburg. They are at the head of an industrial mass of many thousands who work at the forges of Niederbronnen in the Bas Rhin, where they constitute a great support of the Protestants, and have much to endure from the enmity, secret and open, of the fanatical party conscious of government support."

To her DAUGHTER FRANCES.

"*Wildbad*, 14 *August*, 1857.—The drive hither from Durlach was most refreshing, through a prettily undulating country, with streams and trees and meadows and neat cultivation, and abundance of good villages, all looking like unmixed and flourishing Protestantism! no wayside images, no Jesuit churches, no slatternliness. At a picturesque town called Neuenburg I first met my old friend the Enz river, and recognised the peculiar gold-brown colours of the eddying current, which tinges the white and grey masses of rock that it passes over. . . . . I rejoice to see your Father seeking and accepting repose! and walking wonderfully, in the beautiful grove called the Promenade. I have been taking Matilda through old haunts of my own. The air is exquisite here, and the temperature perfection. Yesterday for the first time we had a drive, accompanied by Miss Wynn, up the valley of the Enz, to the first village on the road to Freudenstadt, where we had coffee

while the horses rested for half an hour: coffee is the only part of the feast we enjoyed, which can be indicated quite intelligibly in words—but the scenes of forest and river and meadow, under such sunshine and in such air, blend into visions of splendour that will remain with me as a property, and were most thoroughly delighted in by each and all of the party."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW EMMA.

"*Wildbad*, 15 *August*, 1857.—Do you, or does dearest George, know the grandeur of these fir-forests? hill after hill clothed with magnificent groves of spiral form and solemn colouring, softening down into borders of beech and birch, and emerald meadows watered by abundant streams. To-day we crossed the water-parting by very long ascent from the valley of the Enz, and by a descent apparently as long into that of the Nagold. Your Father walked about the ruins of Hirschau. We dined there, and drove on to Pfarrer Barth* at Calw, who was very kind and cordial."

To her SON GEORGE (during the dangerous illness of a daughter).

"2 *Sept.*, 1857.—My own George! could one but do anything for you! But some people are called upon to work through their most trying hours alone with God; and well it is for them, if I may speak from my own experience. In the bitterest times of my life, I was forbidden or disabled by circumstances from complaint or utterance towards any human being—and thus driven to a

* Author of *Christliche Kinderschriften*—one of the first works of its kind.

consciousness of divine support and superhuman sympathy: which makes me look distrustfully upon that family-sharing of sorrow which I often see sought after and reckoned upon as indispensable. . . . May your case be that of your Mother, who had weights to bear and labours to struggle through, quite as much as her strength could meet, during the years of vigour of body usually called the best years of life, and who has found the downward path wonderfully smoothed to her during 'the sober autumn fading into age.'"

August was marked for Bunsen by a renewal of intercourse with his old friend Mr. William Backhouse Astor, the constant companion of several years of his early life, but whom he had not seen since his return to America in 1816. The friends met with undiminished affection, and gathered up in a few days the dropped threads of many years. Mr. Astor was accompanied by his wife, and his charming granddaughter, Miss Astor Ward, now Mrs. Chandler.

In September, Bunsen was summoned by the King to be present at the meeting of the members of the Evangelical Alliance, and spent three weeks at Berlin, in an enjoyment of the society of many friends, which was enhanced by the conviction he received of retaining his old place in the affection of his sovereign.

MADAME BUNSEN *to her* SON HENRY.

"6 *Sept.*, 1857.—We are in the midst of visitors. We have seen Astor several times, with a very agreeable im-

pression of manliness and straightforwardness. . . . The Brandis's came to us on the 11th, the Gerhards may come any day. Baron Uxküll suddenly appeared last night, full of England—delighted and admiring."

"9 *Sept.*—Your Father is preparing to set out this very day towards Berlin; and I think your feeling will be mine after reading the King's letter, that no choice was left him but to comply with a request so urgent and affectionate, coupled with the offer to bear all expenses of journey, and of residence in the palace. The latter invitation is a matter of amazement to him, as he is not aware of a *subject* ever being invited to the palace *at Berlin*, though he has often been the King's guest before at Sans Souci and Charlottenburg. But though entirely satisfied that he should go, the expedition is a most anxious matter to me, because he has never yet made a journey from home without returning ill, and nothing can prevent that again being the case, unless he can begin a course of prudence which will be very new to him.

"Monckton Milnes has been here five days, and has been the greater part of each day with us, very amiable and entertaining. The Gerhards dined with us yesterday, in addition to Meyer and Max Müller. People without end are expected. It is a pity that Laboulaye's promised visit should not have taken place, as he will now come to an empty house."

"5 *Oct.*, 1857.—I am happy to-day to be able to announce your Father's actual return. Last week I had most interesting letters almost every day—for never in any absence before had I so much the comfort of feeling that he experienced the need of telling me of daily proceedings,

even though he had dearest George for his comfort and help. He invited us to meet him at Frankfort, that we might see together the Städler-Museum, &c., and that he might see his old friend Schopenhauer, the metaphysician.

"Your Father had announced his departure two or three times before it was actually possible, for the King detained him with fresh invitations: at length on Tuesday, 29th Sept., he was desired to dine at Sans Souci and to stay all night and over the dinner next day, after which he was most affectionately dismissed, having had very long audiences, in which he laid before the King much that was on his mind to urge, and the King took all in the best manner. Whether any good, or indeed anything, result from these interviews, time must show, and it is impossible to calculate: it is in God's hand. But your Father continues to hold Hoffmann * in the same high esteem as ever: and thinks the increase of his influence for good, not to be beyond hope. For this journey to Berlin we have to be very thankful, for it has been a great refreshment of mind to your Father, from intercourse with men and things of high interest, drawing him off from the exclusive bent of all faculties in latter times: and his feelings have been gratified, as he well deserved, by consciousness of the general interest and approbation of which he was the object."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW EMMA.

"4 *Dec.*, 1857.—Rather late, we have been reminded of the date of your birthday, by the *one* who has memory, and that is, my own darling Theodora! You will not

* The King's Chaplain.

get these lines on the right day, but you will believe in the assurance whenever you get it that I greet each added year of your life, and of your, in such a precious sense, belonging to myself—being one of my private store of treasures, with added love to yourself and additional thankfulness to God's merciful Providence, which has formed, and guided, and preserved you.

"The whole history of the Indian war, when it shall once be all told, will be of wonderful interest! and amid all horrors and all weaknesses and errors, highly consolatory, as showing a nation and human nature in full vigour and power of self-devotedness to an object out of self. One reads of ancient nations, and one knows of modern Oriental nations, becoming enervated, and incapable of high resolve and self-sacrificing energy, but, thank God, it is not so with ours. How one ought to pray for wisdom to be granted to those in whose hands the ordering of future government in that wonderful India is placed!"

"29 *Dec.*, 1857.—This has been a bright cheerful Christmas-time to us, favoured by weather and mild temperature, which I am afraid is more powerful over me than it ought to be in helping towards a general consciousness of well-being;—but, *promising* to do my best towards independence of the external world, I may allow myself to revel in the enjoyment of more beauty and brightness, than I remember in any previous year of my life. Your Father is bright and cheerful, and we have enjoyed together the printed sheets of *Gott in der Geschichte*. My fear of the winter as promising little chance of variety of intercourse and interest for him, has hitherto been

beyond hope relieved, by one thing or other—the visit of Ernest, and the visit of Usedom, both have lately introduced variety into the daily current of thought."

To her SON HENRY.

"11 *Jan.*, 1858.—You will believe that it has been a feast to me to follow your bright description of the scenes of sober joy and Christian satisfaction you have contrived to spread around the celebration of Christmas. I enter into every one of your various receptions with keen relish, and with aspirations of thankfulness towards Providence, such as words cannot utter, for allowing me to behold (with the mind's eye) the realising of visions of many years' standing—as to what the minister of Christ *might*, with human means and human will, accomplish for the benefit of Christ's flock. To 'rejoice in the Lord,' to 'glory in His salvation'—to strive forwards in the race, not dwelling upon sin, but shrinking with dislike from all contamination—endeavouring after all things good and lovely—aiming at the real and positive—turning away from the merely negative as from all sham—and cultivating all the wholesome energies implanted in our nature to help us to spiritualise and counteract the animal tendencies—all that, and much more, is the proper growth of a warm atmosphere of love and joy, such as the teacher of Christian truth may be imagined to create around him—such as in a long life one might hope would be achieved.

"I fancy the wonderfully fine weather agrees with you, as it does with your Mother. For my own part, I am constantly amazed at the continuation of activity and well-being and power of exercise in myself. I must almost

grudge it to myself, unless I could make a little more use of it for others—for I do not see much good that I can do, and can only say for myself that I think I am *willing*, if anything more could be shown me for which I am able, and which is capable of being woven into the system of daily life once laid down as what must be, and which I wish not changed."

"17 *Jan.*, 1858.—We have all been reading with intense interest a book sent by Lord Carnwath—*English Hands and English Hearts*, being an account of the experience of Miss Marsh of Beckenham among the navvies employed in the construction of the Sydenham Palace. My astonishment is caused, not so much by the grand qualities she displays, nor by the splendid stuff of which the men are made, but by the soundness of the Christianity she teaches. In the whole book I have not found a single *slang* or *cant* phrase—such as alas! so disfigure the greater number of *pious biographies*, that I am apt to turn away from books of the sort, and I did not read the Memoir of Captain Vicars, though I saw it on Emma's table, from apprehending one of the common class of low-church communications, or something in the style that makes it so hard to read missionary reports, creating the wish that one could get the wheat sifted from the chaff beforehand."

The spring of 1858 was marked by the unsought and, at the time, little-welcomed elevation of Bunsen to the peerage, though the distinction afterwards bore the touching character of a last mark of confidence and affection from King Frederick William IV., by whom the patent of nobility for Baron von Bunsen was signed

on the 3rd October, 1857,* only a few hours before the seizure which deprived him of his faculties.

BARONESS VON BUNSEN *to her* SON HENRY.

"2 *April*, 1858.—Your dear Father is now subject to such constant misery and spasms, that it makes one feel very anxious and very helpless! But he is writing with the greatest zest at 'Gott in der Geschichte' and enjoys the sight of a half volume of the Bible-work, in a most satisfactory state of completeness. Yesterday evening we were surprised with a visit from Professor Welcker of Bonn, to whom your Father read aloud (we all profited, including Theodora and August) his last-written chapter, on the Greek idea of the Nemesis. Very peaceful and soothing have been these blessed days of Passion Week, calling for deep thought and prayer! May you have been allowed without disturbance to take in the dew from Heaven!"

"8 *April*.—Your letter increases your Father's longing for your presence. He reminds you that life is altogether a conflict between various duties, and can only be got through by dint of sacrificing to the right and left, where time and occasion are not sufficient for embracing all—and throwing the disposable amount of power, time, attention, just where it is most demanded at the moment; resolving to leave no quarter unattended to in its turn. This is directed towards those threatened impediments to your coming in May. . . . . Never was your Father brighter and fuller in mind, or more sunshiny in mood, though his health you will find anything but satisfactory, And time flies ever faster, and years have been strung on to years—

* It was, with one exception, the last paper signed by the King.

so as to repeat the warning that the period will come, when such intercourse as now is practicable will belong to the past.

"And so our dear Neukomm is gone! On Easter Eve he breathed his last: and with him closes a period rich in recollections of thirty-two years of friendship and warm sympathy, and very frequent and influential personal intercourse. Your Father had one of his fortunate inspirations on Palm Sunday, to write to him, under the consciousness that his life could not last much longer: and the letter, read to him by Mrs. Schwabe—was the last pleasure of his life—he heard and understood it, and soon after fell into a state of wandering of mind, alternating with unconsciousness which lasted till he expired. And dear Lady Raffles, longing for release, still struggles under the hand of death!

"A letter from Lady Jane Ram * leads me to apprehend that my dear aunt's vital powers are giving way! it is only wonderful that she should have revived so often. Thus by degrees I see all disappearing who were contemporaries of the scenes and persons of my earliest remembrance:—and often do visions of the past glide before my mind's eye, which no living eye but my own (as far as I am conscious) has beheld."

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"25 *May*, 1858.—I feel the looking forward as peculiarly solemn, for I am conscious of changes impending. May it be God's merciful pleasure to guide your dear Father to

* Daughter of the third Earl of Courtoun. Her husband, Canon Ram, was first cousin of the Baroness von Bunsen.

means of real amendment and renovation: but one cannot deceive oneself as to the rapid change for the worse since last autumn. . . . . Yet I might be in rather better spirits to-day, for we accomplished yesterday a great undertaking, and I think your Father is comforted by having been able to do something like other people. We went to the Opera at Mannheim, which was the *Zauberflöte*, and most thoroughly enjoyed it. I had long planned to go with Matilda and Henry, but was half frightened when your Father expressed the desire to go too—not knowing whether it might not cause attacks which would have made pleasure impossible: but we drove the whole way in a carriage, had tea at the Pfälzerhof, were fetched from the theatre at once by the carriage in which we drove home, and all answered entirely."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

"10 *June*, 1858.—We have had great pleasure in the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, who came suddenly a little before ten o'clock on Monday evening the 31st May, when your Father and I were taking a turn in the garden before going to bed! The next morning we took them by the Wolfsbrunnen to the castle, then they came to us afternoon and evening, and Matilda took their two sons on the Neckar in Hormuth's boat. On Wednesday they dined with us, and proceeded in the evening to Frankfort, on their way to Carlsbad.

"Another visit has been most unthought of and interesting—from Adèle Vollard and her sister Marianne! The former came to deposit her sister with a lady having a country-place in Baden, then she came back and slept here

one night, going off next day to Trèves, to enter the convent of the Sœurs de S. Charles as a novice!—so, as she said, the night under our roof was the last for her *in the world.* She seems quite clear as to her determination, which in fact has long been made; she has done with the Radzivil-family, having bred up the daughters to whom she engaged to devote herself:—and in her own home she insists upon it that there is no especial office for her, and that she is only in the way of her mother's competent activity. It was very affecting to me to see her once again, and under such peculiar circumstances!

"What an enjoyment my dear Henry's visit was to us, you will guess! We are still tasting the refreshment of his presence."

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"9 *July,* 1858.—Miss Winkworth is come, but Florence Nightingale (to whom your Father had written an urgent appeal to induce her to come here and make us a visit, for rest and quiet) has written a solemn and affecting declaration that she will continue to use her remains of life in working for her main object—having no expectation from the declaration of her physicians that she can anyhow long survive."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

"22 *July,* 1858.—In a most unusual manner has the last week been passed. Your Father went to Baden on Saturday and returned last night. He had long and satisfactory interviews with the Prince—saw much of Pourtalès, Usedom, and Schleinitz—went to Badenweiler to see Frau Schwabe, and fell in with the Minister of Baden, Herr von

Meysenburg, with whom he had wonderful conversations: and found the air and water of Badenweiler a real balsam. As soon as your Father was off to Baden, the girls and I went in the other direction, to the Haardt Hills beyond the Rhine, in the Bavarian Palatinate. Many a hill did we walk up, and hot though the sun was, we felt light as air. We explored wonderful valleys, driving along smooth roads: ascended on foot the Trifels, the ruined castle on a pyramid of rock, in which Richard Cœur de Lion was imprisoned, and from whence he departed when set free by the vast 'King's ransom' paid by a sorrowing nation. The view thence is glorious—such chains of mountains, such extraordinary forms, such links with links of emerald valleys, such delicacy of distant outlines. I shall like to show you the sketches I made, and still better to make the tour with you, and explore still further that splendid tract of country."

"4 *Sept.*, 1858.—We had Lady Hall here for some weeks, and parted from her and Sir Benjamin on the 2nd. . . . . I am inexpressibly thankful for this meeting with them both: it has been one of unmixed satisfaction, without any cloud. She used to come to me daily all afternoon and evening, and read the Delany letters and papers, which are highly interesting. I cordially hope, and begin to expect, that all our uncertainties for the winter will end at last on the coast of the Mediterranean: but where we are to be after that, defies conjecture, and is shrouded in mystery. Bonn would seem the indispensable, unavoidable place—but *where* at Bonn, where nothing would do for us but the Rhine-bank and the Siebengebirge, to make what amends they can for the loss of the prospect we enjoy here:

and just that Rhine-bank seems un-come-atable, as those who possess habitations there, wisely retain them for their own use;—and in the town, and within the sphere of Bonn-life and gossip, there is no living for people indulged as we have everywhere been, with just the very best, and with being to ourselves. . . . . If we had not the beauties of nature here before the windows, we should now see nothing of them, for visits of birds of passage, morning, afternoon, evening, absorb one's time and strength. Yet we cannot complain, because those we see, we are truly glad to see—only the continual receiving and talking, which would be nothing if one was but younger, is a great tax at our age."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Heidelberg*, 23 *Sept.*, 1858.—I feel difficulty in beginning to write, from having so much that I should like to tell you, of the delightful journey that Emilia and I accomplished in perfect safety, returning on the evening of the 20th, having parted from Lepsius that morning on leaving Bamberg, and from Abeken the evening before. It would not have been possible to have had more agreeable travelling-companions than the two proved, nor could one easily have taken in more matter of interest than was granted to us in the short space. On our way to Munich we saw Ulm and its noble minster, which I found externally to be very clear in my memory, but *within*, the finely-carved *Chor-stühle*, and the monumental paintings, were new to me, and most interesting. The names and faces of the Besserer and Krafft and Neithardt families are venerable relics of independent citizens, founders of the church: you will remem-

ber perhaps the monumental tablet of Krafft and his wife, kneeling and holding the church between them, supported on the back of the architect, in which I observed that the church they hold is a Byzantine one, with towers and extinguisher-spires like many along the Rhine, particularly at Coblentz.

"Munich is really a beautiful town, and the two churches that I saw in their beginnings, the Basilica and Ludwigskirche, are finished to my great satisfaction. The effect of the Basilica realises in some degree the image I had formed to myself of the Norman church of Monreale—the wide apsis filled by a figure of the Saviour on a gold ground, only that the majesty of the figure is diminished at Munich by being combined with others—in an oblong, after mediæval fashion. The Au-Kirche seems to me, as ever, most harmonious in its whole construction: but the painted windows are not to my mind. A group, as in a picture, large and brilliantly coloured, surrounded by an immensity of gothic framework looking like goldsmiths' work rendered transparent, filling up the lower half of each window, while the upper half lets through the white daylight—is to my perceptions out of taste, and disturbs the solemn character of the building. The ideal of a painted window I saw afterwards at Nürnberg in the Lorenz-Kirche, all filled from top to bottom, unity in the subject, but much subdivision of parts: the figures each to be easily discriminated, yet small enough for due proportion. The modern Kunst-Ausstellung was a great enjoyment and satisfaction. I renewed old friendships and made abundance of new acquaintance, and rejoiced in the existence of so many artists yet living.

"But how glad I was to have seen Munich first! for the feelings excited by Nürnberg are so far stronger and deeper. A town everywhere picturesque, without ruins or appearance of neglect: grand and solemn without being mournful: full of life and apparent well-being, without fashionable novelties and enticement of travellers: with every sign of the benefits of industry, without the disfigurement of factories: strong enough in Protestant faith not to be disturbed by the abundant decorations of churches which the ancestors of the present generation bequeathed to their posterity together with the Reformation. We were accompanied by Professor Merkel of Halle, belonging to one of the ancient families of Nürnberg, one of the few still flourishing; and his explanations everywhere gave a reason for the interest with which our eyes sought out each object. The Sunday morning service in the unequalled Lorenz-Kirche was one of my great gratifications—a sermon worth hearing and well heard, and at the close, the Benediction pronounced *in cadence* from the communion-table, and distinctly audible, great as was the distance. The chorus of voices from the entire and numerous congregation had a heart-strengthening effect."

In October, Bunsen went to Berlin, in order to take his seat in the Chamber of Peers. The succession of chills to which he was then exposed increased the unfavourable symptoms which had long alarmed his family as to his health, and on his return to Heidelberg, it was determined that a removal to a warmer climate was necessary, though indispensable literary work caused

the journey to the south of France to be deferred till mid-winter rendered it an additional risk.

BARONESS BUNSEN *to* BUNSEN.

"*Heidelberg*, 19 *Oct.*, 1858.—We have made some progress in Carlyle's work, by the help of Meyer—but it is really a trial of patience. He soliloquises in a manner in which you would tell a story to a child—stopping at every new image, and reaching far back for the circumstances that set that image in relief, though perhaps generally of the class of which should be said—

'Non ragionar di lor, ma guarda, e passa.'"

"25 *Oct.*, 1858.—I enjoy the idea of persons unknown to you having opportunity of observing what you look like, and finding you are not what ill-will pictured. God be thanked that you are well! May it be seen good for us to accomplish the journey to Mentone."

To her SON GEORGE (after Bunsen's return).

"*Heidelberg*, 7 *Dec.*, 1858.—Your Father has worked most energetically, and has kept wonderfully well. But it is high time he should rest, for correcting the vast number of sheets that have come from Brockhaus within the last two days has fagged him much, and proves that one ought to *invent* a journey to the south, if it were not already arranged."

The journey of the Bunsens to the south was safely accomplished, and Cannes was decided upon as a place of winter residence. While spending a few days at Nice

they received the news of the death of Lady Raffles, who even a year and a half before had written to take a solemn leave of correspondence with her friends, declaring herself no longer able to write.

BARONESS BUNSEN *to her* DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

"*Nice*, 20 *Dec.*, 1858.—Your letter with the moving intelligence of dear Lady Raffles's release has just reached us. We all join you in thanking God for the termination of such a living death as she had existed through for years. Just that Sunday of her death we were at Geneva, and it was a most happy and tranquil day among kind friends: and I had thought much of *her* among other absent ones, in the church that morning, wishing that her trial might not be extended over the beginning of another year. Again, with her, is a whole mass of sympathies and experiences through a lapse of years, consigned to the Past!—'the wealthy Past,'—our real property—as Fanny Kemble so well wrote.

"We find here kind friends more than I have time to enumerate, who make a vast fuss to keep us: but we none of us like Nice, or fancy taking up our abode here, and we have made an agreement with the owner of Maison Pinchenat at Cannes.

"Oh! how beautiful Cannes is—more like Mola di Gaeta than any other place I know."

To her SON GEORGE.

"2 *Jan.*, 1859.—Here we are at Cannes, inhaling, swallowing, bathing in sunshine, in beauty, in purity of air! and greatly does your Father delight in all that surrounds

him. We did not see a single situation in Nice which offered us an inducement to remain. What people like there is, I believe, only the seeing one another. It is nothing but a mere watering-place on a very large scale, and you may therefore conceive how far from being to the taste of any of us. Meeting there Countess Bernstorff * and her daughter Comtesse de Burche was however a great pleasure to your Father, and perhaps a still greater to them: the affection Countess Bernstorff showed him was really affecting. Pilatte † was a great resource, for he called often upon your Father, who was only once able to hear him preach. I heard him on Christmas Day and the Sunday after, each time with great satisfaction. He is not the least like a *Ministre de l'Evangile*—he might be a poet—but he gives the impression of genius, a commanding mind and great intensity of conviction, the result being a great degree of dignity and impressiveness. We saw the Mendelssohns several times, and were much pleased to make acquaintance with Schreibler and his family. His wife and daughter spent the last evening with us—the latter a really beautiful girl, with splendid pale-gold hair, and a countenance feminine but not missish—looking as if she could play her part in life."

"27 *Jan.*, 1859.—Cannes has wrought a change in your Father that it would do your heart good to see. He now walks when he pleases, and as long as he likes, and he enjoys himself in this air, and prospect, and sunshine, beyond description. The sky could not be clearer, the

* Widow of the Prussian Prime Minister—the man who had first aided Bunsen's rise on the diplomatic ladder.

† The Vaudois Pastor.

sunset and sunrise more splendid, the stars more magnificent—Sirius and the entire constellation of the Dog high over the sea, Orion still higher, and Jupiter in zenith, last night before I went to bed: and the morning-star hanging like a jewel in the sky just over where the light of day began to peep, with the waning moon not far off. It is a delight to have Ernest and Elizabeth here, who exercise upon their very pretty nutshell of a villa the same art of stretching for which they were remarkable at Abbey Lodge. Ernest has begun again to sing the old songs, which 'bringt mir das Gefühl der alten Zeil zurück.'

"The Letters of Schleiermacher are a help in the evening, and the Life of Henriette Herz, which greatly helps to throw light upon his biography. O what an extraordinary picture of mind is contained in the Schleiermacher volumes. It is as though, having once broken out of the bonds of vigorous dogmatism in the *Brüdergemeinde*, he felt it, as it were, impossible to be *free enough*—like too many of those who have thrown off the yoke of the Church of Rome before they were quite steady to go alone on their own feet. The absence of intelligent self-control is what one commonly meets in German minds, particularly in females: but never before did I see all self-control *on principle* protested against, preached against as wrong! as though you were bound to venerate in *your own nature* a creation of God, which *as such* must be good and right, if you only let it have its own way unchecked. I grieve to anticipate that the book must do harm to minds not well fixed in what I call principle, the eloquence is so great with which Schleiermacher advocates that *absorption into the Divinity* at death, of which Madame de Staël says so justly

—'C'est une espèce d'immortalité qui ressemble terriblement à la mort.'

"Carlyle's Frederic II. occupies my thoughts as ever. That is a most extraordinary piece of history, and as painful as strange, that the old King was to be kept out of English alliance for the private purposes of Austria, and that for this end his mind was to undergo a course of poisoning against his own eldest son, his wife and daughter. Of all the multiplied atrocities of the House of Austria, this family-tragedy is perhaps one of the most execrable! Bribery, deceit, and flattery, paid artisans of evil—it is sickening to contemplate! I suppose this history is the first that states the whole case, and all the operating causes. A sad picture it is of human nature, that the King should have found everywhere willing spies and informants, ready to practise upon the unhappy Crown Prince as expected—for whom there was no God above, no right and wrong, no compunctious visitings—nothing but an absolute monarch, and the habit of fear.

"Perhaps you wonder what we all do, and for myself I confess to being at what my Father used to call an 'idle end.'"

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW EMMA (on the death of her eldest child).

"14 *Feb.*, 1859.—Alas! that my words can do nothing for you, but tell of sincerest grief of fellow-feeling—of the consciousness that nothing can make *amends* for the privation of all that was comprised in that little soul and body, which you are still and ever privileged to call *yours*, although withdrawn from your care, beyond the influence of your love, receiving its full and perfect development there 'where the light of God's countenance ever shineth'

—removed from pain and pollution—expanding in the atmosphere congenial to its nature of love and intelligence —in short, most blessed, leaving the poor parents most wretched! . . . . Alas! I know how the sensation of the arms clasped round one's neck, the cheek pressed against one's own, will follow one as a dream of the past, entirely past, to embitter the present. And yet not so, it ought not to embitter—the good possessed, the blessing enjoyed, was a reality, removed not lost. My dear Emma! how I think of you both ever and again, and pray for that dew of Heaven, which will drop like balm into the wound of your hearts. The blessing of having possessed that child has been dearly bought—but still you would rather have the pain of grieving after her, than not have had her as your own.

"I fear you are suffering more *now*, that everything is finished, now that you have nothing more to do for your darling, now that that *all*, that *little*, is completed, which ingenious tenderness can find out to perform, to cherish the earthly covering of the being so beloved. When your nearest and dearest friends are beginning by the gradual influence of time to find their thoughts drawn into other channels, to get used to the fact of affliction, to live as before—you have the ever-growing consciousness of privation, the first fresh cup of bitterness in recollection. Do you recall the words of Shakspeare—

> 'To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
> Until it grow as high as highest heaven;'

and another passage—

> 'Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
> Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words.'

Many have been the passages of poetry that have occurred to my recollection, indicating depths of woe;—but I know no expressions of *intensity* like these.

"How does the death of Ella bring over my mind the current of sorrow long past, when my precious infant was taken away, in July 1821, just one year old!—and if I feel her place is still vacant, her shadowy image still clinging to my heart of hearts—the pang of parting from her still fresh and vivid, how much the more do I feel for you, in the severer anguish of losing the object of four years' endearment, of four years' community of affection, of four years' development of heart and intelligence! But I commend you with full trust to 'Him who doth not willingly grieve the children of men.'"

To her Son George.

"*Cannes*, 5 *March*.—My own George, what a day of enjoyment was yesterday—my birthday! Dear Charles and Mary-Isabel had arrived the evening before, and yesterday Ernest and Charles walked over hither to breakfast at eight—and what flowers there were on the table! —anemones of intense scarlet, and much finer in size than those of the Villa Pamfili. After breakfast we had an expedition to Napoule (Neapolis), on the shore of the Esterel, and what a combination of every description of beauty!—though the green was altogether evergreen, pines and cork-trees, myrtle and heath. Then we all dined with Ernest and Elizabeth, in an out-of-door dining room they have contrived, under trees and with a straw-thatched roof.

". . . Your Father is still confidently talking of

making a journey to Berlin upon our return, as soon as he shall have rested a few days at Charlottenberg: and my hopes of averting the complex of evils comprised in that journey, hang chiefly on the anticipation of his liking the return to his own room and surrounding circumstances so intensely as to lose the present inclination to go and *fetch a disappointment* (according to my view of the matter) from Berlin at great expense of money and of health.

"The present crisis in Italy is one of most painful anxiety. May it please God to overrule the *untrustworthy* intentions that are at work, so that good may come out of the overflowing evil, and that dear Italy be put in the way of becoming, as it *might* be, 'the garden of the Lord,' morally as well as visibly."

To ABEKEN.

"*Cannes*, 5 *April*, 1859.—The unusual aspect of a cloudy sky to-day, is a useful reminder of one's having something else to do besides looking out upon the prospect, basking in the sunshine, watching the waves, or wandering inland amid rocks and pines. . . . The air and climate here have been of inestimable benefit to my husband. . . . From the answers to enquiries to-day after M. de Tocqueville, I fear he will have breathed his last before this letter can reach you! There was a period during which my husband was often with him for an hour together, but a relapse took place a week ago, and his weakness has been daily increasing."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Le Luc*, 11 *May*, 1859.—So far we have advanced on our ideally delightful journey, and pause here to rest our

good horses, and obtain if possible something to eat, which is a great question, for everybody is stopping here. Your Father is highly enjoying his journey: finding the temperature perfect, and pleased with all attendant circumstances. He slept perfectly well at Fréjus in the bed which Napoleon I. had occupied, my bed having been sanctified by Pius VII., as the hostess affirmed. This morning we did not set out before ¼ p. 8, having gone out before breakfast; your Father driving with Miss Douglas to the place where Napoleon I. landed from Egypt, called St. Raphael, a good way off: so *he* took a last near leave of the Mediterranean, which I only saw from a distance. I walked with Matilda to look at the cathedral, a most ancient building, in the heavy style of the old chapel in the Tower of London, possessing a curious piece of antiquity in an octagonal baptistry. Last night we walked out as soon as we arrived to see the ruins of the Roman amphitheatre with the Niebuhrs,* who set off long before us this morning. We have met a number of fine troops and fine horses—to me a most moving sight, at which I cannot help ever and again wiping away a silent tear, remembering having watched the regiments in 1842 which marched across St. James's Park, to go and combat for the Cabul campaign. How beautiful was the whole of our journey! most of all the passage of the Esterel."

"*Brignolles*, 9 o'clock.—How things change. All was so bright and prosperous, and my husband so well, and our journey so perfect, and though Brignolles is full of troops, yet our rooms were ready and clean and quiet. As we arrived at six, your Father proposed walking out before tea, and on

* Marcus Niebuhr and his wife.

the Place Publique, where the whole town was collected to look at the soldiers and hear the band, he had one of his attacks, the worst and longest we have known for months: and we stood still for a time that seemed as if it never would end, but at last there was a degree of amendment, and, walking and stopping, we at last got back to the inn: in all, the seizure lasted two hours. . . . God grant that we may do what is right, and not bring on such a seizure again, for it is hard to know what has been wrong, and the disappointment is great of finding the disorder in full force again."

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"*Heidelberg*, 25 *May*, 1859.—We arrived happily on Friday, finding August and Theodora and Rosa at the station, and at the gate of Charlottenberg poor little Schnautz out of his wits for joy to see us. How exquisite is the fresh verdure here! quite new to us in this degree of fulness. The many changes on the journey made up a great amount of discomfort and indisposition for your Father, but we had one happy day at Bâle, seeing the Gelzers, Charlotte Kestner, and the Cramers—she formerly Elise Sieveking."

"30 *June*, 1859.—We now live and breathe politics, and questions of peace and war. The arrival of the newspapers—examining the map—these are the events of the quiet, and to me delicious summer days."

To her SON GEORGE.

"1 *July*, 1859.—When one thinks of the colossal measure of misery under which the time is groaning, one feels oppressed!—and it is hard to bring oneself to believe and

acknowledge that such an awful lesson was wanting to the world. To *rulers*, to rouse any human feeling they have left, and prove that they must leave off having standing armies as instruments of offensive war, and be satisfied to train and strengthen their people for defence only: and arrange an Amphictyonic Council, such as Henri Quatre and Queen Elizabeth dreamt of. And to *nations*, to refresh their memories as to what the realities of war are—that they may meet them, or avoid them, deliberately and with firm looking in the face: and not expend the strength of mind that may be wanted, in bursts of fire and fury. May but the awful lesson now going on be soon closed, and its import laid to the hearts of all!"

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY LOUISA.

"*Heidelberg*, 15 *Sept.*, 1859.—We have been very happy in the presence of George and Emma for more than a fortnight, but it is sad indeed to perceive how sad they still both are. Humanly speaking, if they were to be blessed with another girl, that *might* renew cheerfulness: although I speak doubtfully, because there is no greater error than the supposition that a new-born child can *fill the place* of one taken away—that little cherished individuality, though ever so young, lives on with one. Mary Eleanor was the name of my precious infant, born in 1820, who died on her birthday 1821: whose sweet individuality clings to my heart through life, and whose recognition in the light of God's countenance I fancy in craving anticipation!"

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"*Heidelberg*, 11 *Oct.*, 1859.—The tenth October will be a marked day to us all, from Theodore's departure, and the

baptism of Mary Hildegard, which was happily accomplished at three o'clock, in Neuenheim church. I wish you could have beheld Theodora and her *three* children, all looking perfection in their various ways! When we came home, we found little Dora very unhappy, not comprehending why, if *Kleine Baby* could *go in the carriage*, she should be left at home! The reason was that she had a cold, but at all my christenings I always had all my children present, and so I missed Dora. Your Father came to the coffee-drinking afterwards, with old Brandis and Johannes."

To her DAUGHTER MATILDA.

"13 *Oct.* 1859.—You will be sorry, as we all are, that our poor little dog Schnautz's span of life is over. . . . My own *consciousness* is—I can hardly call it an opinion—that God has so certainly *not* 'created anything for nought'—and that all wherein is *love*, self-forgetting devotedness, in short moral worth, is so *certainly* of divine creation, is so certainly what God looks upon with complacency—that it *belongs to that which cannot perish.* I know not, and it is revealed to no one, what is reserved for the brute creation; but that it is looked upon with *love* by its Creator, we know from the words of our Saviour, 'not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father:' and our Saviour has marked how the brute creation may put man to shame, by the touching circumstance of the dogs coming and licking the sores of Lazarus. I examine no further, and can lay down no dogma, but I am sure of the light of God's countenance for all that has moral worth, and that what is spiritually good is indestructible."

Already in the summer of 1857 a removal from

Heidelberg had been in contemplation, as circumstances connected with the beautiful Charlottenberg rendered a residence there less desirable than formerly, and Heidelberg without Charlottenberg ceased to offer attractions to Bunsen, whose thoughts, throughout life, had frequently turned to Bonn as the home of his later days. There he looked forward to the companionship of his old friend Brandis, and there, regardless of the symptoms of increased illness, he hoped for a renewal of influence and activity, in a course of lectures which he proposed to deliver to the students of the University.

Painful as it was to Madame de Bunsen to leave her happy home at Heidelberg, with the constant society of her daughter Theodora and her children, the prospect of Bonn, as it came nearer, seemed almost welcome, as warding off the ever-oppressive "schreckbild" of a possible residence at Berlin. Thus, when the family started for the south in November, they had accomplished their final leave-taking with Heidelberg, and their return was to a large house on the banks of the Rhine at Bonn, which, being purchased, had more the aspect of a fixed home than any they had previously inhabited.

Baroness Bunsen *to her* Son George.

"*Heidelberg*, 15 *Oct.*, 1859.—Never did this valley look so delicious as in these latter days, as if to leave the most perfect impression to gild its image in memory. . . . I have the grateful conviction that as we have ever been provided for, so we may hope to be provided with a dwell-

ing, although we know not yet where or how. You need not be told that to part from Theodora and her children goes hard with me. But—'He is my fate, and best can speak my doom'—applies entirely to your Father, and *where he is satisfied*, I am not afraid but what I shall find the necessities of life. The purchase of a house at Bonn is a delightful vision, which, even if not realized, confers a benefit in giving a pleasing resting-place for thoughts that as yet wander like Noah's dove in vain. Your Father expressed this morning that if we had at Bonn a place of abode that we could really adjust to our mind, with double windows, &c., it might at last be possible to do without the winter removal now unavoidable. The idea of being at length lodged where we could not be turned out, till death should summon, is most soothing and reviving. If that be good for us, it will be granted."

To BUNSEN (then at Paris).

"*Heidelberg*, 19 *Nov.*, 1859.—My mind has need of the delightful images your letter gives it to dwell upon, for except the satisfaction of getting on with the business in hand, the whole surrounding scene is most melancholy. The girls have done wonders in packing, and I hope indeed they will not be detained an hour after they *have* finished, in this scene of discomfort and melancholy.—We all keep brisk by dint of being busy—but the sight of this devastation is unspeakably wretched, with the prospect of the sad parting from Theodora and the children at the end."

"21 *Nov.*, 1859.—Yesterday was a day of rest, most timely and most prized. We had first in the morning a most beautiful and edifying service by which to take leave

of the dear old Heilige Geist Kirche—it was Buss und Bet Feier, and Plitt preached in his best manner, and selected good hymns, and I heard that thrilling *Gemeinde-Stimme* which it will be long ere I hear again—closed by the Communion. Then I made three leave-taking visits and arrived at Theodora's just before dinner. At four we all went for an hour to Mrs. Benecke as requested, to take leave of her and of Countess Mary Jenison: the rest of the evening we were with Theodora and August, Meyer meeting us there, as indeed he has been faithfully with us every evening. Dearest Theodora was an example in keeping-up, and *not melting*, and in every way exerting to make the last hours of being together bright instead of gloomy. How soothing and elevating it was to hear the four daughters with August sing through the musical service for Good Friday as arranged by Neukomm!"

"*Bâle*, 22 *Nov.*—It is a solemn thing to contemplate the fact, of having quitted for good and all the happy home of 5 years! and more solemn, to part for the first time thoroughly, from the precious daughter whose marriage hardly proved a separation, and who has wound herself round one's heart more and more, in proportion as new positions bring forth and display yet more her excellencies, and her children help to call forth more and more of one's power of being."

To her Son George.

"*Cannes*, 9 *Dec.*, 1859.—We are settled here in great comfort, and know not how to take in sufficiently the luxury of sun, air, and prospect! Your Father has enjoyed his visit to Paris, and is decidedly better than when

we parted at Heidelberg. Alas! Heidelberg! Nobody seems to guess what it costs us to break from the scenes and habits of five years and happy years. Only you and Emma recollect what a pang there must be in parting with Theodora, *for the first time*, for her marriage was not a separation. She has been so good! supported herself so nobly! exerted to such good purpose! It will not do to think of *that:* except to repose one's thoughts on the certainty that she is happy in her marriage. Being those days at Bâle with the benevolent little fairy, Charlotte Kestner, was very soothing to me: her kindness, her tact, her taste and intelligence, the abundance of points of contact that we found, prevented any sensation of being a stranger or an encumbrance."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Cannes, Dec.* 10, 1859.—Though I wrote to my own George yesterday I am delighted with to-day's opportunity of adding one of my many things not uttered—my thanks for his protest against the proverb, signifying that a man's marriage necessarily draws away his affection from his parents. I fear the observation may often turn out true, but then it must be so or not according to the *quality* of the marriage. I thank God often and often, and yet never enough, that all my married children have found objects of the strongest affections among those who look to the same God above, cling to the same human sympathies around, have the same view of right and wrong, the same consciousness of that in which earthly happiness is to be sought and found, and that therefore I have the comfort of feeling in every instance the gain of a friend in each

daughter-in-law and son-in-law, dissimilar in individuality though they be.

"I wish the glorious sunshine that we enjoyed on the 5th Dec. on the journey between Lyons and Toulon, could have shone upon you at Rheindorf for your dear Emma's birthday. The inhabitants of the South have really great privileges, in such helps to health and cheerfulness of spirit. How did I feast my eyes on those beautiful mountains which appear so frequently on the right bank of the Rhone, while the train was whirling along the left bank! The sky was crystal-clear, the mountains blue, their shadows sharp and broad, the river full and smooth: no verdure to be seen, but yet so much beauty that one hardly remembered what was wanting."

To her DAUGHTER THEODORA.

"*Cannes, Saturday*, 31 *Dec.*, 1859.—Here on the last evening of the year, I sit enjoying the stillness of scene, only soothed rather than interrupted by the regular dash of the quiet sea—after having been for three days in scenes far different. We drove to Nice on Thursday and returned this afternoon, having spent our time between the Uxkülls, the S. George's and the Countess Bernstorff, but seeing plenty of other people besides, and perceiving a long *vista* of visits and visitors, had we remained any longer; having thus a renewed experience of that ceaseless bustle of doing nothing, which is peculiar to Nice—very glad of the intercourse with friends granted to us, and more glad to get away into quiet. I am glad to think that the good Countess Bernstorff, who was an early friend, and has been such a faithful friend to your father, has had really this time a good opportunity of seeing and talking to him.

"I wrote to Theodore for his birthday, and oh! how anxiously do I think of him. . . . . and for you, my own Theodora, how do I crave of God's merciful Providence every choicest blessing. . . . . How often do the images of that last invaluable day, that Sunday 20th November, which I was privileged to spend with you and yours, pass before my mind's eye! I see Rosa and hear her reflective observations, and I receive the echo of Dora's glee at having made the acquisition of a new word!—and how it did go to my heart, that my Theodora was able to play on the organ, and help forward those choruses of beloved voices which touched the spirits but to strengthen them! There was more than I will trust myself to write, to make me feel the collective effect of those qualities of mind, which have been to me a chief joy for every year of my own Theodora's existence, in that concluding day of my Heidelberg life. My own child, whatever you write to me is a treasure to me, and you have so much to occupy you, that I must not wish you to write more: but do, if possible, in every letter, tell me some little bit of Rosa and Dora—something that they have said or done. When once it is granted to me to see them again, they will be as dear as ever, but something different: and the period in which I have not seen them cannot be supplied—anecdotes of them are invaluable."

To ABEKEN.

"*Cannes*, 8 *Jan.*, 1860.—It has been again a great change in life to be called upon to break up and put an end to our Heidelberg life. . . . . On the way from our dear Heidelberg, I staid some days at Bâle, and enjoyed the kind hospitality of Charlotte Kestner, and you will understand

the extreme interest I found in her society, as you must have felt what it is not easy to describe, her extreme likeness to her late dear brother in feature, voice, manner of speaking and thinking, independent of personal originality of a very engaging kind. I can hardly describe how *heimisch* I felt it, and I have been almost surprised at myself at the pleasure I had in being her inmate, as I know but too well how hard I am to please, and how apt to find society to which I am not habituated tiresome or *antipatica*, so that I always reckon that I am too old to be fit to go out visiting in other's houses; but I was quite happy in hers, and had for seven days real enjoyment of her company, her affectionate attention, and the entire atmosphere of her dwelling. On the Sunday at Bâle we all went to church in the beautiful cathedral—the impression perfect, the eye, ear, and mind: the building complete in harmony of proportions and forms, and high finish without exaggeration—the organ fine and a fulness of congregational voice, in the hymn 'Wie soll ich dich empfangen.' Then we made a visit to the venerable Spittler, from whom we heard much that was interesting about Crischona. . . . .

"It is a pity we cannot conjure up the presence of sympathising friends, as one can their image before the mind's eye!—how you would enjoy the fulness of beauty in this sea and sky, and shore, if you could look at what I am beholding! I believe, in proportion as life declines, one shrinks with more and more aversion from the aspect of death in nature. Though I love the sunshine, I do not so much mind its absence, nor the cold, nor a cloudy sky —but the absence of green, the want of vegetation, the

torpor of surrounding existence, is what is terrible in a northern winter.

"I have been reading with a degree of interest that I could take pages to express, the *Mémoires de Madame Récamier*. They treat of persons whom I have either seen or known, or heard much of, and the picture of nationality and of individual characters, is most curious, and gives matter for much reflection."

To MADEMOISELLE ANNA VERNET.

"*Cannes*, 12 *Jan.*, 1860.—The Maison Pinchenat received us like a home, and our enjoyment of this magnificent position is if possible greater than ever. . . . . On the morning of December 26, we awoke to the wonderful spectacle of waves mountain-high (like those of the spring-tide in the Northern Ocean) while the atmosphere was totally calm, and afterwards learnt that an earthquake was the cause of such unusual motion.

"You ask whether I regret Macaulay? Indeed I feel deeply the public loss of one of the first historians who has undertaken to mark the growth and development of a nation's greatness, instead of giving, in the old style, a chronicle of the battles and sieges, and of the births, deaths, and relationships of royalty and nobility—and still more I feel the private loss to the sisters and family, of a man deservedly beloved, and whose family attachments were strong. He possessed the colossal memory, and the resolute decisive character which a historian ought to have. I had only a slight acquaintance with him, but used always to be glad to meet his animated glance, and cordially stretch out my hand to meet his. One felt trustful towards him."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

"26 *Jan.*, 1860.—How I wish that many mortifying passages in the history of modern society, might warn people on the hacknied subject of female education, as to the wickedness of breeding up girls with no object in life, except what is called 'going out'—this is, spending a fortune in dress, for the purpose of being shown as at a fair. Do you remember a beautiful letter of your Aunt Fry to her eldest daughter when about fifteen—telling her that no girls could enter upon the life of grown-up women under better auspices than herself and sister. I do not remember the exact words, but they implied her daughter's becoming privileged to help at schools, visit the poor, tend the sick, reform those gone astray—when they were old enough. Not everybody is fit for each and everyone of these important callings—but every well-meaning girl might find some good to do in young years, if only helped not kept back by the vanity and ill-judgment of parents: and need not be *kept out* of society, only not *crammed down the throat* of society—which many a girl would be thankful to be excused from. What can be expected from young women called upon, bound by every habit and custom to sacrifice their best years in the idol's temple, if they end in doing wrong for the sake of a sensation to relieve them from crime?

"I have a constant weight at heart for the angelic child at Schloss Wied, and his incomparable mother."

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"*Cannes*, 21 *Jan.*, 1860.—With what thankfulness did I not greet the news of the blessing of a daughter to dear George and Emma, and with the same irresistible burst of

tears I ran to the next room to tell Frances, with which I communicated the wretched intelligence of the 10th February to your Father last year. It is a fact even now that I do not feel half so much occupied with the present joy, as with the former grief, for which I shall not seek an explanation, but it belongs to a whole mass of experience, which proves how far less the *power of enjoying* is developed in this our human state, than that of *suffering*. It is a most merciful provision of nature, that *bodily pain* has no existence beyond the time of its duration: the memory retains the *fact* of having suffered, but no imagination is powerful enough to conjure up one past pang, as far as the *body* is concerned—whereas alas! what the mind has suffered remains a latent store of pain, which busy memory has only to unveil and stir up, and find as fresh and living as ever, though the persons and circumstances that caused it may long since have been consigned 'to the Past—to the Gone—to the Dead.'—So much for thinking aloud—to give outlet to experiences and cogitations of many solitary hours spent in bed: when I have complained bitterly of myself for incessantly dramatising sorrows long past, and not being able to drive away images, which, the more painful, were ever the more lively. I wish anybody would give me a receipt for profiting by 'l' insomnie'—which is declared to be 'le privilège de la vieillesse' in an interesting work I have just read. Madame Guyon too has written touching lines to that effect: and that remarkable woman, a Princess Galitzin, friend of Stolberg, has a passage on the blessing of 'schlaflose Nächte.' These are people before whom, in every way, I 'hide my diminished head:' but their secret of profiting by what to me are the

most difficult portions of existence, I should be glad to know."

To her DAUGHTER THEODORA.

"*Cannes*, 31 *Jan.*, 1860.—We have to-day the intelligence of the death of the Grand Duchess Stéphanie. From the weakness in which I found her on the 30th Dec., one could only expect what has taken place. She was a remarkable woman—one of those characters belonging to the past generation, formed under circumstances which can never exist again. One of the books I hope to read when I am again in Germany, is that publication of the recollections of Varnhagen—a portion of which treats much of the life of trial of Stéphanie.

"Frances has just returned from an excursion to visit some of the Protestants scattered in the mountain villages of this country, having taken with her Mademoiselle Charbonnet, and M. Espineth, a missionary. The only place you ever heard of before, on their tour, was Antibes, where they visited a shoemaker-family, the only Protestants in the place, and made them very happy by Bible-reading, exhortation, and hymn-singing: then they rested the horses at a town called Vence, and proceeded to a place near the village of Carros, the habitation of a family of *paysans* who cultivate a property of their own, where last year the mother died, an earnest Protestant. There they staid all Sunday, and on Monday proceeded by S. Jeannet to La Gaude, making visits, and gladly received, by the few melancholy people who lead the life of outcasts, and are in proportion refreshed by sympathy. It is sad that most of the Protestants of La Gaude have emigrated to America,

unable to bear the discomfort of standing alone. Frances should tell herself how much earnestness and intelligence and knowledge of Scripture she found amongst these people—hospitality and refinement of mind, with total contempt of external comforts. But the beauty of the country must be something wonderful.

"How I have enjoyed reading and re-reading your picture of your darlings and their behaviour and occupations! There are two lines, I think of Cowper's translations from Madame Guyon, which often occur to me—

> 'Ye soul-composing, quiet hours,
> Diffusing peace o'er all my powers—'

and they express or shadow forth the effect of one of your communications to me, bringing me into your atmosphere!"

The symptoms which had frequently alarmed his family in the health of Bunsen, increased in violence during this winter at Cannes, and in May caused Madame de Bunsen to concentrate her wishes upon as speedy a return to Germany as was possible, even though a terrible accident which had then befallen her youngest daughter, Matilda, rendered it necessary that she should be left behind at Cannes, upon a bed of intense suffering, under the care of her sister Frances.

BARONESS BUNSEN *to her* SON GEORGE.

"*Cannes*, 6 *March*, 1860.—I had such a number of signs of affection on my birthday, that the only thing to

lessen my pleasure was the consciousness of my inability to express to each and all of the senders, something of the love and thanks I feel towards them! . . . . As I sate reading my treasures in my own room, the servant knocked and brought in a square packet in a wax-cloth, which I told him to put down, after having informed myself that there was nothing further to be paid, and I troubled myself not to look till I had done my letters. Then I perceived the address to be in your Father's handwriting—and the piece of fun was to send me a 'Luft-Telegram' in form of a heavy box, with a letter inside, and a whole set of *Hefte* containing the plan for a succession of *Vorlesungen* to be held at Bonn—the letter declaring itself and the accompanying papers to be the Spirit of the young Bunsen in his 27th year, my old acquaintance of 43 years' standing, who had left his *Doppelgänger*, become *Geheimrath* and *Philister*, fast asleep in bed at Cannes, and had flown over to Bonn, to address me from the place whither he intended soon to conduct me as 'Professors-Frau,' carrying out the original intention of former years. When you see the immensity of the plan of academical teaching, and its importance and width of grasp, you will enter into the degree of melancholy which I have to struggle against, in contemplation of the fact that your Father has been *awfully* ill, and that he is still in a state for which, in fact, one knows of no certain relief, and one only hopes in God's mercy that efficiency may be granted to means of help in which one has no reason to place confidence. In the night between the 25th and 26th, an attack of suffocation came on, without any known cause, the most tremendous I ever witnessed: for two hours he was in a

struggle literally between life and death. I have often seen him alarmed, but this time he gave himself over, gasped out words of farewell, of blessing to children and friends, of profession of faith, of prayer for help. . . . At half-past seven it was over. But I need not go on describing, only you may suppose what I feel on looking to a far future! The mind has vigour for many a year, the rich store of matter to instruct, to reanimate, to delight and invigorate other minds, is there—but the cause of sudden death is always lying in ambush. . . . I *pray*, and so will you—May God see fit to preserve him, and above all may He grant us to submit, and accept as the right, and *the best*, whatever be *His* will."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

"*Cannes*, 10 *April*, 1860.—I have put off telling you of your Father, because I have nothing good to tell. Passion Week was a time of trial indeed and Good Friday was worst of all: on Easter Sunday he evidently revived, we knew not why. It is a great comfort that Charles is coming back: his company and conversation will be such a pleasure to his Father, as to all of us, and he looks to seeing Theodore with great satisfaction. But though we hail the arrival of *sons* as the best possible company, your Father has no want of agreeable visitors here, in short as many as he is equal to receiving. At intervals he goes on with his various works, and to-day has shown me, as finished, the last piece of his Egyptian work, namely the Preface—which he talks of sending off to-morrow. Such work is indispensable to his happiness, if he only works not too long in a day."

To Miss C. Williams-Wynn.

"*Cannes*, 17 *April*, 1860.—I have no good news to give you, and it becomes more and more irksome to tell the fact, that things are not going on well with my husband's health, as he is more and more averse to hearing it commented upon: one proof among many that he is well aware of being—not *better*, but entered upon a new and troublesome stage of his chronic disorder; his life for the last two months having been the dragging on of an invalid state, which is a comfortless consumer of hours."

To her Daughter Emilia.

"*Cannes*, 2 *May*, 1860, 6 A.M.—Matilda has had a fall, by which a fracture in the hip-joint has been caused: in what pain she is, you alas! know too well.

"On Sunday Charles and Mary returned safe and well, Theodore had arrived, and we all rejoiced in such a family-meeting and living together, anticipating a time of comfort and cheerfulness, in which Monday, 30th April, dawned upon us. Matilda was as usual urgent with me to retire from breakfast-table-talking, with her into my room, to be read to in Merle D'Aubigné's *Histoire de la Reformation:* she read a very interesting part and had conversation upon it—and she then left me to get her beloved Elise de Vellay, for the usual hour of reading with her before dinner. When we, at one o'clock, were about to sit down to dinner —the first meal of being all together, as supposed—came a message that Matilda could not come, had fallen, was hurt so that she could not move. Frances went directly, sending a messenger to call Dr. Severin: she took in the

seriousness of the matter, which I was far from doing. I therefore staid just till dinner was over, and then hurried after her.

"Matilda had been with Elise in the room of the latter, and was about to come down a piece of wooden staircase which terminated the ascent, when the whole gave way under her, and she was precipitated down to the flight of stairs below, of bricks with each step finished sharply by a wooden edge. Elise de Vellay, about to follow her, having her foot all but upon the upper step, finds a void, stairs and Matilda vanished. She can but go to the window and scream; her mother and sister in the garden hear and come and stand aghast, unable to move the wooden ladder which has fallen upon Matilda. When help is obtained, the poor sufferer is dragged upstairs into the first bedroom. There is no doubt of fracture, and no doubt of two months' *immoveability*. . . . My child, what God sends, He will help us to get through! I *know* that well, and pray that we may both feel and experience it!"

To her SON ERNEST (in a neighbouring villa at Cannes).

"*Cannes*, 7 *May*, 1860.—I write to announce to you and dear Elizabeth a sudden determination to set off without delay, under the escort of Theodore. The award is absolute, that Matilda cannot be moved from the spot where she now lies, under two months: and that your Father should be detained here thus long, is out of the question. I write facts drily—nothing can one say of feelings manifold and complicated.

"My dearest Ernest, your Father is very ill—not better, and declining in strength."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Cannes*, 7 *May*, 1860.—You know the outward facts of our position, and can imagine much of what I have neither time nor inclination to write: one bears every burden better for abstaining from enumeration of its parts and complications. The real evil which swallows up the rest, is the state of your Father—declining in health and spirits, no better at the end of the ups and downs of two months, and I believe we are doing right in preparing to set out next Sunday or Monday (as we can obtain the coupé of the diligence one day or other) and travel through without stopping to Baden, where we believe Ernest and Elizabeth will meet us—Theodore being able to see us safe so far, if no hindrance interposes. Your sisters will remain here under circumstances as good as such a case will admit, under the roof of the De Vellay's, and with choice of kind and helpful persons all around. Frances is a host in herself, and meets the position with accustomed energy and cheerfulness. Two months of *immoveability* for Matilda are indispensable: and when once she can be brought downstairs, and into another house, it must be seen how much of another month must pass before she can travel.

"Dear Charles and Mary Isabel! what a pleasure and satisfaction they are, even in our overclouded state, in which we may appear little to profit by their presence. They leave us on the 10th, with their most delicious and satisfactory child. Theodore's having been with us is invaluable. That dear Matilda behaves nobly—suffers much pain, but all goes on as well as a state of misery can: her health and her composure of mind are great helps."

To her SON HENRY.

"*Cannes*, 13 *May*, 1860.—I write by the side of the poor, good sufferer—whom I have great difficulty in recognizing by the name of Matilda . . . . and to-morrow I shall be gone, and to-day I see her and Frances for the last time for a long while to come! May God grant a meeting in more comfort than attends this indispensable parting. Your Father is very ill, has been very ill, is only better at moments. . . . . He is worn by want of sleep, yet would sleep so well, if breath did not fail him: the nights are mostly wretched. . . . . My dear Henry and Mary Louisa, let your thoughts and prayers help us on our way, and join *ours* in supplicating for strength and patience and resignation, to meet whatever may impend."

To her SON ERNEST.

"*Bâle*, 18 *May*, 1860.—I know not how to hope. I am so reduced to the lowest ebb with travelling, anxiety, and want of rest. Dr. Jung has uttered his award that we must stay here a week; your Father will then die of *Langeweile*, and if we are indeed to stay beyond to-morrow, I entreat you, dearest Ernest, to bestow your cheering and supporting presence upon us. I must write now to Frances and George—with a longing after the sight of you all that I cannot give words to. How thankful I am to have such children to love, as all mine are!—and how thankful to experience such love from them!"

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Baden-Weiler*, 20 *May*, 1860.—It is five o'clock on Tuesday morning, and what a delicious morning! Your

Father has had five hours of quiet sleep, that is to say he had a respite so long from coughing, and when that is the case, sleep is always at hand—but the night was spent in his chair. . . . . My own George, I have told you all the good I could, in the intelligence of this five hours' sleep, you will find distress enough when we meet.

"I see not how your Father can attempt seeing the Princess at Baden, wherefore we shall be coming all the straighter and quicker to you. How much I have to say to my Emilia! I trust she will stay with me—it has been hard to do without a daughter, when one has such as I thank God for. Ernest is delightful, his own best self—caring for everything, perceiving, thinking of everything for our comfort. What a blessing that he could come to us!—to his Father his company and conversation are invaluable, to me a solace indescribable."

CHAPTER V.

BONN.

"Ese cuerpo, que con piadosos ojos estais rimirando, fué depositario de una alma, en quien el Ciel puso infinitas partes de sus riquezas."—CERVANTES.

"How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honour or wealth, with all his toil and pains,
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit, that which he obtains.
—For shame, dear friend, renounce this canting strain,
What would'st thou have the great good man obtain?
Place, titles, recompense? a gilded chain,
On throne of corses that his sword hath slain?
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures, Love and Light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
Himself, his Maker, and the angel—Death."

COLERIDGE.

AT the end of May, 1860, the Bunsens took possession of their new home at Bonn. For some months after this, though his state of suffering daily increased, Bunsen was able not only to receive but to enjoy the visits of his family and friends. On his birthday, the 25th of August, he was surrounded

as formerly by a loving group, who took part in a feast arranged in the garden pavilion looking upon the Rhine, and listened to the touching words of gratitude and benediction, in the course of which, after retracing the blessings of his past life, he sought to comfort them by the assurance that if "in the counsel of God" it was good for him, that birthday-celebration would not be his last. In the month of October he was cheered by the presence of the Princess of Wied, and by a gracious and gratefully-welcomed visit from the Princess of Prussia, now Empress of Germany. On the 22nd of that month he received a farewell visit from the venerable Pastor Wiesmann, to whom he said "that many had endeavoured to build all kinds of bridges to eternal happiness, but that he had come to the full conviction that all those bridges must be broken down, nor should they be trusted to for effectual mediation, as there was nothing to hold fast by, except the simple faith in Christ."

Six days after, the spirit of Bunsen seemed to be on the threshold of life. He gave solemn blessings to his children, and prayed for each. In the most touching accents he bade farewell to his wife—his "first—his only love," in whom he had "loved that which is eternal." "It is sweet to die," he said; "with all feebleness and imperfection I have ever lived, striven after, and willed the best and noblest only. But the best and highest is to have known Jesus Christ. I depart from this world without any feeling of unchari-

tableness towards any one. No uncharitableness, no! that is sin."

On the 28th, Ernest de Bunsen was summoned from England, with scarcely a hope that he would find his father alive, yet for nearly a month after that time he had the comfort of being able to cheer him by his loving care. In those solemn days Bunsen was still occasionally able to give utterance to the thoughts which God sent to comfort the hours of intensest suffering. The meaning, the kernel of all was the same. "I see Christ," he said—"and I see through Christ, God."

On the 27th of November his daughter Emilia played to him for the last time on the familiar *orgue expressif* of Roman days, and in the chamber of death the glorious voice of his beloved son Ernest sang, "Jesus, meine Zuversicht!" "Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme!" "Jerusalem, du hochgebaute Stadt!" Then one more night of suffering was passed—and as day broke on the morning of the 28th, the majestic form lay still—in the quietude of perfect peace.

He was buried on the 1st of December, in a bright winter sunshine. Once more, on the *orgue expressif*, was played his favourite hymn, "Jerusalem, du hochgebaute Stadt," as his sons Ernest, Charles, and George, his son-in-law Baron von Ungern Sternberg, with Drs. Kamphausen and Bleek, his faithful fellow-labourers in the "Bibelwerk," took up the flower-covered coffin, in which, by hands of long and tender ministration, his remains were carried to the grave. His widow, with

her sister and daughters, met the procession at the burial-ground, in the centre of which stands an ancient chapel of extreme beauty, transferred stone for stone by the late King of Prussia from a solitary position in the fields. Here, beside Bunsen, amid shrubs and flowers, rest a noble band of friends—Niebuhr and his Gretchen; Brandis, with his invalid wife and his son Johannes; the venerable Arndt; Schumann; the widow and son of Schiller, and many others.

On the tomb of Bunsen, a beautiful medallion, by Monro, still recalls the glory of his earthly countenance, and beneath are the words of Isaiah ii. 5, calling upon others to walk in that "light of the Lord" in which he lived.

THE BARONESS BUNSEN *to her* DAUGHTER THEODORA.

"*Bonn*, 26 *May*, 1860.—I never felt it more difficult to write, having so much to say that utterance seems choked. The satisfaction your Father and I feel in the house, in each room, in each arrangement, seems insufficiently uttered by any words that will occur to me: and *satisfaction* in itself is a poor word for the overflowing consciousness of *too much* being showered upon us—and best of all is the love and tender consideration of all these incomparable children—George and Emma and Emilia—for every peculiarity and every feeling and inclination of their parents."

"27 *May*.—I worked hard at unpacking yesterday, but in the latter part of the afternoon your Father grew so ill, that I was called from my work once and again, and at length thought it better to give up the point. One of those

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH (who had long shared the anxieties of the sick-room at Bonn).

"*Bonn*, 23 *July*, 1860.—What a help and comfort has not Ernest been! through a period of which one feels on a retrospect how great the amount of trial was: only divided into days and hours, each day and hour bore its part, and with God's blessing has been lived through.

"My dear Elizabeth! what a succession of kind filial attention have you bestowed upon us in such a long period of weeks!

> 'That constant flow of love, that knew no fall--
> Ne'er vanquish'd by those cataracts and breaks
> That humour interposed too often makes.'

How I miss your frequent appearance, coming down with one kind thought or other: and my Hilda, and my Moritz, and the kind Mariechen."

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"27 *July*, 1860.—We may rejoice in the amendment in your dear Father while it lasts. Could you but see him, you would be comforted, as all the friends have been who have lately come here to visit him: Miss Wynn, Abeken, Usedom, Mrs. Schwabe."

To her DAUGHTER THEODORA.

"14 *Sept.*, 1860.—It is possible that John and Mary may arrive this evening! So much for joy—now for sorrow—your dear Father is full of suffering. O! my own Theodora, could I but write what would cheer and not grieve you: but there is no help for fact and reality."

To her SON HENRY.

"22 *Sept.*, 1860.—It costs a struggle to determine on writing such scraps and fragments as are possible. But I can to-day write in spirits, rejoicing in the present moment, and resolving not to look beyond it, and as much as possible not to look back on the misery that has gone before. . . . . Dear Mary and Co. arrived on the 15th, and good Meyer on the 16th, and Lepsius has been here three days, and will stay, I hope, a few more; but for all the kind visitors this has been a melancholy time, for short and scarce were the occasions of speaking to your Father, who however yesterday was able to have a good conference with Lepsius, and to-day I hope will find it possible to talk to him longer.

"Your Father says 'es ist unmöglich zu sagen, wie oft und wie zärtlich ich an Heinrich denke.'"

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

"10 *Oct.*—Everything that I might write had better remain unwritten—for each detail of intelligence but sharpens the impression of pain on your mind and my dear Ernest's, as to the state of your Father. Many an hour of sorrow and anxiety have you shared, and worse than any you experienced with us have been our portion since you left us: misery is once established, and we sink deeper and deeper daily. Watching for those periods of relief, which kept up hopes and spirits now and then in your time, seems now in vain. Day after day, the extreme point supposed to have been reached, is passed. And yet, he is so strong, the strength may yet be much prolonged."

During his illness Baron Bunsen constantly used the following prayer composed by Benjamin Schmolk of

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH (who had long shared the anxieties of the sick-room at Bonn).

"*Bonn*, 23 *July*, 1860.—What a help and comfort has not Ernest been! through a period of which one feels on a retrospect how great the amount of trial was: only divided into days and hours, each day and hour bore its part, and with God's blessing has been lived through.

"My dear Elizabeth! what a succession of kind filial attention have you bestowed upon us in such a long period of weeks!

> 'That constant flow of love, that knew no fall--
> Ne'er vanquish'd by those cataracts and breaks
> That humour interposed too often makes.'

How I miss your frequent appearance, coming down with one kind thought or other: and my Hilda, and my Moritz, and the kind Mariechen."

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"27 *July*, 1860.—We may rejoice in the amendment in your dear Father while it lasts. Could you but see him, you would be comforted, as all the friends have been who have lately come here to visit him: Miss Wynn, Abeken, Usedom, Mrs. Schwabe."

To her DAUGHTER THEODORA.

"14 *Sept.*, 1860.—It is possible that John and Mary may arrive this evening! So much for joy—now for sorrow—your dear Father is full of suffering. O! my own Theodora, could I but write what would cheer and not grieve you: but there is no help for fact and reality."

To her SON HENRY.

"22 *Sept.*, 1860.—It costs a struggle to determine on writing such scraps and fragments as are possible. But I can to-day write in spirits, rejoicing in the present moment, and resolving not to look beyond it, and as much as possible not to look back on the misery that has gone before. . . . . Dear Mary and Co. arrived on the 15th, and good Meyer on the 16th, and Lepsius has been here three days, and will stay, I hope, a few more; but for all the kind visitors this has been a melancholy time, for short and scarce were the occasions of speaking to your Father, who however yesterday was able to have a good conference with Lepsius, and to-day I hope will find it possible to talk to him longer.

"Your Father says 'es ist unmöglich zu sagen, wie oft und wie zärtlich ich an Heinrich denke.'"

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

"10 *Oct.*—Everything that I might write had better remain unwritten—for each detail of intelligence but sharpens the impression of pain on your mind and my dear Ernest's, as to the state of your Father. Many an hour of sorrow and anxiety have you shared, and worse than any you experienced with us have been our portion since you left us: misery is once established, and we sink deeper and deeper daily. Watching for those periods of relief, which kept up hopes and spirits now and then in your time, seems now in vain. Day after day, the extreme point supposed to have been reached, is passed. And yet, he is so strong, the strength may yet be much prolonged."

During his illness Baron Bunsen constantly used the following prayer composed by Benjamin Schmolk of

Silesia, Pastor of Schweidnitz, who lived 1672—1737 and wrote more than 1,000 hymns—

"O holy and most glorious God! Truly thou dost lead thine own wondrously by a thorny road to Paradise, through the vale of tears to the mansions of joy, through the dark valley of death to the fountain of life! The diseases of the body are for our healing, and only when this our earthly tabernacle is dissolved may we enter Heaven. When I consider this and weigh it in the balance of thy sanctuary, I feel that it is of little moment whether my way to life be rough or easy, if only I attain to Heaven. It is of little moment whether my soul ascend to thee by a hard struggle or in peaceful calm, if only it enter into thy glory. It matters not to me, whether the lamp of my life go out of itself, or be extinguished by an adverse wind, if only, rekindled by the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, it shine in thine eternal bliss, and in thy blessed eternity. Everything, O my Father, must be well-pleasing to me, which in thy wisdom and providence seemeth good to Thee. I am content to die, when Thou wilt, and as Thou wilt: all is one to me, if only I die in peace and find rest from all my labours.

"Let me, reconciled unto Thee, the living God, and content with my portion of life, have a conscious and unclouded end, and so be gathered to my fathers in Heaven above. Amen."

BARONESS BUNSEN *to* MRS. LANE* (whose daughter was dying).

"*Bonn*, 10 *Oct.*, 1860.—How I think of you, and pray

* Daughter of Dr. Sandford, Bishop of Edinburgh.

for you, that you may be supported through new and bitter affliction.

"You, who have always sympathy for others, will believe that full as my present days and hours are of misery, yet the heart has space and time for feeling and prayer,—and I wish to be remembered by you as one of those who in thought are present with you in your renewed sorrow and fresh privation. God help you! and teach you yet again to bear, the transmission of your treasures into the treasury of Heaven.

"My husband sinks visibly, and his state of suffering is ever aggravated: but his strength is so great that I, for my part, cannot believe the moment of rest to be near. Pray for us, dear friend! as you have kindly told me you do—as you pray for yourself, that the power of *perfect acceptance* of the will of the Father of Mercies may be granted us."

To her DAUGHTER THEODORA.

"11 *Oct.*—I feel it quite wrong that Mary should be here—dragged into all this misery of ours, which she cannot alleviate!"

"3 *Nov.*—My precious child! what a world of event and feeling has been lived through of late. Could I but convey to you the blessedness of the present moment! forward to the next, it is wisest not to look, but to dwell on the happiness of seeing him at ease, able to breathe freely, with no suffering but weakness. My dearest Mary is just gone—just off in the finest of weather: another matter of thankfulness, to have had her till now, and now to be able to part with her in a moment of unlooked-for amendment,

He has slept entirely through the last evening and night—George watched beside him till midnight, and then Ernest till morning. His thoughts are only about death and immortality."

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"9 *Nov.*, 1860.—I am thankful that you went away under the influence of a sunny gleam of hope, and that you cannot now drink out with us the bitter dregs of a cup of woe far enough from being exhausted. We all want your prayers, and those of all sympathising friends, not only for the sufferer himself, but to keep us, each and all, from rebelling against the counsels of the Divine Providence which has so mercifully cared for us. I am ever under the bitter temptation to ask *why* he was not taken when so ready—when in a frame of mind so blessed, when full of heaven, of peace and joy and love—desiring only to be dissolved and to be with Christ, and the enquiry is full of rebellion. . . . . I now anticipate immediate danger less than ever: but fear a lengthened portion of suffering and continued bodily *unrest*, such as would fall heavy on the best-prepared mind, but for enduring which with equanimity, his existence of bodily ease and freshness has not prepared him in the least. The verse in that hymn we all know so well often recurs to me—

> 'Ach komm, eh' mir das Herz erkalt,
> Und sich zum Sterben schicke."

In our mortal weakness we could desire to quit this earth at our culminating point—when we are, or suppose ourselves, most spiritualized, most warm in love to God and

man. But He who made us knows best! and could we but learn entire submission!"

To her SON HENRY.

"28 *Nov.*, 1860.—The long struggle is over—and your blessed Father rests from pain and misery. I am sitting near his remains. Could I but picture to you the beauty of his repose—the inexpressible sweetness and majesty of his countenance—no trace of suffering. This morning at five, while the clock struck, he still breathed, and a few minutes later he breathed no more. Ernest and I had raised his head, each with an arm under him, and the head fell on one side, upon my shoulder. We did not suppose the moment so near, the moment of relief and release. The breath just ceased, there was no more agony—that had gone on a whole month, ever since the terrible 28th October, when every hour seemed as if it must be the last.

"Emilia had staid with him till 12 o'clock: then George remained with Jacob: then called Ernest and me. I had always come in daily about four. Very thankful I am that the hour of departure was not during my sleep.

"I sit here, to behold him while I can.

"I write with pencil, as if he could still be disturbed by the pen scratching:—foolish—but every common sound seems profanation of the sacred stillness.

"My dearest Henry! it is a relief to think that *you* have not witnessed his sufferings, his wanderings of mind, his helplessness of body. No description can give an idea of the anguish of the spectacle.

"My precious Henry! pray for me and for all of us that

we may meet the new phase of life that opens before us as we ought.

"My love to your dear wife and daughters. Oh! let us cling together, if possible, more than ever, now that our earthly stay is removed. . . . . God forgive those who would call in question your Father's Christianity, because higher, deeper, purer, and more intense than their own!—and may *He* grant all gainsayers the grace to make such a confession of faith in God through Christ, as he uttered again and again in his last bright hours of spiritual consciousness!"

To her SON THEODORE (then in Japan with the Prussian special Embassy).

"*Bonn*, 4 *Dec.*, 1860.—The 28th of October was a day in which it seemed impossible but that the breath must cease with every gasp:—'entsetzlich langanhaltender Todeskampf' were the words whispered by Wolff in answer to my anxious look when he made his evening visit. That night was a time of unspeakable brightness of look and clearness of mind, and words of high import, confession of faith, blessing and farewell to each of his beloved ones, were repeated with fulness of power, of intelligence, and voice. These were solemn moments, in which he collected us around him, and repeated his charges and blessings, in varying language, sometimes and mostly German, often English, occasionally French. Meanwhile his constitution made a wonderful effort, and his state seemed no longer to threaten immediate danger. Charles ventured to go to Berlin on the 1st November, and dear Mary and John with their children departed on the 3rd.

On Monday the 5th he desired to partake of the Holy Communion, and Pfarrer Wolters was summoned, with whom he spoke alone beforehand. Then poor Matilda in her bed was wheeled into the library, the servants were collected, and most solemn and heart-strengthening was this last religious celebration. The rest of the week he still often talked of resuming correction of proof-sheets, had all prepared on Saturday the 10th when he summoned Kamphausen; and on Sunday the 11th he did again *work* for an hour—George, Frances, and Kamphausen were with him. That night he was seized with a violent shivering fit. . . . . In that night I beheld the last full brilliancy of eye and smile, when he repeated his solemn farewell, believing death to be at hand—'Love, love—we have loved each other—love cannot cease—love is eternal—the love of God is eternal—live in the love of God and Christ—those who live in the love of God must find each other again, though we know not how—we cannot be parted—we shall find each other again.'

"That night was the last crisis, the next day brought a fearful return of struggle for breath, and from that date all was misery. One of the greatest trials of those who witnessed the sufferings they could not assuage, was his loss of the power of articulation. Yet at times, with a great effort to be heard, he would utter, 'Das Ewige—das Ewige—erstrebt nur das Ewige.' Other words of serious import were often uttered. 'Ich sterbe'—he often said: 'Ich bin sterbend'—looking full at me: 'Ich fühle mich so elend.' Then, after unavailing attempts to swallow, he said, 'Der Herr Gott sieht dass Speise und Trank mir nicht mehr nöthig sind.' Another time, when

Frances and George were trying to place him better on his bed, 'Ihr habt viele Mühe, süsse Kinder—Gott lohne es Euch!'

"Tuesday evening, the 27th, the last of his life, we were far from anticipating what was so soon to take place. My sister Lady Llanover * had glided into the room, and sat down in a dark corner, to look at him: he recognised her outline in the dim light, put out his hand and squeezed hers with strength, saying 'Very kind'—and other indistinct syllables. Emilia watched him till 12 o'clock, then George came. George called Ernest before four, and I came also, which had been the habit with me for a long time. I sat near on one side, and Ernest on the other—and neither of us recognised the long-drawn breath till just before the last breath was drawn, when I came close and put my arm under the dear head. Ernest came on the other side and put his arm under the pillow, and we gently raised him. The dear head sank on my shoulder. . . . . The eyes had closed in life by his own act. There was no struggle, he simply ceased to breathe.

"Many and many, during the last days, were the times of uttering your name—'Theodor! Theodor!' in tones of affectionate sadness not to be described.

"On Saturday, 1st December, we all sat together in the chamber of death for an hour before *that* was removed on which our eyes were fixed. Emilia read the burial-service of the Church of England, and Ernest the hymn 'Die Seele ruht in Jesu Armen.' And then the hands of sons and

* Sir Benjamin Hall had been raised to the peerage in 1859. Lord and Lady Llanover had been long at Bonn, affording all the help and comfort which lay in their power.

friends carried away, to the sound of the organ played upon by Emilia—the remains of the crown—the joy—the pride—the glory—the guide—lent to us, not given."

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"*Heidelberg*, 8 *Dec.*, 1860.—At this hour on this day last week, all that remained of *him* seemed in one's possession —still lay so peacefully in his own house—there where he wished to dwell, there where he had planned for years of laborious usefulness. But that was not *he!* and if I could but learn to *feel* as much as I *know*, that the blessed spirit lives in the region most congenial, in the more immediate light of God's own countenance, cheered by more intense consciousness of that love of God which he ever sought and found, in which he believed with fulness of faith —and that his clear intellect is now expanding in insight into the Divine Will, and drinking in the cup of knowledge which cannot be exhausted—should I be grudging, as I am now, the not having him present to me and this world!—O grief is selfish: and I will try hard to outlive such selfishness.

"Our journey to Heidelberg was peaceful and satisfactory beyond expectation: no delay, and before one o'clock we were with dearest Theodora. Nobody had expected us, and the station was empty of all but officials, who testified recognition by bowing in silence. The children have greeted us with touching proofs of not having been forgotten; and have done us good not to be described by their bright joyousness and unconsciousness of the dark side of life."

"*Dec.* 11, 1860.—The 11th—therefore a calendar-month

since that last day of something like life. . . . O! these dates —these recollections! If we did not recall what his sufferings were (and yet it kills one to think of them) how should one continue, as one ought, to thank God for his present blessedness. If one was only not so earthly, so clinging to the clod—one should be less rebellious—less unreasonable.

"My own Emilia! I did not think, when I took the paper, that I was going to write these things to you:—but last night Meyer sung a number of old songs, words and melodies, that *he* liked to hear—and I enjoyed hearing them, from habit—and *afterwards* was foolish enough to remember that the ear was deaf to sounds of earth, that used to listen with me. *He* takes in now the heavenly harmonies, after which he aspired!"

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"*Bonn*, 17 *Dec.*, 1860.—I have returned from Heidelberg, very thankful for having enjoyed eight days long the sight of Theodora and her children, and now thankful to be in the home, after which I had a longing all the time. When either mind or body are sick, no place suits them like home, whatever they find in it of sadness or emptiness: and in Heidelberg the amount of enjoyment was confined within the limits of the house, for that beautiful scene is but a picture of death under the desolation of winter and the 'gräuliche Graue des Nordens.' My own Mary, it is a mercy that *he* was not reserved to feel this cold, to behold and be oppressed by this gloom! He had a fear of it, and said to me not long ago, 'Ach! der Winter ist doch hässlich.' I am thankful that we were allowed those two last winters of his life in the brilliant, glorious

south: the sun, the sea, the bright sky did not fail to shed a charm over his days, even though he never had such an intense enjoyment of nature that I have. Here I am writing as though I were reasonable, and trying to recall causes of thankfulness; and yet the truth is that the wound is new and fresh as ever, and the terrible reality of death, total void, total deprivation, comes upon me on returning home as if I had not known and felt the fact before. Could I but describe to you how tenderly I am cared for! I say nothing about it to Frances and George, for fear of a burst of tears, but I feel unspeakably the tenderness of every word and look."

To her DAUGHTER THEODORA.

"*Bonn*, 17 *Dec.*, 1860.—After having had a home under your roof for many days, I write again from my own home, for which I would fain be as thankful as its many comforts and advantages deserve, but which as yet does but revive the feeling of desolation by the signs that meet one at every turn, that the light is quenched which once pervaded it. The library, so sacred to our remembrance, is now arranged so as to be quite perfect for our constant habitation.

"My own Theodora, I know *now*, from Matilda herself, that her restoration is *not* to be granted to our wishes and prayers. I have been shrinking from requiring a distinct account, all this long time: it was as if I could not undertake any more pain. She has just said to me, most touchingly, 'But if I could *in time* walk with a stick, like Emilia, you will not mind, will you, Mamma?'—as if she was more concerned for me than herself. God be thanked

for this state of mind, and may God help her, and teach us all what is best for her, and of all things, to submit and not murmur *oneself* at her privation."

To Miss C. Williams Wynn.

"*Christmas Day*, 1860.—I feel as if you could not want to be told how I value your friendship, and hope for the continuance of intercourse with you while at a distance, and opportunities of meeting from time to time. What remains to me on earth, as worth living for, is the society of those that loved and understood *him* who has been taken away from me. The fact of privation is so incomprehensible, that it will still ever and again come over my mind as a fearful surprise, that I can be alive and the world seem to be going on as before, when that intense light and life which to me was the centre of action and feeling, is quenched for ever as to things earthly. The frightful visions of the ceaseless suffering I so lately witnessed, continue to haunt me, and I must not wish them dispelled, as they alone can effectually teach me patience, as to the cutting off of a life so immensely valuable, to many besides myself: as to the leaving unfinished so many undertakings, so many purposes, for the good of mankind: to say nothing of the charm, interest, enlivenment, support, instruction, edification—continually *exhaled* by that existence throughout the immediate home-circle, now, alas! so desolate, and in a desolation which nothing can remedy. Among the letters of friends that I have received, two only have with just judgment suggested, that the time *must be short* that I have to live in privation. That is most true, though the four weeks which ended this morning at 5 o'clock, since

the last breath fled, have seemed to me ages—yet, as we were born in the same year, and I the eldest of the two, and thus we had together *all but* 'the threescore and ten years' allotted to man, I might well reckon upon soon following him, did I not feel so full of life, and allowed so wonderful a soundness of health, that I have suffered nothing in body from a course of fatigue and distress during six entire months, which would have killed many people."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY LOUISA.

"*Bonn*, 2 *Jan.*, 1861.—Hitherto I have considered myself privileged to refuse seeing anybody, except Brandis: and indeed I feel very far from hardened yet for the contact of the world, and overset by speaking to each person: but there is a new cause for emotion in having just heard of the death of the King. With the idea of the King is bound up such a mass of recollections! How long were we all in continual anticipation of the event, and how little did we or anybody think of the snapping-asunder of that thread of life, just now, which seemed as though nothing could wear it out! Thought would fain picture the meeting in blessedness of those who truly loved each other here below. O! *could* one but raise thought and feeling to that region of blessed reality!—there is no comfort but in trying after that, and trying to be unselfish. I do not believe any time likely to be granted to me, could make me get *used* to the privation of that presence which spread life and warmth around.

"It was very hard to part with the old year, wretched though it had been—for most of its dates belonged to *his*

life, and the new year is cold and strange, and he has not lived in it."

To her COUSIN MISS RAM (after her Mother's Death).

"*Bonn*, 5 *Feb.*, 1861.—I have excused myself from writing wherever I was so sure of indulgence as not to fear being suspected of ingratitude—not that I had any difficulty in writing, for it was easier to go on upon the inexhaustible subject of life-long sorrow, than to stop short in utterance: —but such *letting loose* the current of grief and remembrance was the most disabling of occupations: and only silence and absolute quiet could do me good. Be assured, that in that silence and quiet I had many a thought of *you*, and of that blessed spirit which has returned to its proper home, after having been the charm, and the cordial, and the guide of your life!—How well I can feel with you, that tenderly as you loved her in life, your love increases since you have lost her, and can only look back to the rare perfections, the rare completeness, of her character, as belonging to the past, as far as this world is concerned; but forming a glorious vision to your upward view, beckoning you on to that place and time, where *Faith* shall be lost in *sight*.

"Though I have enjoyed but rare opportunities of seeing my dear Aunt, I have always felt that I saw her *well*, and took in an amount of excellence such as mortal frailty rarely presents. In particular I have wondered at her sincere, unaffected humility and low estimate of self!—*She*, the admired of all, the favourite wherever she appeared—the idolized wife, the almost adored mother—mentally gifted and externally attractive—and yet, the

lowly-minded Christian more than anything else. I first remember to have seen her in the summer of 1800, when she came with my Uncle and Aunt Granville to my Father's house after the terrible blow of the death of John Granville. My dear Aunt Fanny was very young then—her sister Louisa, and her cousin Nanny Dewes, were also there that summer. Now all are gone before, and have met, not to part again. The death of Mrs. Stratton * moved me much, but she has been taken in a ripe age, and was spared the *sharpness of death*, as it would seem, in a high degree. She was some years older than your dear Mother! the last survivor of that generation in our family, of which my dearest Mother was the eldest.

"Should circumstances arise to show me the *path* of *duty* as leading to England, I shall hope to see you, and dear Lady Jane and Mr. Ram, and my young friends now grown up. But as far as feeling goes, my disinclination is great to leaving this home, endeared by the saddest of recollections, because the last."

On his death-bed, Bunsen had committed a solemn charge to his wife—"Write yourself the history of our common life. You can do it: you have it in your power;—only be not mistrustful of yourself." Thus in the first winter of her widowhood, Baroness Bunsen began, at Bonn, that work, which was at once the labour and the comfort of the next few years. Those who have read the result will feel that the great

* Anne Dewes (see Chap. II.) married G. F. Stratton, Esq., of Tew Park.

power of Baron Bunsen's Memoirs consists in the entire sympathy between the pen and the subject. The one object of the writer was, as she wrote to Mrs. Lane, "to give the picture of a mind which, from its earliest development, looked to God *in* Christ, and *through* Christ, and from the first to the last step of progress, seemed to utter those words of Isaiah, which were placed upon his tomb—'Let us walk in the light of the Eternal.'"

In the task which she undertook, the Baroness Bunsen worked alone. She neither applied for or accepted the help of literary friends. Whatever they would have said or written, could only have been incongruous and crude patchwork. When the work was completed, her son George was asked to give it a final revisal: but though he was permitted to strike out, where he saw need, no hand but that of the wife, who alone knew the source of every word and deed, was permitted to add. "As to a real and full statement" of her husband's course of action, the Baroness Bunsen felt it "to be the part of the work of a future historian, who might be authorised to study through the archives at Berlin, at Rome, and in London."

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"*Bonn, Feb.*, 1861.—It seems an age since the year began! The *leaden foot* of Time I never felt before in my life as now. Yet is the misery of the past! if one could but learn to dwell on the fact—

'quando mostrai di chiuder, gli occhi apersi!'"

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY ISABEL.

"*Bonn*, 8 *Feb.*, 1861.—You ask as to the occupation of our day, so I will try after a representation, though I feel as if the spending of our time must be a very impalpable matter, as I seem to myself to be busy all day, and yet to have done mighty little at the end of it. We are all up at half-past six, not earlier, because it does not suit my eyes to employ them by candlelight the first thing: so, being dressed soon after seven, I wrap up and go down into the garden, to see the sun rise, which has so often of late been a clear and glorious sight from the garden pavilion. Then we return to the house, met at the door by poor Matilda, and we sing a hymn accompanied on the organ, read a chapter, and conclude with a short prayer of Luther's and the Lord's Prayer, with the servants. At eight o'clock we breakfast, and after that each settles to writing—Frances to her translation; I to my endeavours after Memoirs of my dearest husband; Matilda to the multifarious occupations of her pen—who shall count them? At ten, Emma comes down with her work, to listen with all of us to the reading aloud of Milman's Latin Christianity, by Matilda; during which we all work. After the reading is over, from 11 to 1 o'clock (when we dine) there is generally independent occupation, writing or reading, or going out to walk. After dinner, a drive is most usual: to-day I was with Emma at Burg Rheindorf once again. I had not been there since the beginning of October, when I drove there with *him*, who is no more here! I remember the day as though it were yesterday: sad it was, and his sky overcast: but he talked kindly to poor H., whom

George was then trying to draw into healthy activity by making him attend to agriculture.

'The scenes, but not the hopes, of yesterday!'
The scenes, but not the life, of yesterday!

Thus for ever do I feel moved to vary the line of Lord Byron, which reminds one so poignantly how the outward world, pieces of still life, unsympathising nature, will remain the same, while that which gave to all life and interest is gone irretrievably. But to return to the day's occupations. I generally return from the drive greatly tired, I know not why! but I am not equal to much exercise now—I could walk longer in the time of the snow and ice and felt-shoes. So I take a book and lie down on the sofa, and read till sleep seizes me. After a nap, coffee; then I write letters till tea, and then Matilda reads aloud, which sometimes she does before tea. Tea at 7, and soon after 8 Emma and George come down, and we talk, and when there is something in the Cölner-Zeitung, Frances reads it. I should not forget to say that dear George's running in for minutes, often and often in the day, is a continual refreshment.

"How deeply did I feel with you the mournful pilgrimage you made to the cemetery! and how did I join in the final reflection, that the lovely treasure of your heart was not *there*, had nothing to do with that spot, where nature's decay obliged you to deposit the poor remains of the outward receptacle, once so teeming with life and loveliness. O! nothing is more true, than that we only approach towards a state of consolation in proportion as we cling to Christ, not as a name, but as a reality. He receives little children, cherishes little children—realises to

them the blessing He pronounced upon those whom He took in His arms when visible on earth:—and your little angel is sharing that blessing."

To her SON HENRY.

"5 *March*, 1861.—Most deeply affecting were the multitudes of proofs of affection I received on my birthday from my precious children, with many kind letters from friends, including one from Meyer, who told me that the excellent friend Rhebeniz is gone to his rest and to his proper home, having attained my age, that of 70 years.

"My dearest Henry, Memory was, as you will well believe, only too busy yesterday: and the best resolutions and best efforts could not keep off tears; sad, useless, harmful things! With all that fulness of life has passed away from us!—and with all the details of the last wretched period unceasingly *rolling out* and *beginning over again* before my mind's eye, there is no help but the dwelling on early years, forty years or more since: wishing as one must, that of the few survivors of that period, more had possessed the gift of remembering and recording."

To her SON CHARLES.

"*Bonn*, 9 *March*, 1861.—The truth, that those we love are 'taken away from the evil to come,' has been strongly evinced to me in the case of the deaths of more persons than one: and now, as to your dearest Father, we see already what the intense spirit of bigotry is, from the effects of which I had long anticipated his suffering more than he had calculated upon, when he printed and published his opinions and arguments with such exemplary

openness and moral courage: and though the herd that now kick against his grave, would have used more courtesy to his living presence, still the consciousness of their irreconcilable enmity would have bitterly pained that affectionate heart of his, if he had lived long enough to experience more of its reality and intenseness than was known to him. My obligation to, and value for, M. de Pressensé, is ever more enhanced by experiencing what others are. But he who has pained me most is Maurice. What has he written?—a justification of those who dislike your Father's works—a comment upon the Bible-work, showing that he has *not read it*, and is not aware of what it is: a self-defence against any remote suspicion that he, Mr. Maurice, might belong to the partizans of Bunsen: and as to Bunsen himself, a minimum of words, a minimum of feeling."

To her SON HENRY.

"*Good Friday*, 29 *March*, 1861.—This is the first of your birthdays that cannot receive the freshly-uttered blessing of your Father! Alas! it is hard to learn the lesson of living without that fresh utterance, although the blessing of such a Father has not ended with his life. And besides that, his spirit still lives and acts upon us in his writings, in his well-remembered words.

"I have been reading (every morning early a little bit) the first volume of 'Christianity and Mankind:' and again have wondered at the power and lucidity with which the picture is drawn, and the conviction which it carries with it—to my feelings. I feel impatient for its becoming useful to his German contemporaries and still more to his juniors. And how indescribably useful might it be at this time, when

numerous bands of German Catholics are believed to be on the eve of a degree of resistance to the higher clergy—who with the Papal power at their head, in all countries tyrannise the working clergy. I am assured, that the resistance to Concordats, in Baden, in Austria, in Darmstadt, is quietly carried on by Catholics—the Protestants being everywhere too feeble a body, from their own divisions, and the absence of steadiness and perseverance, to carry any such measure through. What a legacy is left to us, and all Christian souls, in the devotions for Passion Week, and in particular for this blessed day! This time is the very first, since they were compiled by *him*, that I and those at home have been compelled to use them without him! without his actual participation. Yet on no occasion could one better bear the recollection of bereavement:—the whole service bids one long and strive after that consummation which *he* has attained—

'Hat er doch, wonach wir uns erst sehnen,'

and one is raised above clouds and tears, into the deep serene.

"My dear Henry, often this week have I exchanged in thought with you the touching greeting and response—'The Lord be with you'—'And with thy spirit.'"

"*Bonn, Trinity Sunday*, 25 *May*, 1861.—My dear Henry, how it has affected me to find *you* grasping after that past, which is gone for ever, just as I do! O, I cannot yet get weaned from craving remembrance! I cannot learn to dwell upon the fact of actual blessedness—of the calm and quiet place, unseen, unknown, but real—where the light of God's countenance ever shineth—where 'anguish and dread

and fear and sorrow and pain' cannot enter. The words are ready enough—the mind's assent undoubting—but 'Trocknet nicht,—trocknet nicht,—Thränen der ewigen Liebe'—is the groan of the heart. You will say that I have an ill-disposed memory, for a verse of Lamartine's, which I have known for these twenty years, will haunt me in spite of protest—

> '—et on me laissa seul—à souffrir en silence
> *L'heure sans fin* de l'éternelle absence.'

You need not tell me that the line is impious—because faith in the moral qualities of God tells us that love will find love again in its own individuality: not that Scripture promises it, but it is in the nature and reason of things. But that line expresses a fact—the being *moored to a point—fixed at a fact, a moment*—that of the death which changed the whole frame of existence; and the being amazed at the flight of time, the change of seasons and circumstances."

To her DAUGHTER THEODORA.

"29 *May*, 1861.—I wish you could see the statue of Hippolytus,* which is placed in the Garten-Saal, to my hourly gratification. It is grand, beautiful, and majestic, beyond what my memory had retained of the original. I wish the King could know how I enjoy his gift.

"My precious Theodora, how I love you! and how the visions of you and yours ever float before my mind!"

* A cast from the statue at the Lateran, the gift of the King of Prussia—which arrived at Bonn too late to gladden the eyes of him to whom it was sent. It was afterwards given by the Baroness Bunsen to the Museum at Bonn.

To her SON CHARLES (at Turin).

"14 *June*, 1861.—Much have I thought of you, and grieved with you and with numbers, over the greatest loss that could have befallen a great and good cause.* May the Italians collectively and individually feel that they are called upon to issue forth from tutelage, and be that to themselves which Cavour has been to them—in firm array against enemies, and on their guard against false friends. I must hope that Italian independence has not been brought through so many dangers, to sink into nothing because of the loss of one great man—even though so great a one."

In June the Baroness Bunsen paid a visit to her children Ernest and Elizabeth, who were then staying at Kreuznach, with great enjoyment "of their extreme kindness and the luxury of country air." At this time her chief interest was in the different articles which had appeared in memory of Bunsen, those which satisfied her most being from the hand of Pressensé and from that of her ever son-like friend Heinrich Abeken, the latter especially being "so comprehensive, of such intensity of meaning, of warmth of feeling without sentimentalising, of fulness without diffusion."

In August the mother's heart was gladdened by being able to receive her daughter Theodora and her children on a lengthened visit, in which the close tie

* Count Cavour died June 6, 1861.

that had always existed between them, was yet more closely drawn by abounding sympathy in every feeling. Especially did the Baroness Bunsen appreciate the interest of this beloved daughter in all she read—an interest, which, since the loss of Bunsen, she had especially felt the want of.

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

"*Bonn*, 5 *August*, 1861.—To write to you on the anniversary of your wedding seems very natural! but all such congratulation is mixed with sadness now, that he does not join, who ever felt so strongly and thankfully the blessings attending your being brought into our family, and our being brought into closer connexion with yours. My heart thanks you, and thanks God, dear Elizabeth, for all that you have been to all of us these 15 years. You lamented lately the non-occupation of your rooms, and therefore will the more like to hear that Theodora is coming to me at once, to stay till her new abode at Carlsruhe* is ready. Few things, if any, could give me more pleasure! the more retired my life is and will be from the common world, the more I want to be fully surrounded by those nearest and dearest.

"Queen Victoria sent me a very kind message through Count Goltz, that she was sorry not to have had time to come and see me, that she was 'voll Erinnerung'—and she gave Goltz a charge *twice*, to be sure to give me the message."

* Baron Sternberg had just been appointed to the post he still holds of Private Secretary to the Grand Duke of Baden.

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Bonn*, 1 *Oct.*, 1861.—My own son George, perhaps you are thinking, in your kindness, that your presence here would help me through the peculiar shadow of death that from an early date in October, extends over this and the following month. Let me entreat you not to dwell on any such idea, for I believe it would be best for both of us not to mark to each other the consciousness of each miserable anniversary, such as are now coming upon us so thickly. These are of the number of those moments of anguish, which one bears all the better for being compelled to silence: I know well that it does no good, or the very questionable good of a burst of emotion, to give voice to remembrance at such times. And to you least of all ought I to speak of *this* day or *the other* day twelvemonth, believing as I do that no one perhaps as much as yourself felt up to my own pitch, as to the intensity of the woe we *had* and *have* to bear, or the immensity of the loss we have been and are called upon to endure."

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"*Bonn*, 5 *Oct.*, 1861.—We actually made the effort the last day of September, to go up the Drachenfels, and the expedition answered most delightfully. Rosa and Dora were put together on a donkey, Theodora on another, and Frances on a third, and all enjoyed the ride. I walked up by Matilda's wheel-chair, which was pushed by Jacob, with help of a man on the spot. We dined at the top, and came down and back to Bonn by steamer as we had gone."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY LOUISA.

"*Bonn*, 27 *Oct.*, 1861.—On the 21st my Theodora left us, to go and arrange her future home at Carlsruhe! it has been a happy time, and a long time, that she has passed with us, ever since the middle of August—but the length of the visit only is perceived on reflection, whereas the loss of her ever-delightful company is matter of constant feeling. The dear children are still with us and will only be sent after her, when she has got the house really ready."

To her DAUGHTER THEODORA.

"8 *Nov.*, 1861.—I must write a word to accompany your precious children—please God they may be restored to you in safety!

"My own Theodora, I shall not trust myself to say any of the many things I feel about this parting, solemn as partings always are, after one has been long together, and when one does not know, cannot even give a guess, when and how we are to meet again! My hopes and prayers for each and all, I keep to myself in silence." *

To her SON HENRY.

"*Bonn*, 26 *Nov.*, 1861.—I wish to be the first to tell you that I am coming to England, please God!—The sea-coast in the winter is to me an ideal enjoyment, by which I mean, *completely* the thing I like: and I am not afraid but that we shall have a quiet and yet cheerful time at Hastings and St. Leonard's. Further progress must be a matter of consideration in the spring. When I consider

* Madame de Bunsen never saw this beloved daughter again.

all things, the result is that a *home*, a *chez-moi*, is the only place in which I can make a stay: in other places I can only remain for a short time—for I have not spirit or inclination for encountering many people or novelties in life—the question ever recurs, why?—of *what use* is it? My work and business seems to me reduced to this, to make my two remaining children, Frances and Matilda,* a home, and as happy a one as may be. . . . . Further, my work is (and I pray daily to be helped to fulfil it), to put together all the materials that may be found, for a humble monument to show the world in some degree what it once possessed in such a man, as I was privileged to know better than any one else:—and it is very painful to me, that spite of steadfast desire, I yet proceed so slowly in this labour of love—which labour more especially demands the undisturbed quiet and independence of a home.

"This day is, as the *week* day, the anniversary of that on which *he* entered into rest. How I pray for a clearer perception of what it means, to be with Christ, as He has promised! to expand in the light of God's countenance—where the soul which craved knowledge, shall be satisfied, even in the knowledge of God!—its longings relieved in fulness of good, no craving void remaining."

* Emilia de Bunsen was at that time living with the Princess of Wied.

CHAPTER VI.

CARLSRUHE.

"Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

"Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all."

BONAR.

AFTER nine years' absence from England, the Baroness Bunsen arrived at St. Leonards, with her daughters Frances and Matilda, on that mournful day which far and long will be looked back upon as one of sadness—which saw the death of Prince Albert. She rejoiced in escaping the severities of the German winter, and in returning to the country of her youth, which contained the homes of three of her children, and she found great satisfaction in the leisure which the quiet life at St. Leonards afforded for her work of extracting from Bunsen's letters, and connecting them with such particulars as she could give, and she alone.

So happy, so peaceful, were the months at St. Leonards, that many of Madame de Bunsen's English friends were beginning to entertain the hope that she would ultimately make it her home, when a sorrow as unexpected as it was terrible—the most heart-rending she could still receive, recalled her to Germany, and eventually seemed to indicate a path of duty and labour, upon which she entered with unshrinking courage, and which truly brought with it its own reward, in the atmosphere of young, grateful and loving influences by which her old age was surrounded.

On the 9th March, 1862, Theodora, Baroness von Ungern Sternberg, gave birth at Carlsruhe to her youngest daughter: on the 26th she was taken away from her devoted husband and the care and love of her five children. Her sister Emilia, who was in Germany, was summoned, but too late to find her alive: her sister Frances set out from St. Leonards on receiving the intelligence of her danger, but was met at Bonn by the news of her death. The Baroness Bunsen only lingered to visit her daughter Mary Harford, who was recovering from an illness—"the only thing she yearned to do, was to look after the sweet children of Theodora, and to enable Frances and Emilia to settle them into their new plan of life."

At first the Baroness Bunsen merely contemplated a temporary residence near her son-in-law at Carlsruhe, but the care of his motherless children became soon the engrossing solicitude of her life, and of the lives of her

two eldest daughters. "Neither Frances nor I," she wrote to her son George, "could live elsewhere than at Carlsruhe, under the consciousness that the precious orphans were left without maternal love and superintendence: and to be able to give them *that* is a comfort counterbalancing every discomfort."

The departure from, and the ultimate sale of her house at Bonn, cost little sorrow to the Baroness Bunsen. That house had seen no happy days as her other homes had: all its associations were those of darkness and anguish. Bonn itself had proved without attractions to her, and would probably have been full of disappointment to Bunsen had he lived. "Even were I set free from duty here," she wrote after some time from Carlsruhe, "my inclination would not lead towards Bonn. My ideal of life, in fancy for the future, would be the winter on the English coast, and the summer in some part of the Schwarzwald. I honestly tried to make the best of Bonn while I staid, but the place contains no *Lebensluft* for me, either in the moral or physical atmosphere."

Thus, after a time, a sale took place of most of the pictures and other treasures remaining at Bonn—not included in the "collections" of which Bunsen had desired that they should "not be scattered," and which were removed to the residence of George de Bunsen at Berlin, being the only one of his sons then living in Germany.

With the small remainder of her diminished pos-

sessions, the Baroness Bunsen settled with her daughters in the same house in which her son-in-law Baron von Ungern-Sternberg lived, and undertook the care of his five children—Rosa, Dora, Marie, Reinhold, and Aga. Many of her friends expressed their sympathy that her life, hitherto so full of outward interests, should be immersed in that of a German town, which could offer little or nothing of intellectual companionship. But though, in after years, Madame de Bunsen enjoyed short visits to Berlin, Munich, and even to Florence—"glimpses of a world of intelligence, though a continuous wilderness of boughs," yet she always returned with satisfaction to her home life in the quiet two-storied house of the Waldhorn-Strasse at Carlsruhe, rejoicing in the simple pleasures which she found through each changing season, in the gardens and woods of the neighbouring palace, and meeting with grateful affection the touching and unfailing kindness which she received from the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden. The appointment of Mr. Baillie as English Chargé d'Affairs at Carlsruhe was a great pleasure, and his society and that of Lady Frances Baillie an unfailing resource. Each summer too brought with it a succession of visits from those of her children who had no share in her home; and many old friends from England, Germany, and Italy, lingered to see her on their way to Switzerland, or came on purpose to visit her. A more constant companion was Miss Price, with whom Frances and Matilda de Bunsen had formed

a close intimacy at St. Leonards, and who, having at that time no especial tie to England, followed her friends to Carlsruhe and to their summer residences in Switzerland or the Black Forest, and was always helpful and sympathising, a favourite with old and young. "Never think of my being dull at Carlsruhe," wrote Madame de Bunsen, "it is a word obnoxious to me, and I can annex no meaning to it. When with those one loves, one may be sorrowful, anxious, low—what not? but to be *dull* is only possible when one is forcibly prevented from active exercise of mind and faculties when *des ennuyeux vous ennuient.* In a natural and wholesome condition, one cannot be 'dull.'"

BARONESS BUNSEN *to her* DAUGHTER-IN-LAW EMMA.

"*St. Leonards,* 20 *Dec.*, 1861.—I wish you could see how we all enjoy ourselves here—Matilda walking out, like other people, or more than most: exulting and expanding in her independence. . . . . For myself, I am as in a dream, and 'my heart loups sae light, I scarce ken't for my ain.' Finding dear Mrs. Rich and Lady Inglis here, has been a most true gratification: and many an old acquaintance starts up, who though recalling those that lived in former scenes and now live no longer, yet bid me remember to be thankful that so many kind hearts preserve their goodwill towards me, and hallow the memory most dear to me. Dear Mrs. Augustus Hare and her adopted son live three miles off, and lend us whatever they have."

To her DAUGHTER THEODORA.

"108, *Marina, St. Leonards, Christmas Eve,* 1861.—My

darling Theodora, if thoughts had but wings and voices, how much would you have heard from me already!—Your feelings will have met mine, when they found that the day on which I was rejoicing on the safe accomplishment of my journey, was that on which Prince Albert breathed his last!—and before a week had elapsed, was Count Pourtales called away! Such a group of friends and contemporaries have departed this life, just before, or shortly after your dearest Father, that one almost wonders at finding still so many left. When will Christmas be without gloom again?"

"108, *Marina, St. Leonards*, 29 *Dec.*, 1861.—These lines will reach my own dear Theodora on her birthday, and further certify what she will not doubt, that tender thoughts and affectionate wishes will from hence be fluttering towards her, unseen!

"I am glad you can fancy our whereabouts, for it is always the same St. Leonards that you remember, but much spread. We have driven to see Mrs. Augustus Hare and Augustus: I had a very home-feeling in seeing the little Sussex-hills, the whole country like *waves*, as you remember, with deep narrow dells—and the hedge-rows promise me the sight of primroses in the spring. But the great treat of all is the sight of evergreens and flowering laurustinus. Mrs. Hare's garden is very pretty—abundance of holly, arbutus, acuba, ilex, besides *Nadelholz:* and the ground is so made the most of, that in a small space there seems to be everything, and yet nice open lawns. The house is filled with the furniture from Lime, and you may suppose I recognised as old acquaintance pictures which used to hang there. The Archdeacon has left Mrs. Hare

the marble head of the Saviour by Kessels, and the bust of your dearest Father stands in her dining-room."

To her SON HENRY.

"*St. Leonards*, 1 *Jan.*, 1862.—The outward stillness of this weighty passage from one year to another, is great—the waves are scarcely heard on the smooth shore. . . . . Our life is most calm and undisturbed, Frances and Matilda have found out some sick and poor to visit: many people, full of old recollections, have called upon me, and I enjoy the sea air and the wonderful amount of sunshine, and am steadily at work."

To her SON GEORGE.

"25 *Jan.*, 1862.—Last week was marked by the great interest of seeing Miss Marsh, and a most striking person she is. I should say great *powers* and great *benevolence* are the qualities that most speak out of the entire person. A voice of great capability, and the most perfect modulation and enunciation, make one feel that she might address hundreds, and not a syllable would be lost, and the demeanour demonstrates that she *would* address hundreds, without the slightest of those 'compunctious visitings of nature' to which other women would be liable. On enquiring as to her occupations in her new home (no longer Beckenham) she told me that, instead of *navvies*, she had now most to do with mill-workmen—from paper mills and others, four in number, employing many hands. She had by degrees got them to hear her read the Bible, explain and urge upon them its meaning, during some months; then, when the Derby-day approached, she took courage to endeavour to

keep them away from that scene of vice and temptation, worse in its consequences by far to the lower ranks than the higher, and never did anything seem so hard to her, that holiday being looked to so eagerly. She told them she would not dilate on the evil encountered in that day of jollity, *they* must know *that* better than she did, &c.—she could only invite them herself, and would contrive all she could to make the time pass agreeably. She described the effect of the *blank* looks as most depressing—*but* the end was, that from one mill employing above 100, all came but two, and from another rather more numerous collection, all came but four. She had leave to make use of the fine park of a neighbour, and contrived a cricket-match, and of course a suitable supper, and succeeded so well in making them happy and satisfied, that many declared 'this to be much better than the Derby, and that they would go thither no more.' Sometime after, a Deputation came to express the hope that Miss Marsh would *return the visit*, and honour the party at the mill, where the master allowed the men to make use of the large working-hall. She accepted, and on her arrival, found the usually comfort-less-looking place *transfigured* by means of green branches, which covered walls and ceiling, in which the men had tied up oranges and lemons, and over the seat which she was requested to take, the words 'Welcome Guest' in large letters. She was requested to accept a small writing-desk which the men had clubbed to purchase.

"An anecdote (in proof of what she always asserts, that stinginess is not in the working-class, one must go higher to find it!) she told of an old man and his wife, very poor people. I know not how long or in what way she had

benefited them, but they felt deeply indebted, and one day the old woman brought a fat goose with urgent entreaty that the only thing she could give might be accepted. There was no help, the old woman declared that she could not bring back to her husband either the goose, or any sort of payment—he would be so angry. So Miss Marsh took the goose, and hazarded some time after, to offer a present, of clothes or whatever it might be: which had the effect of bringing, after a space of months, another fat goose upon her! Wherefore Miss Marsh has been brought to the necessity of causing anonymous gifts to be left at the old couple's door,—a sack of coals, and a sack of flour. The native highmindedness of this race of men—against which the greatest part of Europe entertains such bitter hatred—is a favourite contemplation of mine; and although I do not expect to see my feeling *shared*, I have great satisfaction in observing the clever French to be busied in trying to make out the causes why the English are what they are."

To MRS. BERRINGTON (sister of Lord Llanover).

"6 *March*, 1862.—I have been deeply affected by the spectacle of accumulated affliction in the house of the Princess of Wied, which my precious Emilia has been sharing and soothing—the lovely boy of ten years old, gifted as parents could wish, struggling with unheard of strength of mind and body against a life-long martyrdom, and at last mercifully released—clear in mind, longing for heaven, remembering all who had been kind to him on earth, never complaining, accepting all, as a mature Christian. His noble Mother is supported wonderfully, and the

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Father is mercifully preserved—though his life hangs on a thread, so that I trust the Princess will not be deprived of her earthly protector."

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"*St. Leonards, 7 March*, 1862.—Now let me tell my Emilia, that her old mother's birthday was calm and bright outwardly, and so greeted with affection, as to make it a happy, though a solemn day. Sorrow is now *there*, for life—but time takes out the freshness of the smart, and one learns to live with remembrance, sad and soothing. The sensation is very different to that which attended the day last year! that was the first, not greeted by *him* whose greeting was so fervid—the anniversary never became an old story with him.

"On the 4th we had a beautiful drive, the sun delicious and the air quite calm. We went to dear Mrs. Augustus Hare, and enjoyed her garden of evergreens and flowers of spring, though grieving with her over anticipated trial, the death of Mrs. Stanley, which took place early on the day after. Then Augustus showed us a wood full of nests of primroses, and we drove through the delightful Crowhurst Park, to its old church, in a spot so charming, that for the first time these many months, my fingers began to fidget to draw once again. A more perfect day I never had on this anniversary: it is like that of the first year at Cannes, when we drove to Napoule—that was the last of the joyous birthdays of my married life."

"15 *March*.—I have a letter from Amélie v. Ungern Sternberg, with accounts of darling Theodora, which are all favourable."

To her SISTER, LADY LLANOVER.

"*St. Leonards, Thursday*, 27 *March*, 1862.—Yesterday a telegram announced 'Theodora worse—in danger—not without hope—begs Frances to come.'

"Frances set out to Dover at 6, accompanied by Frau Köhler, would cross over last night, and may reach Carlsruhe by noon to-morrow. O! I dare not hope she will find Theodora alive. I can hear, perhaps on Sunday:—I wait that first account, and get ready to set out. Ernest will come, I am sure, to help me and Matilda to wind up and omit nothing here, and then I hasten home.

"In no case could I do otherwise. I must be near the precious being if her life is granted; and still more if she is taken away, that I and Frances may take care of the darling children.

"Last night came a second telegram—'Theodora no better, little hope.'

"My dear Augusta, no loss *yet possible* could be harder to me than this! O! that child from infancy, through every portion of her life, has been such a blessing, such a source of satisfaction!

"I feel struck down!"

To her DAUGHTER FRANCES (after another telegram).

"30 *March*, 1862.—O! my Frances! how shall I write? it is as if words would not come to utter any part of what I feel. This overshadowing will be for our lives—worst for those who have longest to live. . . O! that you may make out for me a history of those last days—lift up that veil, and let me dwell upon her image while she yet breathed. Her face, her figure are always before my

mind's eye. O! shall one ever get used to the thought that we have her no longer!—They have met! they have met!"

To her Son George.

"*Stoke*, 5 *April*, 1862.—Truly do I thank you for your letter received yesterday! The crude realities of the prospect before me had been made evident before, but many things you have said soften down their asperities, and make them look *manageable:* in short, go on towards the realising of what my first feeling presented, when first I was informed that August earnestly desired my coming—that if once enabled to give myself and all I can do and be, for my Theodora's orphans, all common-place difficulties would be got over. God would help, as ever.

"My own George! how have I not reckoned upon living in your daily society! Yet does it seem as if my home for life's remainder were to be elsewhere than where you abide. I must accept whatever is made clear to me as the right path, but it is very soothing to know that my dearest George wished for our reunion as much as myself."

To her Son Henry.

"*Carlsruhe*, 19 *April*, 1862.—I feel to-day as if to write to you were possible, and yet when the pen is in my hand, utterance seems choked. There is little to tell, but worlds to feel; and all the abundance of feeling tends but to one result—'it is the Lord, and He has done as seemed him good:' and the more we look at attendant circumstances, the more we shall see that *mercy*, even to me the sufferer, and mercy alone, was in this dispensation.

"Our treasure was 'waning to the tomb' during the whole of the last twelvemonth, in which twelvemonth a kind Providence allowed me so large a share of her dear presence, as it were that I might satisfy myself that she had not strength for her heavy task in life, of first bringing into the world, then tending and training so large a family of children. She was to meet her death alone with her God, having peace and joy in Him, untroubled certainty of salvation through her Saviour. The belief that *God would care for them* prevented the utterance of her habitual anxiety about her children. . . My dearest Henry, here I must remain—these children must be looked after, especially the little infant of sorrow. The three days' glimpse of *home*, and of George and Emma, made me feel that I sacrifice much: but now that I am here, I am only thankful at any price to be of use to my Theodora's darlings."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW EMMA (at Bonn).

"21 *April*, 1862.—I wish I could adequately acknowledge all the proofs of affectionate sympathy you have given me, but indeed they are all deeply felt:—and it is truly one of the things hardest to bear in the new and awful dispensation, that I and mine should thus be parted from you and George and your dear children, just when it seemed as if we might look to living with you more than ever intimately. But I have the comfort of knowing that you both look at things as I do, and feel with me, that none of the *undesirable* circumstances of present condition and plans can be considered as a sacrifice, when weighed against the deep satisfaction of being of use to my angel Theodora's orphans!

"Dear Emma, *what* it is to live among the memorials of her, so unutterably prized, so suddenly taken away, so *unersetzlich*—you will understand. Not a piece of still life, but what was never seen before without her! not a piece of furniture, but what *she* placed, as it were yesterday! Common life *will* roll on, as if all had not changed since that yesterday!—and *she* appears not, and her sweet voice is heard no more—and worse than all records, her lovely children go about motherless, with fresh impressions of their mother's life and love, uttering her name from time to time—repeating words and songs learnt from her."

To Miss C. Williams Wynn.

"*Carlsruhe*, 10 *May*, 1862.—I feel sure you will like to hear from myself, that the total change and most unlooked for turn in my way of life answers to me, and is satisfactory, in a degree and to an extent uncalculated upon, inasmuch as the dwelling-place upon which the new storm in life has thrown me, is without comparison more to my taste than that which seemed unavoidably my home. I have actual and not merely comparative pleasure in being at Carlsruhe, on account of fresh air and cleanliness, in contradistinction to the abominations of Bonn, and more particularly from being near enough to the Palace Gardens for the constant enjoyment of high trees and quiet walks and sitting out in sun or shade: and as by favour we have the key of a reserved and private portion of them, we have it in our power always to avoid a crowd. I cannot fancy in any place having more pleasure in the incomparably fine season, than I have had here: and as yet there has been no such heat as to inconvenience us.

"When the crushing intelligence came, that the peculiar delight of my heart, my Theodora, was taken away, I had but one wish, to make out *how* I could be near her children —do *for her*, some part of the work of love from which she had been cut off: and when once I knew that my poor son-in-law would be glad to have my help, to *be* here, and to *stay* here, became the only thing I could desire: and circumstances have favoured my making a possible provisional arrangement. I could not give up my daughters even for my orphan grandchildren! and we are all three lodged in my son-in-law's house, until another apartment, under the same roof, which I have engaged to take, can be prepared for us. You will well understand, that *without* Frances I could do little or nothing. In the prime of life, I *have* scrambled through the incessant worry of thinking and doing, required for the care of a whole set of young children; but at my present age, uncommon as my health and strength are, such an attempt would be a failure. But Frances shows herself, as she ever has done, equal to the contingency—and though ever busy from morning till night, having no leisure, and hardly any remission from quick-succeeding cares, I have the comfort of knowing that for love of Theodora she does all gladly. The thing that goes hard with me, is the loss of our near neighbourhood to my dear George!—but in that respect it is a relief to me to have to rejoice in his election as a member of the Lower Chamber, which is very gratifying to himself, and will of course cause an absence from home of some duration. . . . . The five dear children are quite well, God be thanked!—and the comfort of feeling *able to prevent* their wanting anything, either love or care, is the *one* comfort to enable

us to bear the habitual consciousness of the void never to be filled."

To her SON GEORGE.

"13 *May*, 1862.—I have been continually thinking of you, not only in reference to your election, but in reading the article of the Revue des Deux Mondes, for the month of March last, which I do earnestly hope you may read. It seems the Belgians have had a commission appointed to examine and report upon the English method of local administration—the County, the Borough, the Parish—and upon the report of this commission the article is a comment. I know not who Dupont-White is, but his work I think infinitely interesting: he displays a remarkable subject, as matter of contemplation and instruction, clearly admitting it incapable of imitation: and why?—because in England the aristocracy *stands well* with the nation—is trusted, is not only strong in rank and position, but in *opinion*, as having deserved well, as having had a hand, considerably, in building up the edifice of national power and well-being, and marking as facts, that the French aristocracy has fallen irrevocably—has no place, and can never acquire one. Now I want Germans to read what is here said, and reflect upon it. Perhaps, though France can never attain to anything better than 'l'Egalité'—all other countries may not have entirely lost the golden occasion of constituting a *nation* in its completeness."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY LOUISA.

"22 *May*, 1862.—My dear Theodore arrived yesterday. . . . . Singular was the moment of his entrance—marking

the mixture in things of this life. Reinhold was on Frances's lap before the pianoforte, she holding his fingers to make them play a merry tune—to which the three sisters were dancing round the room in highest glee and noise, Sternberg and I looking on—when *two* doors opened together, and Eva at one, Jacob at the other, called out, 'Herr Theodor!' He came back after two years' absence, to find two of the dearest lives cut off—and it was mirth and not gloom that he burst in upon! But on such young life as we have before us, affliction cannot rest: and for the more ripened lives it is good to be brought forcibly into the atmosphere of children."

To her SON GEORGE.

"29 *May*, 1862.—What a world of things I could wish to utter! In the first place, I wish to tell you *thoroughly* what the satisfaction is to me, of being enabled to follow you through all the inexpressibly exciting scenes, that you have so wonderfully given account of. If I could but tell you what it is to me to have *data*, and such data, for thoughts to work upon, instead of striving with feeble and insecure fancy to follow you into regions unknown. Might but some influence work to bring in a degree the *attraction of cohesion* into your assembly! Will people never learn the wisdom of Charles Fox's maxim, that the sense of a *party* is to give up *something* to your friends, in order not to be obliged to *yield much* to your adversaries. What should such mere fractions effect alone? '*Fear*, and a *snare*, are in their ways—and the way of peace they have not known.' I am provoked with Professor D. for having so far imbibed the court atmosphere as to talk of hating

Democracy. That is so cheap and easy *now* that the actual thing has sunk into such discredit in the world, that the very Americans must soon give it up as a bad job, and follow the first despot that can manage them. It is so unworthy of men of principle to call names and join in a cry, wilfully confounding what they know to be distinct.

"Your purpose of waiting and not being in a hurry to speak, I entirely approved: but never doubted that it would in time give way to a suitable opportunity; and nobody that *can* speak a word in season should refrain from doing so—for if the quantity of *latent* earnestness, no doubt existing in minds, could be condensed, steeled, into clear purpose, it *might be* brought to bear upon the powers of evil.

"How I wish people would study those parts of history that might do them good! The newly-found documents, made use of by Forster in the 'History of the Great Remonstrance in 1642,' place in clearer light than before the grand characters and consistent conduct of Pym and Hampden,—to whose names we ought to add Cromwell, who is devoutly believed to have worked sincerely for the establishment of *free* government, and only to have been under the compulsion of consequences his own acts had helped forward, when he quashed the deliberative Assembly which he had endeavoured in vain to manage. My own George, all this is nothing to the purpose, but I love to talk on when I have a hearing, knowing that you care for these things as I do."

To her SON THEODORE.

"29 *June*, 1862.—I have procured the two Tauchnitz volumes, answering to the additional portion just come out

of Carlyle's 'Life of Frederick II.'—and am reading the beginning of his actual reign with accustomed interest, although Carlyle taxes one's patience to still greater amount than ever, by wilful chatteration with the pen, at unmeasured length—as though time stands still while he spreads out his grains of sand innumerable—each severally insignificant, but which, on his system, are to present the truth and reality of events and characters at last."

To her SON GEORGE.

"9 *July*, 1862.—I am reading Carlyle's 'Frederick II.' O for the spirit of the great man, who knew what he had to do, and did it! The days of great men are gone by, and one might be satisfied to see their several offices *put in commission*, if the nations would also *perceive* what they have to do, and *do it* with the force of unity. I have long been sure that the great difference between nations consists in having, or not having, the instinct of knowing *who the enemy is:* every nation, as every individual, may have various foes, as well as various besetting sins, but should beware of a mistake as to which is the really dangerous one. A new sign, to my mind, of the German want of consciousness on this point, I found in a newspaper account of one of the festivals of the Sing-Vereine, which rouse such a vast amount of enthusiasm. After all possible singing and toasting, two *tableaux* were given—'Deutschland wie es war, und es ist.' The first showed the Court of the Hohenstaufen, Frederic II. receiving an oriental embassy—all jewels, gold, and knightly splendour:—in the second, a party sit smoking, drinking, and singing, while foreigners pass and repass, buying up corn,

and wine, and arms, and ammunition from the 'gutmüthig Geniessenden.' This is just a picture of common opinion! Those foreigners steal not, but *pay* with their weight in cash, for the goods they receive—but they are reckoned *enemies*, by those who will not see that the real enemy is within their doors! 'On a tué les lièvres, et ce n'etaient pas les lièvres qui causaient le mal!—je ne dis pas que l'on aurait dû tuer plutôt les seigneurs!' The English of 1642 saw very clearly this enemy, under the guise of a time-honoured official capacity; and knew very well that all the hatred of the Spaniards, French, and Dutch, could do no harm compared to the home-foe, which hampered their freedom of action.

"How I have been interested with Eckhart's discourse upon Fichte! and how old times were recalled to mind, when your dear Father used to tell me about Fichte. The Fichtefeier is one of the things that would have pleased him! Not many are now the occurrences of which one could say that."

To her Son Charles.

"19 *July*, 1862.—How I delight in your enjoyment of Felix Mendelssohn's letters! I read them just about a year ago, with my darling Theodora. Abeken had brought the book and lent it. Theodora expressed with unchecked animation her delight in the letters, forgetting that Abeken is always ready to give away whatever one happens to like! and accordingly he begged her to keep the book, and directly wrote her name in it:—and there it is, in her room, on her shelf—well read—leaves curled—and she is gone!

"My dear Charles, the continued association with her, of every piece of furniture—every ornament (but most of all with the books I gave her—her Father gave her—with the feeling that nobody had such an intense value for a book as she had)—I know not how one should bear the sense of privation ever renewed—but for the comfort of knowing that one is doing *her* work, as far as one can—one is carrying on her unfinished task—one is caring for her beloved—one is cherishing those portions of herself, of her life, of her love, of her intelligence, which remain in the five precious little ones—God be thanked that this consolation is possible.

"And indeed the children are an Augenweide to me."

To Mrs. Berrington.

"18, *Waldhorn Strasse, Carlsruhe*, 18 *July*, 1862.—In leaving my very good house at Bonn for a provisional arrangement here, I have nothing to regret in the change of place, as *this* furnishes infinitely more what is consonant to my inclinations. The Palace Gardens are my daily pleasure, and the having access to a real, original forest, is an indulgence little anticipated. The trees, with the gravel walks and seats, the sunshine and shade, are as much *mine* to enjoy as if I were the possessor: it is like having in Italy the villas all open to one!—and as in Italy, the common public is rarely attracted thither, except when a band plays, which is exceptional. It is an odd change, to go about in the total stillness of a place, where I know scarcely a human being, and see not an English traveller. I am regarded as excused from making visits, and therefore from receiving them, by the deep and double mourning:

but I have been received with all kindness by the Grand Duchess, who is most agreeable, and full of lively interest in all good things."

To Miss C. Williams Wynn.

"*Herrenalb, Würtemberg,* 30 *August,* 1862.—Our departure from Carlsruhe was long delayed by scarlet fever. . . . . How we enjoy being here all together at last, in this delicious atmosphere—mountain breezes, and exhalations of fir-woods—you will guess: and I hope the weather may allow us to remain till the end of September. This valley is beautiful—more open and more varied than Wildbad, but in the same style. How I love a forest! and to be near one is a pleasure reserved for my old age, which I value proportionally. I just had a taste of *real woods* near Berne, but these are finer.

"I consider a winter at Bonn infinitely preferable to a summer at Bonn! The winter is *honest,* and causes no disappointment: one knows that the spectacle of death, desolation, and ugliness, surrounds one:—whereas in the fine season one cannot help looking and longing for the beauty and charm which is not *there,* not *on the spot,* but must be sought at the cost of an excursion, if to be had at all."

To her Son Charles.

"*Herrenalb,* 23 *Sept.,* 1862.—Next month we shall be re-settling in rooms of our own at Carlsruhe. A curious variety in my much-varied tissue of existence, will this be, to be again arranging a dwelling of my own, and receiving

some of my own things, from the place where I supposed myself, *bon gré, mal gré,* fixed for the remainder of life.

"Many a touching scene of recognition will take place there, in the case of accustomed tables and chairs, &c. I attach myself by nature so much to the place and the things of regular use, that it must clearly be very good for me to be ever and again torn out of old habits, and called upon to form new ones."

To her SISTER, LADY LLANOVER.

"*Carlsruhe*, 13 *Oct.*, 1862.—I must speak of the ever increasing pleasure I have in my daily walks in the Palace-garden and forest, which have prompted a closer acquaintance with the trees, and I have pleased myself with sketching and shading bits of several varieties of oaks. The number of uncommon trees in these Palace-gardens, of great age and size, is very unusual, and it seems that the old Margrave of Baden, Charles Frederic (who formed Carlsruhe and took a piece of the forest for the gardens or rather groves) had a taste for introducing fine exotics at a time when few others thought of doing so—just a hundred years ago; having been at the expense of sending his head-gardener to travel and collect."

To MISS C. WILLIAMS WYNN.

"18, *Waldhorn Strasse, Carlsruhe,* 2 *Nov.*, 1862.—My staying on at Carlsruhe can hardly be deemed matter of choice. for I could not leave Theodora's children, unless a sort of moral compulsion were laid on me to do so: they are the solace of my life and of Frances's. My *presence*

makes it possible for her to do the work of the precious mother, lost to us, to the five motherless ones: it is *not I* who can do it—at my age one is no longer competent to go through the manifold business. I can only *love* the children, and enjoy the delicious sight of them. This season of the year is full of the most painful recollections —from the beginning of October there are anniversaries for ever recurring, of scenes *burnt into memory* by anguish; and now, this month, each day is a new date fixed in the mind by some racking contemplation. One ought not so to feel the suffering of the past over again, but I know not how to help it. The refreshment through all, is working through *his* letters—dwelling on the picture of the mind they present. I work daily, as much as my eyes can—hoping it will please God to continue sight to me, until I have done all that depends upon me to form a monument to his memory."

To her Son Henry.

"8 *Dec.*, 1862.—I am so glad when you tell me something of what goes on in the intellectual and spiritual world. The state of mind in the dignified members of the Church of England goes to my heart—Why will they draw on a 'swift destruction' of what is so good, what contains so much good, furthers so much good, as the Church Establishment? One has little comfort in looking round at so-called Christendom, *except* in beholding England: and this comfort will be ever less and less, if the heads of the body act so as to keep all young men of sincere minds *out of it*, and leave within it at last only the bullet-headed and the hypocrites. God help all countries! *Here*, Ultra-

Lutheranism is absolute among all who have anything of religion, the vast majority are mere Rationalists, basing themselves self-satisfied upon the 'excellence of human nature.' All are in various ways 'gefundenes Fressen' for the Church of Rome, and never can I wonder at conversions."

"7 *Jan.*, 1863.—In how many respects, do I seem to have drifted into an unaccustomed state of things! Not only individuals, but a condition of the Church, I seem to have outlived. It was a 'broad Church' into which I was born, and alas! it seems to be shrinking into a narrow one. May God see good to help! There is so much of good sheltered by the Church—it would be too grievous not to have that shelter preserved: and yet this increasing narrowness is so little in character with the spirit generally ruling the age, that one dreads destruction if improvement comes not soon.

"What should I write but thoughts? We are happy in *no events*—all well, children looking exquisitely, and improving in every way: and we are in the most delightful *incognito*, having scarcely anybody that we need trouble ourselves to visit or receive. We have all so much to do that the short day is far too short, even without social interruption. Our three little girls were asked to the *Bohnen Fest*—the 'Heilige drei Könige'—by the Grand Duchess, who presided herself, and with the Grand Duke joined in the games, and directed all the amusement.

"Think of the dear Queen's having sent me a copy of Prince Albert's speeches with the introduction that struck me so much when I read it in the *Times*—as containing passages that I think she will have written herself."

To her SON GEORGE.

"18 *Jan.*, 1863.—I have had to make an appearance at Court, which the great kindness of the Grand Duchess rendered unavoidable. She had condescended to enquire sometime since whether I could not come when she had a *very* small evening party—almost alone, and last week sent to invite me, with Emilia, when Count Fleming was to play on his violoncello, accompanied by Kallivoda. So thither did I go, and only wish I could be *anything* to the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess, or *do* anything for them, in return for the great kindness of their words and manner. I am much gratified by the Crown Princess's inquiry, and message of remembrance! When people remember me for your dear Father's sake, *I* being nothing to them, it does my heart good so particularly.

"How Emilia and I enjoy reading Forster on the 'Great Remonstrance.' We are only as yet in the long Introduction, most instructive to those who would know how the nation's independence has grown up—not like the gourd, in one summer's day, but through the storms and struggles of centuries—often sinned against, but never crushed, because never forgotten by the nation as its cherished property. Emilia has read to me the whole of Motley's two thick volumes, concluding with the destruction of the Armada—incomparably told—it keeps one as breathless as if one had not known the end. But, the utter meanness, the nothingness, of the admired, adored Elizabeth, is a curious matter of meditation. The loyalty of the time deified a sovereign as long as possible, and then she was a party-banner; but the good and great things of the time were not done by *her*, and she was in the way of good

and right continually. But how green and unripe the nation was! though so full of grand materials. The principle of *national cohesion* was not yet found, or was only beginning to act. They all waited dutifully for government orders: only *on sea* did they quite feel the right to do what Government neglected!"

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW EMMA.

"*Carlsruhe*, 23 *Jan.*, 1863.—I long to hear what anybody besides myself thinks of the character drawn of Prince Albert. I think it is so beautifully done—no panegyric,— it is as if the voice of the most intense love and admiration could alone do justice to the subject. George would remember Goethe's lines—

> 'Die Freundschaft ist gerecht—sie kann allein
> Den ganzen Umfang deines Werths erkennen.'"

To ABEKEN.

"*Carlsruhe*, 30 *Jan.*, 1863.—How I thank you for the quotation from Goethe! 'Das sanfte Wandeln deines Tags' has occurred to myself lately as describing my own habitual existence—in daily and thankful consciousness of health, of peace, of *undisturbedness*, of activity of thought and feeling, and intensity of highest interests. The drawback is, as ever and always, the not being equal to occasion, circumstance, opportunity—one's own shortcoming. Often have I thought and said, the happiness of a higher state must consist in *coming up to*, in *filling out*, the given sphere: 'no craving void left aching in the breast'—and no consciousness of leaving a void."

To Miss C. Williams Wynn.

"*Carlsruhe*, 11 *Feb.*, 1863.—Of my numerous entourage I have only good to report: this fine, mild winter has glided over us 'like the shadow of a dial'—and I rejoice with continual thankfulness in the circumstances of this tranquil, unwonted existence, into which by God's Providence I have *drifted* in a manner so unthought of, so unanticipated since I saw you last. That year 1861 was indeed a life 'among the tombs'—only grief and the sense of privation never to be compensated was there: the only reviving food of existence being the frequent presence of my Theodora and her children—who could stay with me for months, because of Sternberg's being called away by new duties to travel with the Grand Duke. In March, 1862, the blow fell, which took away from us all the chief interest of our lives—and at first it seemed as though Frances and I had nothing left to live for—and now, having come here, I can only stay, till a sign is given me to stay no longer. With the inhabitants of this place we have little to do, as the bee-hive character of our own interior brooks not incursions from without—and the habitual interest of watching this mass of young life, in *five* distinct varieties, occupies thought and keeps feeling from stagnation . . . .

". . . Matilda is well and moves on her feet beyond hope. She is in full activity of visiting the poor and working for poor children, and seeks and finds opportunities of urging the truths of Christianity in this spiritual desert, where between the direst Rationalism and Lutheran-Romanism, it is hard to say which is most unsatisfactory; and I wonder, as ever, that the Germans are such good

people as I find them, with but a *grain* here and there of vital Christianity to keep the mass from corruption!"

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"10 *March*, 1863.—I feel that an account of Baby's birthday is due to you. . . . Early in the morning the round table was set out with toys, and cake with two tapers, and flowers, but Baby breakfasted, and so did we, before she was brought down; and then she appeared, splendid and delighted, but had the good taste to prefer very much the *fact* of belonging to our good company, to the gifts intended for her! and a bit of paper was in her eyes worth all of them. A small red ball with an elastic thread, to be fastened to her; a doll running of itself on an invisible wheel (the idea must be taken from the 'Kunst Figur' in Gockel, Hinckel and Gackeleia); a bird in a cage, squeaking, &c., were much of the right sort, and duly delighted in by sisters and brother.

"Just before dinner came Deimling, and we were in full course of conversation, when a message came from Amélie that the Grand Duchess was coming herself, but we were all ready, and Baby dressed in the frock given by the Grand Duchess. She was as amiable and charming as you will imagine, and her kindness is perfect, because all is so natural and inartificial about her—persons of her rank too easily fall into exaggeration, meaning only to be good-natured, but she never overdoes her demonstration. Amélie unpacked a whole basket of gifts—a delicious hat for Baby; then a rolling doll, and a rolling rabbit; and a lithograph to be hung up, representing the Saviour as a boy, extending his arms; and a whole store of little stockings and

shoes. I had almost omitted mentioning a bouquet of the same unrivalled perfection as on my birthday, carried in the Grand Duchess's own hands."

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"26 *March*, 1863.—Frances has bitterly felt the death of dear Frau von Hahn: my feelings, perhaps, are blunted as to death—save in the case of those near and close, whose existence forms the very web of mine. Yet I really loved and liked her.

"It was on this day last year, that she whom we so loved, and blindly reckoned upon as part of habitual life was removed from us. . . . This morning we all went together with Rosa and Dora to place the wreaths which Elise had kindly sent. When we came to the spot, we saw that a beautiful wreath had been twined round the cross, which we cannot but suppose to have been sent by the Grand Duchess, and a garland was deposited in front of it, which we have since learned was brought by Amélie."

To a FRIEND, who doubted if he could endure the difficulties of his position.

"28 *March*, 1863.—Screw your courage to the sticking-place, and let life bring what it will, say to yourself, 'It shall not get the better of me!' To be brought into a contingency, depended not upon yourself: to get out of a contingency, depends not, or may not depend, upon yourself: but to be *master* of the crisis, and stand upright before it—that is your part—

> 'Breast the wave, Christian, where it is strongest!
> Look for day, Christian, when night is longest!'"

To her SON ERNEST.

"*Easter Morning*, 5 *April*, 1863.—As to truth itself, my own Ernest, every year, every Easter of my life, I feel that I *am* drawn nearer to Christ,—that I accept, with increasing thankfulness, every word of *His* that He has said of Himself, and find it easier to keep out of mind all that disciples and apostles, the most faithful and venerable, have said, to *obscure* these words, and make the fact indicated by them less intelligible. As I feel the need of a Redeemer, so I feel that need to have been supplied: I am satisfied *not to understand, what I do not understand*:—being assured that the time will come, and may be very near, when I shall no longer 'see through a glass darkly, but shall know as I am known.'"

To her SON HENRY.

"*Bonn*, 20 *August*, 1863.—My dear Henry, read if you can get it Renan's '*Vie de Jésus*'—do not show it, do not name it—one's nerves must be well braced to stand the shock of such free and familiar treatment of all one holds most sacred: but having stood it as best I could, I hail homage offered to the True, the Holy, the Divine, the All in All, the Alpha and Omega. One wholly out of the pale of every church, of every form, falls down and worships, from the heart, not lips, where *we* fall down and worship: and I hail the book—I hail the movement of mind. Seventeen thousand copies were sold the day it came out, and editions go on in the face of the opposition of all the powers that be, of all those, not the Church of Rome only, who would control, compel, bridle, shackle, the freedom of

faith—the action of *that* which is *nothing* if not free and spontaneous.

"But what absurdities, what discrepancies, what want of cohesion and correspondence of facts, of rational connexion, in this work of genius and power!"

To ABEKEN (in answer to a letter written to arrive on Bunsen's birthday).

"*Bonn*, 28 *August*, 1863.—I can never be surprised by a new proof of your faithful kindness—so constantly have you accustomed me to such: and yet your little letter caused an emotion similar to that of the unexpected. My heart thanks you, and feeds upon the new proof, that *the life* after which I grasp—the life no longer of this world, is yet and remains a living influence. The visit of Lepsius and Lepsia has been a great pleasure, the more so as we were enabled to receive them under this roof. It has been satisfactory to me that the summer could be spent in my own house, and I have now for my especial dwelling its upper portion, enabling me to live in fulness of light and air."

"10 *Sept.*, 1863.—Certain engaging and brilliant faculties often spread a halo over the poverty of the mass to which they belong. But the great want is that of determined devotedness to *high objects apart from self*. O! how little people are! God help the conglomerations of grains of sand to be formed into due shape by convulsions of the moral atmosphere, for they are of themselves powerless."

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"*Carlsruhe*, 9 *Oct.*, 1863.—I have rejoiced in two days

spent with George at Coblentz—whose company in any locality would have been sufficient for my satisfaction: but he knowing his old mother's predilection for seeing the face of the worlds he lives in, took her the first day to Sayn, the romantic seat of the family of the *Furst zu Sayn Wittgenstein*, and the next day a much longer expedition into the country of the Moselle, to visit the castle of Elz, an unique of its kind, having been a stronghold of the Counts of that name since the XIIth century, and *never* destroyed, as were so many other castles, by the French revolutionary army—being hidden in a deep ravine clothed with woods. Anything more striking and picturesque cannot be imagined—it was like finding an enchanted castle in a fairy-tale—still, calm, and grand."

To Miss C. Williams Wynn.

"*Carlsruhe*, 1 *Dec.*, 1863.—Did you recollect the 28th of November as our third anniversary? Sometimes it seems as though a century had since elapsed: and sometimes I cannot conceive how the time of privation can have been as long as three years. It seems not so much *living* as *waiting*, moored to that point of time. How deeply thankful I am for my husband's *last* gift, the last of so many benefits conferred upon me, in giving me that dying charge—'Do you write our common life!—You can do it, only be not *shy*.' It is a sustenance of life that he has given me, and no description can give an idea of the fresh spirit imbibed from his outpourings in his letters, to many persons, but more especially to George.

"I can fully enter into your consciousness, that a winter residence out of home habits becomes dreary after a time!

Even when climate answers expectation, one cannot *live* satisfactorily without one's share in the business, and the interruptions, and the worries, and the interests and duties, of home-life. One must carry abroad all the *daily bread* of every kind, that one *must* have, to avoid inanition!

"How I thank you for telling me of the *funzioni* of the Church of Rome against Renan! Their consciousness is, that he is their own, as having been educated by Jesuits, from whom he ran away! How they would like to light up an Auto-da-Fé for him! My own feeling is that of satisfaction that the book is written. This is no longer Voltaire mocking and doubting: the grandeur and perfection of the Saviour's character is *hailed and worshipped!* and held up as a *reality*, and an adorable reality, to the unbelieving world:—and I believe I know too well the state of minds, among young men in every country, not to have reason to anticipate good to them from reading Renan's *poetry*. Only think what people have been reading and *admiring*, of late years—that horrid system of Buckle! and now they are delighted to have a man of science, very respectable in himself, deriving us all from the Chimpanzee. Those are the tendencies, to me abhorrent! only I trust nobody will *preach* against them. What is *bad* in Renan, is so absurd and involves such contradictions, that I think it must defeat itself.

". . . . Long ago I heard Mr. Venn (that truly excellent man, of judgment and intelligence equal to his great opportunities of knowing human nature) state to my husband that the Church Missionaries had *always* been directed to endeavour after a friendly relation, and a good understanding, with *all established churches*—to amend and not

overturn them: but whether among Copts, or Abyssinians, or the Greek Church, in every distant corner, the result had been, that you must endeavour to help individuals *not clerical*, for where the clerical character exists, they believe in their own essential superiority. Among every one of the intelligent nations, I believe, as my dear husband did, that general unbelief maintains the forms of Popery; where a need is felt of reality of religion, people learn to find it—but that need is *not* felt, as it was in the first century of the Reformation. However, I have great hopes, as he had, of the Italians—now that by means of literature there is a chance of their meeting the desire of knowledge. Nothing can be more unsatisfactory, than the general state of minds, in a religious sense, in the country I inhabit:—the majority are the most narrow and priest-ridden of Roman Catholics, and the Protestants most narrow and prosaic: I never can wonder, when a Lutheran turns Catholic, as many do, in an indolent way, unconscious *what* it is they are giving up.

". . . . Pray read 'Mademoiselle de Quintinée,' a tale by George Sand!—when you have fainted, and again recovered, be assured it is a wonderful thing. It is a historical picture of the *present* form of inward corruption of the Church of Rome—not disgusting, really serious."

To ABEKEN.

"5 *March*, 1864.—I thought you would write to me on my birthday! . . . . I have accomplished seventy-three years in a wonderful state of health and strength, not often experienced after so many years' wear and tear: and I pray to be duly thankful, and to be enabled to get through

the 'days of darkness so long delayed,' even though 'they be many,' as also more especially to be patient in the earnest longing for time and power to finish the work in which all my powers and interests are bound up. I am in rather better spirits about it than I was, for the more I study through the materials, the more does the subject expand before me, and at the same time take a form which I at first sought in vain. . . . . I feel, what previously I never did, as if in some degree a 'Lebensbild' might be put together, even now, though the real history of his life and time will remain for the historian who shall long survive me, and shall be allowed access to government archives.

"The lines you sent me are most affecting: the idea has been caught by Göthe, for what is there in heart and mind that he has not understood?

'Sei zufrieden, Göthe mein!
Siehe, jetzt erst bin ich Dein:
Dein auf ewig—hier und dort—
Also wein' mich nicht mehr fort.'

You will know that this is part of one of the eight poems which somebody found and recognised as Göthe's. That 'Wein' mich nicht mehr fort' has helped more than once to quiet me in a sudden rush of intolerable pain of memory.

"I am meditating a short expedition to England. The various families of my children have most faithfully continued to come over the sea to me, annually; and while I *can*, it would be no more than right to make the effort to go to them, even were it not a pleasure: and that it will

be, though, like everything else, overcast by the shadow of death—

> 'Wie durch einen Flor, die bunten Farben
> Des Lebens, blass doch angenehm!'"

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Easter Eve*, 26 *March*, 1864.—At the close of this wonderful week, which in so many ways draws me closer to all Beloved, whether gone before, or still waiting with me for the summons—and on this anniversary of the departure of our darling Theodora, I must have written to you, even had I not received your dear letter. I will hope that you may have enjoyed quiet up to this day: and I trust such quiet will have brought you the comfort of feeling, as I have done, how the Passion-week renews all consciousness of what your dearest Father *has been*, and even *is*, to all of us. The materials of devotion in these last blessed days can perhaps to no one be quite so affecting as to me, who have watched from the beginning the construction of the whole fabric: but all of you must ever hold fast, not only the bodily image of *him* who led us all so peculiarly to the very foot of the cross, but the sense of deep and intense devotion with which *he* in every act and deed, solemnised the annual festival of devout remembrance of 'the death of Christ, and of the benefits which we derive thereby.' You will have felt, with me, that on such an occasion it is *no dream* to believe oneself really and actually near to *him*—joining with him in adoration and aspiration: feeble and tame as is the degree on our parts. Never was this celebration so gilded by glorious sunshine! the sky clear as so commonly in Rome in the Passion-

week—so that 'God alone seemed visible in heaven':—but Earth remains dry and senseless and lifeless, without verdure or blossom, too like the hearts of those who just know what they ought to feel, without due consciousness of vital and vivid intensity."

To her SON HENRY.

"*Easter Eve*, 26 *March*, 1864.—What a world of things I should like to write to you of all that 'durch das Labyrinth der Brust wandelt in der Nacht.' . . . . I have such an anxious longing and craving after a sufficiency of life, and health, and eyesight, for the finishing of that which I can do, and that which (in whatever incompleteness) I alone can do—that I have need to remind myself, and to be reminded, to be resigned *even in this darling point of desire:* and leave to Him who best knows what is for the greatest good of all, even this my heart's seemingly-lawful wish. These last months of steady progress have been very cheering to me. I see my way more clearly, and have to rejoice over such an unlooked-for amount of material, that I have hopes such as I did not venture before to entertain, of a 'Lebensbild' comparatively satisfactory.

"My precious Henry! all of you have been much before me in this blessed week, in which one is more drawn to *Him* in whom we live and move and have our whole spiritual existence—and drawn to the beloved departed and gone before—and drawn to all surviving objects of affection—and one can most and best realise the fact, that the nearer to the Creator and Redeemer, the nearer also to each other.

"Do you not feel how peculiarly in this week we pray

with *him*, who *so* led us all to the foot of the Cross, who so intensely felt the solemnity of the words, which he was enabled to collect for the better help to devotion, the better measuring out the 'breadth and length and depth and heighth'—and the better knowing of 'that love which passeth knowledge.' O! the devotions of this week do indeed help much to get over and above that wretched clinging to the miseries of memory, that 'raining upon the remembrance with the eyes'—which make out such a wearing and useless part of that grief, which does not end, which is not intended to end, while life and recollection last: but which ought to fortify and not to enfeeble the spirit."

To ABEKEN.

"*Carlsruhe*, 1 *April*, 1864.—May you have had some hours of quiet in that late blessed week, in which there is ever so much that transports me in thought to Rome—under that 'verklärte Blau'—in that calm and sunny atmosphere which so commonly attended the Holy Week. . . . . I believe, that your thoughts will have sought, in a certain proportion as mine have done, *him* who is gone before; who is so strongly associated with every attempt after really spiritualized devotion. The anniversary of my precious Theodora's decease fell this year on Easter Eve—that beautiful calm *festival* in the true sense, when the grave was consecrated by Him 'who is become the first fruits of them that sleep.' Most visibly does a blessing rest upon the five orphans! it cannot be said how lovely and flourishing they are.

"It has been granted to me this year to enjoy the com-

position of Sebastian Bach, of the Passion according to St. John's Gospel. My dearest husband ever talked of this, and wished I should hear it:—but I was not to hear it with him. Yet has the enjoyment of this wonderful effusion of piety, and effort of art, been to me a sort of commemoration of him, whose mind, whose tastes, whose writings, have done so much to bring me and others to the foot of the Cross."

To her Son Henry.

"4 *April*, 1864.—A mention of the annual reception of your Church Choir caused me again to reflect upon the vast amount of friendly feeling, of blameless gaiety, and therefore of good, you and Mary Louisa are constantly promoting—by taking in turn various classes and divisions of human souls, whom you can thus almost individually approach, as not being too numerous to be dealt with: and remembering as I do having in the days of your childhood held many an argument and friendly dispute with Sydow and Tippelskirch on the subject of *cheerfulness* as the proper element of all good (melancholy and mourning being the wholesome corrective of a disordered system, but not the food of life and health)—how doubly thankful do I feel for the carrying-out of the principle so visibly and beautifully, and joyfully reckon the blessing, which cannot fail! The dryness and dullness and consequent unsoundness of the *old original ultra* (I will not say *evangelical*) view, is I believe from many accounts giving way in England to a more humanizing view of things—and the contrivances for bringing the higher cultivation of the upper classes to bear upon the lower and less-favoured, though equally capable,

is the happy result of the will and wish to fraternise in the best sense. Who but must wish that the refreshment of an hour of hilarity should come sometimes upon the gloom of a life of labour and care?—and yet, little must those have looked into reality, who cannot see that the festival meetings of the middle and lower classes, without the assistance and participation of the higher, begin in vulgarity and end in vice."

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE PEACE OF OLD AGE.

"As those that flit from their old home, and betake themselves to live in another country, where they are sure to settle, are wont to forget the faces and fashions whereto they were formerly inured, and to apply themselves to the knowledge and acquaintance of those with whom they shall afterwards converse; so it is here with me, being to remove from my earthly tabernacle, wherein I have worn out the few and evil days of my earthly pilgrimage, to an abiding City above, I have desired to acquaint myself with that Invisible World, to which I am going to enter, to know my good God and His blessed angels and saints, with whom I hope to pass a happy eternity."—Bishop Hall.

"We too would rest: but ere we close the eye
Upon the consciousness of waking thought,
Would calmly turn it to yon star-light sky
And lift the soul to Him who slumbers not.

"God of our life, God of each day and night,
Oh, keep us still till life's short race is run,
Until there dawns the long, long day of light,
That knows no night, yet needs no star nor sun."

Bonar.

THE visit which Baroness Bunsen paid to England in the summer of 1864, found its especial interest in the opportunities which a residence in the household

of each of her married children, offered for a real acquaintance with her numerous grandchildren, many of whom were before almost unknown to her personally. "I feel drawn closer," she wrote on her return, "to each of my sons, and to each of their wives, in their varieties of character: all showing me an amount of affection and attention, which may be felt—and I do feel it through and through—but may not be told."

While staying with her son Ernest in London, Madame de Bunsen was greatly interested in the different Exhibitions and Galleries, and rejoiced in the improvement which had taken place in colouring. "The right thing is now aimed at," she wrote, "and in a measure attained, reminding me of the depth and richness of Venetian colouring, and, as it seems to me, getting out of the conventional trammels of Turner, and his spongy and exaggerated effects, which ruled and *over-ruled* all English painting a few years ago."

In her intercourse with many English families at this time, Baroness Bunsen was increasingly shocked by the preparation for the vices of the upper classes in the almost universal system of play and idleness in which children were brought up—and still more in the books which were given to them to read—"pious love-tales about pious people, tending to create a more false and hurtful view of life than the most extravagant fairy-tales."

Of all her visits, that to Llanover, where she was received with ceaseless kindness and affection, caused her

the greatest emotion—"Visions of the departed—'departed never to return'—seemed ever to people those silent regions of verdure and flowers." On this occasion she revisited for the last time all the haunts of her childhood, and made many sketches of the old subjects which she had drawn before she was six years old. Especially did she delight in revisiting Crickhowel and walking for two miles along the road where she had so often ridden with her mother in summer evenings, listening to the nightingales.

BARONESS BUNSEN *to her* SON GEORGE.

"*Llanover*, 14 *June*, 1864.—I am in fear of losing the images of my most interesting days in London in a set of dissolving views, which will not fail to start up again before the mind's eye, but are not always obedient in coming when they are called for. Seeing dear Mrs. Rich many times was a lasting gratification, and Caroline Bromley came, and came again, most affectionate and faithful. The three Puseys were most warm and affectionate, and are all happy in their various ways. The Duchess of Argyll was not in town, but answered my note of inquiry most affectionately, promising to come to Lilleshall, if she should not see me in London.

"All this late life of mine seems like a dream as I look back upon it: but the result is, besides great thankfulness for having been enabled to make the expedition, the conviction that nothing can suit me so well as that calm uniformity of the Carlsruhe-life, which is providentially pointed out to me as my proper sphere and resting-place.

"I have enjoyed reading the 'Reign of Elizabeth.' It is written with wonderful spirit and talent—but presents a melancholy and mortifying spectacle of the *motives* leading to the actions and events, which under a merciful Providence have been over-ruled to produce this grand fabric of English liberty of action and of conscience! I think the great vine at Hampton Court presents an image in vegetable life of this moral reality—its continuous growth and prodigality of the finest fruit being ascribed to the feeding of the roots from a *sewer*, which they contrived to penetrate."

To her SISTER, LADY LLANOVER.

"*Stoke House, Bristol*, 23 *June*.—I beg you to believe that my heart's grateful affection acknowledges and re-echoes the kindness you show me. It is a great mercy indeed to have so much love bestowed upon one, and one's declining years ever shone upon, and warmed, and smoothed, and helped on as in my case. These things bear not to be spoken of, because one gets overset, and tears and emotion are best avoided, as of no use, and merely exhausting: but I can be, in silence, better and more quietly conscious of the endless succession of acts of kindness of which I have been the object, and am, continually.

"I enjoyed the other day going over the well-known fine collection of pictures at Blaise Castle, which poor Mr. Harford, in total blindness, *showed* me himself, with perfect *savoir faire*—knowing by heart all the points to be remarked, and directing towards what corner a chair should be placed, from whence I could have the best light upon

each. I had been afraid that I should have been bound to look by stealth, to avoid reminding him of his calamity —but found that images before the mind's eye constitute his chief pleasure in his life of bodily darkness."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Lilleshall*, 21 *July*, 1864.— . . . The quantity of kindness and affection I receive, is almost overwhelming, but I take in the continued feast, in thankfulness and silence— for another hand than mine must make return, 'in full measure, heaped up, and pressed together, and running over, poured into their bosoms.' So it was with me at Stoke, so it is here; so it was at Llanover, as it had been at Abbey Lodge. . . . . The contemplation of the several centres of life that I have been living in, is most deeply engrossing. . . . . Each and all of these beloved ones, as well as all others present and absent, I place before Him who careth for each and all, and will guide and govern, and find a place in His paternal household, after the needs and requirements of each and all."

To her SISTER, LADY LLANOVER (from Cromer, where she was visiting her children Ernest and Elizabeth):

"*Cromer*, 14 *August*.—I am, and have been, enjoying this exquisite weather, and this air-bath, more than can be expressed: I suppose it may have been too hot, in places where the atmosphere was in less continual motion: but I have found it perfectly enjoyable. Still, as I have never led this sort of life before, of being a visitor, and an object, and being petted and arranged for and conveyed about, without any or with the least possible self-agency, it seems

very odd: and without any ingratitude (that would be out of all nature) I look longingly towards home and stillness and regularity and hard-working.

"This country has pleasing inequalities of ground, and wonderfully fine old trees: I did not anticipate the attraction of so much *original* wood. I mean groves of ancient timber, not plantation merely. I wonder at the rich green of the woods, when the entire face of the ground is burnt up! all fields brown and bare as the Roman Campagna in summer; only a pretence of a shower of rain sometimes, and all water-courses dried up.

"Nothing can be brighter than the flower-beds in this sandy soil, wherever they can afford them the luxury of watering: a clump of the large scarlet gladiolus is my daily delight at present—form, light and shade, and colour. An interest to me in this country (as I have the passion of architecture) are the fine old parish churches, as well as the picturesque ruins. In the early days of good architecture, the county of Norfolk was highly *priest-ridden*, as well as *wealthy* from the industry of the middle classes, and large property of the aristocracy: wherefore the Romish clergy could command large sums, wherewith to display *piety* in building churches of size and splendour far beyond the needs of the small country congregations, and thus many have fallen into unavoidable disuse.

"Do tell me whether the seeds are come up that I sent you last autumn or winter. They were crushed out of the ripe berries of the tree or shrub that I long to see flourishing in England—Lonicera . . . . (I forget the distinguishing Latin term) called in Hanover 'Red Darling and White Darling.' Why don't you plant the Tamarisk?

I rave about it since I saw, round the lake of the Bois de Boulogne, its long-drooping rods, like a weeping willow all *pink*."

To ABEKEN (after her return from England).

"*Carlsruhe*, 1 *Nov.*, 1864.—There is little or nothing to tell of our life. . . . . We are a household as busy as bees, seeing little of one another except at meals and in the evening, but the day through engaged in our several receptacles. The gloom of this month is an extra memento of the succession of anniversaries of anguish which mark it throughout its course: and call upon me for more and more thankfulness for the occupation which is a ceaseless refreshment, in causing me to dive into that vigorous current of intellectual life, now engulphed and lost to sight, but which has left its beneficent traces everywhere.

"I am delighted with the condition of Persia, as represented in an article in *Revue des Deux Mondes* for the 15th May. For my part, I wish the Russians were within that wretched country, instead of only hovering on the borders —they would maintain a strong government, keep off the Turcomans, and enable the countrymen of Hafiz to restore the bloom of the gardens he delighted in. Such burnt up deserts and 'howling wildernesses' as lie between the centre of Persia and outlying lands will sufficiently keep off invasion of the British Empire—besides that I believe it is on a foundation not easily undermined or shaken."

To her SON THEODORE.

"*Carlsruhe*, 22 *Nov.*, 1864.—I am startled to find in so many French writings that total, undoubting atheism is

admitted as a thing of course, in characters of reflection. . . . As to Christianity, these writers seek not, care not, to endeavour to imbibe its living spirit: they are satisfied to reject it altogether as though the barrier-walls which men have built up in the form of dogmas, whether Romanist or Rationalist, were the reality itself, instead of that which obscures and conceals it. What is to help the civilised world, beginning with each individual in it! except renouncing the leaden pipes and marble reservoirs, and persisting to drink of the water of life at its ever-fresh spring, rejecting the deposit more or less foul, with which successive ages have contaminated it.—O my dear Theodore, let us be thankful, that though your dear, blessed Father is, and must be, 'set up as a sign to be spoken against'—yet was the principal object of his life in a great degree attained: he has placed the genuine Bible before his own nation, and he has directed those who will hear and mark, to approach it with love and reverence, and receive from it in humility, God made visible in Christ, and working by the Holy Spirit in all hearts that desire Him!"

"11 *Jan.*, 1865.—I am delighted with your sympathy with me as to Romola. I suppose people are so accustomed to novels of sensation, that they cannot put up with mere human nature, particularly such distinct nationality of a past time. I quite agree with you that Romola could not in reality fill up the soul's craving void, by exertions of philanthropy—and there is the point where these wonderfully clever writers and observers, who are glad to produce effect by adopting all of Christianity but *itself*, find themselves at the end of their tether. I sometimes wonder, how minds of such intelligence, should rest in a conception of

religion, the great moving power, the essential reality, the spiritual influence, as something comprised within the limits of its linguistic derivation—'that which binds.' Religion as a series of obligations, as a well-adapted system of chains and checks, is the common, almost general meaning of a number of writers that treat of it, as if they knew the thing, because they use the word."

To her Son Charles.

"6 *Feb.*, 1865.—People write prose and verse upon all sorts of suffering, but that of *too vivid* recollection is little or never alluded to! I only know that with me it is a suffering so soul-harrowing, that *at last* it has occurred to me (it ought to have done so long since) to make it a subject of prayer—'from anguish of imaginings, good Lord deliver me!'"

To her Son Theodore.

"27 *April*, 1865.—I hit upon a passage in Luther the other day that struck me much:—'Das hat mich die Erfahrung allzuoft gelehrt,—wenn mich der Teufel ausser der Schrift ergreift, da ich anfange, mit meinen Gedanken zu spazieren, und auch gen Himmel zu flattern, so bringt er mich dazu, dass ich nicht weiss, wo Gott oder ich bleibe.'

"The last-mentioned condition I believe very general! You know that it has long been matter of fun to your sisters, that I ever so many years back protested to them, that I could not deem it fair to throw the blame of my own sinfulness *on the devil* (and therefore could not accept forms of devotion which imply that unfairness), being quite sure that the evil was in myself, and came not from any other

quarter. Now it seems to me, that most people of cultivation have equally thrown overboard *the devil*, but then, having done that, they are quite satisfied with their own human nature, and will see no sin, or danger of sin, in it: they are just those who cry up the dignity and purity of the nature, *minus* devil—Dass sich Gott erbarm!"

In May, 1865, Matilda de Bunsen left Carlsruhe with the Baron Alexander von Uxküll and his wife,* on her way to Esthland, whither she went to pass a year with her friend Frau von Tiesenhausen. In the following month her mother and sisters removed to Switzerland for the summer.

BARONESS BUNSEN *to* MISS C. WILLIAMS WYNN.

"*Château de Blonay, Vevay*, 4 *July*, 1865.—I have to report of our prosperous journey hither, having spent two days in Basle, and enjoyed most thoroughly the air, the beautiful situation of the Trois Rois, the cleanliness, well-being, neatness and completeness of the Swiss town, as compared (alas!) with German towns: and most of all, the cordial kindness of our friends the Gelzers, and Charlotte Kestner, the aged, but ever-engaging and original daughter of Werther's Lotte.

"So much had been said about this place that I was almost prepared for disappointment: but there is no possibility of saying enough of the beauty by which we are surrounded. We have at once experienced a home-feeling in our cheerful and beautifully-clean rooms, and are quite separate from the family of the house, who are however

* Daughter of the Baron and Baroness de Hahn.

most obliging. The paths in all directions promise an endless variety of walks, with abundant shade of fine trees, and sloping lawns."

To ABEKEN.

"*Château de Blonay, Canton de Vaud*, 12 *July*, 1865.—I hasten delightedly to announce myself as quartered here for the summer, with Frances, Emilia, and the five darlings. . . . . We exult in being 800 feet above the Lake of Geneva and 2,000 above the level of the sea! The beauty of our situation I do not dream of attempting to describe—your imagination must picture the blue expanse, the purple mountains of the Savoy-side, the entrance of the Valais with the out-flowing of the Rhone, the gigantic palisade of mountains on each side of the piece of the plain of Wallis within our view, crowned by the Dent du Midi in snow eternal. This is the *grand*, to which I think imagination more easily reaches, than to the loveliness of 'le falde delle montagne,' the lawn-like slopes, the park-like modelling of the surface, the masses of wood wherever the road will allow lodgement, the splendour of single walnut-trees, the self-formed groups, the resolute independence of nature in resisting the spoiling effect of the hand of man, which here is under a spell, labour being compelled into the cause of embellishment. Our habitation is a 'vieux manoir,' once the fortified habitation of the family which has possessed it for 700 years, still residing in it, occupying the first story, and leaving to us the apartment under it, which, though called the ground-floor, is yet at a great height from the hill of Blonay, which was an insulated rock, suited to the position of a castle. The construction

is that of hundreds that one has seen in ruins, and of the many that have existed in Switzerland, a very small part have escaped destruction: the building in question probably owing its preservation to the prudence of the proprietor in making his peace in time with the new condition of things, self-government and the Reformation—the Châtelaine here having expressed herself, 'Notre famille était toujours attachée aux Ducs de Savoie—elle est contente au jour qu'il est d'être libre et évangelique, mais elle a dû se soumettre anciennement à la puissance comme la plus faible.'

"The variety of ground all about us, and the net-work of roads and paths, give occasion for walks in all directions: and of course we are within reach of points of interest without end for excursions, but have as yet made none, having enjoyment enough in our immediate neighbourhood, not to be impatient to go further. . . . . I have very happy pictures of the present condition of the various groups of my belongings, and we are allowed to hope in August to have George and his family housed in a Pension in the neighbouring village.

"Most thankful I am indeed, and more heart would I have to be more thankful, for the abundant love which surrounds me."

To her SON THEODORE.

"*Château de Blonay*, 19 *August*, 1865.—On the first of August, Emilia and I, with the two little children, went to Coppet, and made a visit of four days to Madame de Staël, Mademoiselle Anna Vernet meeting us there. I cannot describe the kindness with which we were treated, and the

thorough renewal of an intimacy dating from 35 years ago in Rome. Madlle. Anna Vernet has been returning the visit this week, for we can contrive in the chateau to give her a room. We are delighted with our position. I have but to turn my head, at this moment, to behold the Dent du Midi, the extremity of the lake, and the beginning of the plain of the Rhone with its range of splendid mountains on each side :—from another window the grand range subsiding into the Rochers de Meillerie extends to the right, and from our terrace with double row of chestnut-trees, we behold the more prosaic end of the lake in the direction of Geneva.

"I think my chief pleasure in the way of books of late has been in Ampere's *Histoire Romaine à Rome*, which must be invaluable on the spot to follow out all his suppositions as to ancient conditions, and fill out in degree the void of which everyone is sensible at Rome in not finding remnants of the best period. But even without being at Rome, I find the book infinitely attractive, remembering as I have reason to do the images which surrounded 'my daily walks and ancient neighbourhood' for such a lapse of years. Did you ever meet Ampere? I am not sure that you were with us, at Totteridge and at Heidelberg, when we enjoyed his presence. His was a singular and most engaging personality: and his death in the spring of this year, struck me as cutting off another portion of the *Past* which deserves to live, and will live in memory. The event, by creating a void in the number of Membres de l'Institut (that much coveted designation!) helped to make room for William Henry Waddington's admission, which took place this year."

"16 *Sept.*, 1865.—How strongly have I been led, by many a contemplation latterly (of the mind of Milton—of that of Luther—of that of Calvin) to condemn the absurdity of *sects*, one and all, in calling upon their members to believe precisely one and the same body of doctrine—to bring their convictions up to the same line, to fill out their faith with the same measure. All that, is possible in verbal assent, in subscription of articles: but not with the mind, which is cognizant of the immaterial, and with which belief is matter of fact, not of will or engagement. I have only found what I feel expressed by the Duchesse de Broglie, in her letter to Schlegel—'quoiqu' élevée dans le christianisme protestant, et tenant au christianisme comme à la vie de mon âme, je ne saurais souscrire les articles de foi d'aucune dénomination de chrétiens.'—I admire Milton in his ardour of conviction: I admire Calvin as to the saving power of truth as far as it yet lives in protestant christianity; I admire Luther in his higher and more penetrating beatific vision, in his warmth of recognition of the attributes of God: but I am repelled by the dangerous errors of each—the bitter results of which have been more closely adhered to than the living reality which inspired those confessors, only to be found again by those who seek at the source. I have of late daily read in a collection of short extracts of Luther's sayings and sermons, designed for daily matters of reflection through the year, and have found wonderfully fine passages, deeply instructive; but also many most objectionable, which the modern Lutheran who made the selection is unpardonable for inserting, for instance one preaching persecution on the principle

acted up to by Philip II.—rather let a state be ruined, than suffer a heretic in it.

"I read in the winter a life of Calvin by Bungener—and a very painful book it is, but the subject is of grand effect from the display of moral power almost unequalled. The error of Calvin, in reckoning persecution of heretics to be a Christian duty, was that of his age—probably when he lived there was not a living man who allowed liberty of conscience except William of Orange, who protected the Anabaptists against Ste. Aldegonde and all the enlightened and unenlightened of his brethren in the faith. But the merit of Calvin is his own, and he has been the creative instrument of the strength of England, of Scotland, of the United States of America, not to speak of the Protestants of France, who have been scattered abroad to sow good seed in every country into which they fled, as not being suffered to build up their own. In Germany too, as much of Protestant faith as is yet living and acting, comes from the Reformed, therefore not from the Lutherans, who in their renewed exaggerations, are sliding on the greatly-inclined plane towards Rome.

"How little the French consider what 'les gloires de la France' are! In Calvin and their protestant martyrs consists their moral and intrinsic greatness; and it occurs to no one to assert, or even to perceive this!"

"25 *Oct.*—Seldom have I had such a surrounding atmosphere of beauty, light, warmth, quiet, cheerfulness, well-being, peace and satisfaction, to rejoice in, as during our last six weeks in the Château de Blonay—all the time spent there was good and desirable, but less perfect than the later portion."

To MISS DAVENPORT BROMLEY.

"*Carlsruhe*, 6 *Feb.*, 1866.—I like to think of your seeing the Carlyle's. I wish you would remember me to each of them, for I think of them with interest, little as I ever saw of them. It was *little*, but not *slight*."

To her DAUGHTER MATILDA.

"24 *Feb.*, 1866.—My dear friend Mademoiselle Calandrini is gone to her home! With thankfulness do I look back on the long years in which I have enjoyed her faithful friendship, and upon the interview which was made possible, in spite of difficulty, last summer. Not only did I see her, unchanged in heart and intelligence, but I had the gratification of showing her my Theodora's children, and of her seeing Frances and Emilia, and George and Emma. We little thought it would be the last opportunity; and yet I strongly felt that with her there could be nothing earthly to look forward to."

To ABEKEN (when about finally to take leave of her house at Bonn).

"*Bonn*, 13 *April*, 1866.—My twenty days at Bonn are nearly expended, and on Monday I purpose departure towards home. The multiplicity of thoughts and feelings and objects of interest which have occupied me during this time would be hard to enumerate and describe: but you will feel with me that the solemnity of separation, 'it may be for years, and it may be for ever,' cannot but accompany every occupation, cheerful and soothing as are the impressions received, and that will remain with me to mark the time in memory. I am parting with George and

Emma and their children, without any present prospect even of meeting, far less of living together as at this moment: and I part from Bonn, very possibly never to see it again, for only the George-family would draw me hither.

"I bear away from Bonn remembrances of a degree of kindness for which I was not prepared. I have made a point of visiting everybody that I had known, and have been received with a warmth of manner which I shall gratefully remember. Several there are, whom I can hardly expect to see again, as being even more than myself advanced in years. Dear Brandis is better again in health, but has declined much in strength since our last meeting."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY-LOUISA.

"22 *April*, 1866.—I have never got up again the walking powers I enjoyed at Blonay. But at my age, everything that excites and brings one out of the absolute quiet of home, takes much strength out of one, when the portion is not equal to all possible demands: and my three weeks at Bonn were full of events calling out strong feeling and emotion, as belonging to an event in life—a close and a parting—even though attended by no calamity, on the contrary matter of satisfaction. I have parted from Bonn with unwonted glow of thankfulness for the extreme kindness with which I was met by many persons whom I might have supposed, after the way of the world, wholly weaned from interest in me, by absence: and with a solemn gaze of farewell I looked upon the spot in the cemetery where rest the mortal remains of that existence with which mine was entwined, and which it is so little probable that I should again approach, unless when borne

thither in unconsciousness. But to be overset by such contemplations, one must be younger than I am."

To MISS DAVENPORT BROMLEY (after an expression of thanks for "the constant visible tokens of her old-standing affection" in the new books of interest with which she never failed to supply her).

"30 *April*, 1866.—I feel greatly the shock of Mrs. Carlyle's sudden end. We are always so startled at an instantaneous calling away from life! and yet, how is such a stroke sent in mercy, to such as may not have made clear to themselves how to meet death, or what to think of it. . . . . How few days before, I had rejoiced at Carlyle's receiving the heart-homage so well deserved, from his own countrymen of the younger generation! and read his speech with the interest ever following everything said by him."

To MISS C. WILLIAMS WYNN.

"*Carlsruhe*, 18 *June*, 1866.—If I should begin upon the wretched subject of the wickedness and wrong-headedness now at work, to create desolation where all was peace and prosperity, as it were *yesterday*,—I might as well take a folio sheet or two: but I think all may be summed up in dissatisfaction with everybody and everything! One cannot have the consolation of taking part anywhere—'Sanctify, O Lord! the miseries of this life, to the everlasting benefit of all that suffer'—ought to be, and truly is, one's hourly prayer. And may good once come out of this whirlpool of evil."

"26 *June*.—I desire to be next week at Herrenalb, believing that quiet valley, with nothing to tempt war, will be an ideal place to retreat to, for those who feel bound

not to go far: and should it be indispensable to leave this self-devoted, infatuated country,* I might easily get to Switzerland—it is self-understood that I and mine do not part from the children. It would seem very natural to accept the offer (most kindly urged by my sister) of taking possession of my own old home: but I shall not carry off the children, unless things come to such a pass as that their father should be glad to know them safe at a distance. It is a fearful spectacle here, to see people rushing furiously on a well-deserved and unavoidable judgment. I believe the Grand Duke could not, if he would, have embraced the cause of Prussia. The whole public mind in these southern parts is poisoned by the ultra-montane press, which is urging them in plain words to get rid of the Protestant ruler, and be annexed to Austria: and the fury here against Prussians is beyond conception, although they never were in contact with them, and have suffered nothing at their hands, except in 1849, when Prussian troops had to shed their blood in putting down the raging Red Republic which had entire hold of the Grand Duchy. There is no idea left of the wholesome persuasion of Anti-Catholicism—those called Protestants here, are as *rabid* as the others to throw themselves into the claws of the Double Eagle.

". . . . The more the state of things is revealed, the more one sees that war was inevitable—and may people learn common sense in the course of it! It is a *wicked* war, in which one cannot pity the majority of the population in

* The popular fury had forced the unwilling Grand Duke to join his troops with those under the Austrian command, and thus to fight against his father-in-law.

these small states—it is not *only* the fault of governments. The people hate Prussia for her power, and preponderance, and superior moral and intellectual standing—and long to give a *good blow*, supposing in their self-conceit, that they are *able* to do her a mischief."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Herrenalb*, 12 *July*, 1866.—When you express the hope, my own George, that my health may not have been disturbed by anxiety as to the war, I must admit to you having reflected with a sort of shame on my having found it as natural as ever to eat and sleep, even in those gloomy and distressful days before the 'lie direct' of the Austrian telegrams was cleared up.* And yet I experienced no self-deception as to the calamity implied in the Prussians being worsted! But I well remember that praying as I did daily for the good cause, I failed not to be conscious of a new influx of hope, that the final success of Prussia would be, must be, the will of God.

"Alas! I find the world to be growing more atheistic than ever—something worse than forgetfulness—denial of God—meets me at every turn. I admit that as things go on in the world, it is often hard to keep by my dearest husband's assertion—'It is at last God, and not the devil, who rules the world.'"

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW EMMA (on the death of her son Arnold).

"2 *August*, 1866.—My dearest Emma—What should I

* All the reports which reached Carlsruhe, till Königgrätz had broken the clouds, were of one continued series of disastrous reverses to the Prussian army,—nevertheless steadily advancing! Even the Grand Duchess heard of nothing but Prussian defeats.

write but those words?—The thought of your anguish strikes me dumb. The ruling longing is after an impossibility—could I but draw out the sting—could I but bear the pang for you! Who knows better than I do its intensity? and I am practised in bearing, I am of the stuff that bears a load, and it seems as if I could so well take yours upon my small remainder of life. But these are childish wailings. If I desire to relieve your pain, there is One who cares for you more and better than I can, and has the intensest consciousness of all your sufferings, and will supply the healing balm to the fresh wound—which yet you will bear about with you while you live. I know well, that your Ella, and the misery of her illness and departure, is ever present with you, and with my beloved George!—O! that you should both suffer so much!—that is my infirmity, that I must ever come back to that feeling, in which is rebellion against the decree of Him who loves you with love far beyond mine, and who alone can assuage the pain of the wound he has not seen good to prevent.

"O! dearest Emma, I know what it is to have scenes of anguish as it were engraven on the inner sense—ever recurring, not to be escaped from! Long had I endured this form of renewed anguish (strange to say!) before I thought of making it matter of prayer to be defended from such inward visions, and from indulging in contemplations which impaired the shattered remains of moral vigour. . . . . I shall ceaselessly long to know *where* you deposit the remains of the treasure, granted to you to rejoice over, to love and be loved by, once and for ever!—For he is yours not the less, that he now waits for you, unseen,

in the more immediate presence of *his* Father and *your* Father.

"I can well enter into the feeling which caused you to give away what was precious as having been worn by the darling child now taken away. . . . . When I gave my little angel's clothes to Lucia Niebuhr, I kept back a little green silk drawn bonnet, under which her face had been such a feast to my heart and eyes—wrapped it in a handkerchief, and fancied the time would come when I should be soothed to look at it. Many years passed before I summoned courage to take it out, and then I found, by the uncontrollable burst of anguish, that the grief was living and unchanged, and I had only gained upon it by dint of being called off to other and engrossing objects of affection—it was not *overcome*, it never could be: only the business of life had operated a diversion, and the activity of bodily powers had been by the manifold calls of the present forced 'back to busy life again.'"

To her SON THEODORE.

"21 *August*, 1866.—The condition of the world has changed indeed, since I last wrote to you! The more one obtains of particulars, the more one is penetrated with admiration for the entire mass of the Prussian military—officers as well as privates, arrangements and execution, plan and fulfilment—never surely was a campaign in which cause and effect so called for common praise,—no incident whereby one could say 'that was good luck,' every success richly deserved: and the same applies to the details of the *second* campaign (as one must call it), in which, having sufficiently disposed of the *head* in Bohemia, the *members* would

insist upon being severally discomfited, in the many bloody engagements which have stained Bavarian and Baden ground. Nothing seems more astonishing than the perfect knowledge of the ground in all possible details, possessed by the Prussians!—they appeared as by magic, unexpected by the enemy, who yet was far more at home on the soil than themselves, and more remarkable than anything else has been the universal good conduct, good humour, willingness to conciliate! for they have been met in a spirit of hatred, such as they have never done anything to deserve."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Herrenalb*, 25 *August*, 1866.—It was indeed what I wanted, and did not venture to expect, that you would be able to write a word to me on this day! and words that indeed do my heart good, and help it out of its indistinctness. The best of one's own reflections are so tame and dull—cannot get out of a certain dim assent to what is self-evident—that 'Goodness and Mercy have followed *him* (have followed *me*) all the days of our life'—and that in the hands of that 'Goodness and Mercy' he now tastes of the excellency which he ever grasped after. I cannot, any more than you, give up the idea of the prolonged consciousness of all most near and dear in this life being carried over into the expanded spirituality of a higher existence; and it seems to me not unreasonable to suppose that a clearer view into the secret of God's moral government reconciles the consciousness to the wrong and wretchedness of the existence once shared, in which the beloved ones are still struggling on.

"That word 'consciousness'—*Bewusstsein*—was one that your Father often used, and that I would fain dwell upon when striving after an idea which it is not given to humanity to grasp. There are some lines from Sir William Jones, the last of which contains a conception, ever strongly seizing upon my mind: though the whole are poor:—

> 'Before thy mystic altar, heavenly Truth,
> I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth:
> Here let me bide, till this frail form decay,
> And life's last sands be brightened by thy ray.
> Then shall my soul, set free from all below,
> *Soar without bound, without consuming glow.*'

The widened capabilities, taking in power, grandeur, love, beneficence, intensity in all spirituality, beyond all thought—are indicated by the feeble words: and that is all that can be demanded in the realm of the inconceivable. Was the idea in some oriental poet?—I cannot tell to what the lines belong: I believe I read them above half a century ago, in manuscript.

". . . . I know not where I have lately read the observation, that Luther was a Reformer and a man of genius, but not a theologian; and therefore not qualified for a safe teacher: which I know but too well that he was not, even from many of the extracts from his sermons and sayings, in a favourite book of mine, the *Schatzkästchen*—preaching persecution of the unbelieving as criminals, and inculcating *diablerie*. It is an awful thought, that Luther should have had no successor! with his fervour and power of making himself heard and understood, and yet with wider conception of the Divine character and purpose.

The grand, commanding, individual characters, are becoming few and far between!—and the multitude is so slow in comprehending the work left for it to do, without a leader."

To ABEKEN.

"*Carlsruhe*, 11 *Sept.*, 1866.—With me, you will well conceive, it is the Past that lives and breathes around, and the visible actuality is the shadowy and seemingly unreal, save and except when it presents facts, developments, progress in and towards *that* after which the wishes, the endeavours, the labours of him who is gone before, ever tended with all his inborn energy. You will believe that I have felt the triumph, the grandeur of Prussia, as if he was feeling it with me!—and again and again reflected upon his maxims as to the world's changes and advancement! He ever protested against the phraseology which attributes effects to masses,—he said, the masses could do nothing without a *man*, a *leader*, to point the way and urge them in it.

"While Emilia and Rosa are in Switzerland with Lady Ashburton, you must fancy me, with Frances and Matilda, at Herrenalb, that valley of Würtemberg, with its forests and streams, undisturbed by march of troops or sight of sufferers, sitting over the Cologne paper, and studying the maps, and only longing for still more knowledge than even that well-stored paper can supply."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

"*Carlsruhe*, 27 *Nov.*, 1866.—I have been electrified, occupied, and extremely delighted, with a visit from Mrs.

Schwabe! who wrote to announce herself from Wiesbaden, and came immediately on receiving my letter of welcome.—She has been most cordial and full of the recollections which are essentially my life, and indescribably entertaining in her communications about things and persons, and in particular the events and actions in which she has been personally concerned."

In December, 1866, Madame de Bunsen set out to pass some time at Florence in answer to the pressing invitation of her children Charles and Mary Isabel. On the way she lingered for some time at Mentone, receiving the cordial hospitality of Louisa, Lady Ashburton.

BARONESS BUNSEN *to her* DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY ISABEL.

"I long after you both—and long, not only to see, but to live with you,—and I accept with all my heart, the hospitality you so fully and entirely offer—thanking God, not once, but ever and again, for the possibility of intercourse so continually wanted and desired, and which seemed so out of reach! and I pray, not once but ever, that our coming together may be for the good of all. Renewal of intercourse, whether with friends or blood relations, after separation, is never an indifferent matter—one is either brought nearer together, or the reverse: and to obtain a blessing on such meetings is with me ever an earnest matter of prayer. When people wonder at my taking courage to go on my travels, like the younger generation, I always feel the true explanation to be, that *I go to see my children*, and that renders the effort worth making: to see

Italy again, and enjoy works of art, is very secondary, but comes in well as a farther recommendation."

To her SON CHARLES.

"*Mentone*, 9 *Jan.*, 1867.—It is like a dream that we are so far on our way to you! We rested a day at Ouchy on the Lake of Geneva, enjoying the first glimpse and sensation of the south, the garden there being full of cedar and laurel and other of the evergreens to which English eyes are accustomed even in winter, unharmed by frost. Madame de Schulepnikow (a charming Russian) was there, and the Countess Görtz came over from Vevay with her fine son, to see Emilia. At Geneva we rested on Sunday, visited the church of *la rive droite*, and shared a very interesting service, in which the preacher was M. Cramer, who married Elizabeth Sieveking: the rest of the day we spent with Madlle. Anna Vernet and her nieces, always the same kind old friends. We enjoyed the splendid defiles by which we entered France, and had glorious weather for the spectacle of the banks of the Rhone, so far finer, to my feelings, than the much-praised ditch of rock, which the Rhine has cut for itself. Again we had an unclouded sky for the wonderfully fine coast, near which the railway from Marseilles is constructed: reached, before three, the changed Cannes, and being tempted irresistibly to walk out, fell into the very teeth of the mistral, and have had to accept the consequences."

To her DAUGHTER FRANCES.

"At Cannes we breakfasted with the Simpkinson's at their

charming little villa,* and then drove a little way, Augustus Hare with us, to look at the Mole and Maison Pinchenat, then to the station and off to Nice. I have now looked again at the Esterel—saw the sun set and again rise, in that unequalled splendour—at daybreak the waning moon and Venus hung like jewels in the blue sky. So I have seen what I loved in the place, and wish not to see it again.

"Remember that our journey has been a beautiful one, easy and prosperous: the only mischief is that your Mother is grown much older and weaker. Lady Ashburton is most unspeakably kind and charming. I have had a most agreeable visit from Lady Marion Alford, who has done my heart good with her longing after objects of art and recollections of Italy."

"*Florence*, 30 *Jan.*, 1867.—In our two last days at Mentone, much was seen and enjoyed—the way to Monaco one day, and that to Ventimiglia another. The latter expedition was full indeed of matter for delightful recollection,—we went further than Ventimiglia, and up the valley of the Nervia, as far as a place called Campo-Rosso, from the abundance of oleanders. We set out with our vetturino carriage on the 24th, Lady Ashburton going with us as far as Bordighera, where we finally parted most affectionately—having received for three weeks kindness and attentions not to be enumerated. . . . . At Savona we had time to walk to the ancient but well-preserved cathedral, and to take in a store of grand images for memory in the works of

* Mr. and Mrs. Simpkinson de Wesselow, whose beautiful landscape paintings and constant hospitality at the Villa La Cava are well known.

Ludovico Brea, the gift of Julius the Second, consisting in a succession of pictures along the top of the stalls, or Chor-Stühle, all executed in inlaid wood—the first instance I ever saw of the application of that beautiful handicraft to the representation of designs of the highest art, reminding me of Luca Signorelli in grandeur and correctness combined with beauty. You must fancy compositions of human forms down to the waist, as large as life, Christ being the central figure, and apostles and saints extending on either side, all original and varied.

"To give you an idea of the way from Savona hither would be in vain—the valleys breaking through the mighty sea-barrier of rock, extending up to rocky mountains, each side softly though grandly modelled, covered with villages and single dwellings gleaming white among olives and pine-woods, each valley bringing down its torrent, which the road crosses by five bridges in succession—then on the coast the towns without end, to which we drove down successively by a road traced with vast amount of labour and skill—ceaselessly zig-zagging with the track of the railroad. Then, from Voltri, all the way to Genoa is marked as an approach to a great capital by a succession of immense villas, with well-kept appurtenances of terraces, orange-gardens, olive grounds, and avenues, all looking as if they were enjoyed, and as if the inhabitants lived up to their privileges. All the way, there is no sign of poverty, the population is evidently industrious, with plenty of Italian slovenliness to make it picturesque, but no wretchedness; the very cripples that sometimes begged, seemed not ill off. As to Genoa, I was even more struck than I expected by its grandeur of all kinds."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

"*Florence*, 4 *Feb.*, 1867.—Of our three weeks at Mentone you will have some idea; but I have never said enough of dear Lady Ashburton's kindness to us all, or of the interest of Carlyle's most original discourse. We had perfect days in which to travel from Savona to Genoa, to stay at Genoa and to reach Bologna.

"My dear Elizabeth! I little thought when I began to write how my letter was to be closed. My beloved Matilda, my youngest born, expired on the 3rd of February. I know no more than a telegram conveyed. Frances and George were summoned, but arrived not in time to see her alive. Whenever I have prayed for her, it has been that the love of God, much better and tenderer than mine, would give her what *He* knew to be best, and He has taken her to Himself. . . . . I trust she knew and felt how I loved her."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Florence*, 5 *Feb.*, 1867.—My beloved George! I have received the blow! I know that my beloved youngest-born has been taken away. . . . . With the telegram arrived a letter from my blessed child, a legacy of unspeakable consolation—expressing her thankfulness for being admitted to share in a work so entirely satisfactory to her, and for the kindness with which she was treated by all around her: and hoping that I should not object to her devoting her life to the calling upon which she had entered. . . . . She was allowed to have entire satisfaction in her prospect of life, to find her desire of active usefulness fulfilled—and then she was summoned to a higher

sphere! For a long time, I have not known what to ask for her in prayer, but on the last New Year's Eve, and on her birthday, more strongly than ever did I feel that the love of God was greater and better to her than *my* love, and that *He* alone could know, and was sure to grant, what for her was best!—and so *this* was the best!—to end the trial of life, to close the scene, to accept the sincere and ardent longings after the good, the right, the best, the most holy and spiritual, which filled her mind, and through all human weakness directed her actions."

GEORGE DE BUNSEN *to his* MOTHER.

"*Nurnberg*, 7 *Feb.*, 1867.—I am thus far back again from that place of sorrow, where I assisted yesterday in consigning to earth the body of our beloved Matilda: and hasten to tell you a portion at least of all that has happened. A poor comfort indeed, yet it will be a comfort for your hard-stricken mother's heart, to know that all attendant circumstances, all without exception, appear such as we should be truly thankful for.

"The position of Neudettelsau is, 'on an elevated and healthy plateau,' if you wish to praise it up: or 'on the bleakest of high plains, with ugly pine forests around,' if you would cry it down. Roads and villages alike are neglected to an incredible degree, yet there are no signs of poverty. Pfarrer Löhe has lived there as Pfarrer these thirty years and more: it is twenty-four years since he began to add its establishments to his pastoral work.

"Matilda arrived at Neudettelsau sorely chilled on the 12th of January: never, was her expression to the housekeeping sister Margarethe, had she been more tired by a

journey. She was received first of all in the Diaconissen Haus, and divided her time most sensibly between the hours of instruction given to teachers and deaconesses, and inspecting all that is going on in that extraordinary bee-hive, which besides a *pensionat*, contains two girls' reformatories, a Magdalen institution, a Siechenhaus (for incurables, &c.), the largest idiot asylum of Bavaria, and (in the village) a district hospital and mission-house. You will remember Matilda's so touching account of her first visit to the idiot-house (inscribed 'den Blöden ist Gott zugethan'):—a few days afterwards she declared her resolution to enter upon that very work of love, from which evidently her flesh and blood recoiled. All advice to the contrary proved unavailing, in which no one was more assiduous than Sister Doris, who is at the head of the idiot establishment. The surprise among all became greater when they saw that she insisted upon having the '*Asylisten*' under her care, a set of women and girls to whom no instruction can be given—totally helpless creatures, that she fed them at their meals and slept with five of them (children), that she was cheerful as the day, that she invited those who doubted to come and see how happy she was, that she declared herself after a few days to have found the amount of bodily work combined with work of the heart which she required.

"A miserably deformed child (I have seen her!) whose only sign of life seems to be a kind of grunting, which denotes neither pain nor desire nor pleasure, was found to be still and resting when Matilda took her into her arms. 'Every day (was the assurance of the librarian of Neudettelsau) she became more and more an object of

interest to us all: we knew that we had to do with an uncommon creature: her originality and simplicity attracted us: and we shall for a long time not cease to speak of her and think of her.'

"Wednesday, 23rd January, was the day of Matilda's transferring herself wholly to the large and stately idiot establishment. She was already suffering from cold, but assured those who spoke of it, that she was well wrapped-up and took all precautions. The work she did was not by any means hard, yet such as 'many maids could have done as well, and some could do better,' as Pfarrer Löhe assured her: yet she continued in it, accepting help from no one. Thus one night, when a fearful storm beat against her side of the house, and tore open one of her windows, she called not to the Deaconess in the next room, but worked a long time—from ignorance of the peculiar construction of these double windows, before she succeeded in closing them. Pfarrer Löhe believes that it was on this occasion that she must have received her second and deadly chill. A few days already before the 1st February Sister Doris had entreated her to nurse her cold by staying in bed: but not till that Friday afternoon did she obey,—('she was afraid Pfarrer Löhe would give over her children into other hands')—then she accepted Sister Doris's offer to have a spare room warmed for her reception. Whilst waiting to be called into that room she wrote the deeply touching lines to the Pfarrer, which I enclose.*

* "Verehrter, lieber Herr Pfarrer,—

"Es hat dem Herrn gefallen mir ein Halsleiden zu schicken, das mich auf einige Tage von meinem geliebten Berufe trennt, aber ehe ich mich lege, möchte ich Ihnen aussprechen wie von Herzen ich meinen erwählten Beruf liebe, und wie er mir ganz

She had scarcely finished them when a fearful trembling came over her, so that she sent to hasten the preparations, saying that she was afraid she would not be able to get to bed. When the doctor came, she made light of her illness, and declined his medicines. Breathing was troublesome, but not painful: her voice was scarcely audible. Sister Doris and another deaconess attended her continually, and others visited her. No alarm, however, spread among them, though a second doctor had been called on Saturday. But on Sunday afternoon, when Pfarrer Löhe was near the end of his church service, a note was brought to him from Sister Doris, saying the doctors were in consultation, that they considered the *Lungen Entzündung* not only pronounced, but a partial *Gehirnschlag* already at work, and that she could not be left alone with such a case, considering how near the end might be. The Pfarrer then, after including her specially in the closing prayer and benediction, hastened across, heard all the doctors had to say, gave the telegram,* and then addressed himself to the patient. The impression she produced was exactly that for which the physicians had prepared him,—that death was approaching. He read to her an appointed form of prayers and questions: she followed the former, and answered the latter, showing clearly both that her heart was at peace, and that she

zusagt, und wie, wenn Sie es mir gestatten, ich ihm länger als ich zuerst meinte, obliegen möchte. Bitte sagen Sie dies Allen, und dass ich *nur auf einige Tage*—weil Gott der Herr mir nun einmal diese Krankheit zuschickt, eine Stell-vertretung annehme.

"Es grüsst Sie ehrerbietigst Ihre glückliche Freiwillige,

"MATHILDE BUNSEN."

* Addressed to Frances de Bunsen at Carlsruhe.

understood what the Pfarrer said, by implication rather than directly, of her coming dissolution.

"This was about half-past five o'clock. Two hours later, Sister Margarethe having no peace over their frugal supper, ran across to see the patient. Her hands were cold and she was apparently unconscious—'sleeping'—as Sister Doris thought. They sent for the Pfarrer. He believes Matilda to have been unconscious. Yet he (most wisely, I believe) pronounced close in her ear words of prayer and benediction. Suddenly there was a lull in those heavy breathings: all present saw what was coming. The Pfarrer continued gently pronouncing the words of benediction,—and just as the last was being said, there was a gentle shudder, and another—and she had slumbered away.

"There had been a strong appearance of death on her countenance before the end. It soon vanished, and all the deaconesses and others rejoiced to see the most perfect happiness spread over her features,—as did her brother when he stood by her coffin.

"I reached Neudettelsau between 9 and 10 yesterday morning. Those good deaconesses were heartily glad to see a brother coming to be present.

"Most wonderful did the whole appear as I heard each person's tale. No sting, nothing that could tempt one to repine. All seemed ordained by a loving Father like the most beautiful of poems. His child's yearnings had been fulfilled. She was in an occupation that seemed entirely to compass all her wishes. She had been in it long enough to impress *all* her new friends with deep and ever-growing affection, indeed with admiration,—even in a place where

abnegation of self is habitual, and a rule of life. She had been in it long enough, but not *too long*, not beyond the moment which might have come (*must*, perhaps, have come) when the terrible desolation of her work among creatures on the very confines of human or even animal existence, would become clear to her. In her life, the sudden element has been ordained to become a decisive one: first in the case of that terrible accident at Cannes, the effect of which, not the first only, but the lasting one throughout, she bore (let this testimony be repeated over and over again) with unequalled submission, fortitude, and cheerfulness: and now the sudden closing of her life! You and all of us, dearest Mother, are bowed to the earth—but we are bowed down *on our knees* to perceive the Lord, whose every deed is not only love, but beauteous order.

"A special house is built in the garden to receive the bodies of the dead. There I found Matilda, clothed in whitest linen, a wreath on her head, flowers on both sides of the coffin. A small crucifix was touchingly placed in those snow-white hands. Nothing could be done more appropriately:—Oh! but indeed the first moment was a great shock, before one could take in the expression of happiness on the calm, cheerful, blessed countenance. I stood there a long time, gradually the whole House (or a very large proportion of its inmates) assembled inside and outside, those outside being visited now and then with gusts of wind and spattering of rain, so violent, so distressingly cold, that I entreated Pfarrer Löhe to abstain from, or to shorten, his intended service. He scarcely gave a smile, but merely answered 'wir sind gewohnt im Wetter zu stehen.' And indeed no soldiers could stand fire better

than these good women and young girls, not to forget the young people of the Mission House, who carried the coffin, stood, and sang, and spoke responses through a terrific, bleak February storm. After the service, which was performed before the open coffin, we proceeded to the cemetery, where a good place had been chosen by the Pfarrer himself, and a second long and impressive service (the chief prayer of which is identical with the beautiful one at the end of the English ritual) was most solemnly performed. Occasional gleams of sunshine only rendered the pelting rain, which instantly took their place, more perceptible. Yet all around seemed cheerful and intent on their work of love.

"I should have wished to be present at the 'Parentation,' by which strange term they designate a six o'clock service, in honour and in commemoration of the deceased person who has been buried at noontide. But it seemed better, after I had heard and seen and done what could be accomplished, to turn my steps towards home with its numerous convalescents:* so I came away—after visiting the place at the Betsaal which Matilda had occupied, the idiots (almost all very cheerful creatures, though of appalling insensibility), the room where she sat, with many in the day-time, and lay with a few at night, the room in which she died,—and after some conversation with Sister Doris, to whom she seems to have been especially attracted. Another young woman also was shown me, Sister Therese, whose power of teaching Matilda much admired whilst she lived in the Deaconess-house itself. The Frau Oberin was

* Mrs. George de Bunsen and five of her children were then at Berlin, recovering from scarlet fever.

warm in Matilda's praises, and so was many another, all their homely faces beaming with appreciating sympathy towards her, who had come and gone, after expressing her desire to remain among them for life.

"Sister Margarethe told me of the endearing manner in which Matilda had spoken of her Mother and Frances and all her own, on many occasions from the day of her arrival. After she had been laid in her coffin, Sister Doris took off her finger the ring that Frau von Tiesenhausen had given her at parting. I have it now and will restore it to the giver.

"May Almighty God be your comforter and your strength!"

BARONESS BUNSEN *to* ABEKEN.

"*Florence*, 13 *March*, 1867.—How soothing is your entire consciousness of what my precious Matilda was! you have taken in both her grand character, and the roughness and seeming harshness of the providential guidance which moulded and perfected her moral nature, and finally has led her, early in life, to the fulfilment of her probation, to the moment when 'It is finished!' could be uttered over her. O! it is well! all is well! and yet the pain of this privation will last while I live: it is not a mourning that will pass away. Those last six months of her life which were granted to me after her return from Esthland had brought her closer than ever to me: and her residence for twelve months so far away had operated as I anticipated to make her feel more thoroughly what her home was to her, even though she remained attached to the house and family of the Tiesenhausens as a second home. When I

think of every part of my home-scene and home-existence, I am well aware that everywhere and in everything, fresh pangs will remind me of her touching attentions at every turn, telling of that which I am not to enjoy again. But you will judge that such selfish regrets make not the habitual tenor of my feelings, and though I bend in life-long mourning, it is also in adoration of the ways of God, who has led my blessed child by the paths which He knew to be best for her, and when her task of submission was fulfilled, received her to His own blessedness. It is soothing to me to know that she was admiringly appreciated and beloved by those so recently acquainted with her, and whose appointed place was by her bed of death; it seems that she left all minds around 'warm with the sunshine of her rest!' and the image which my dearest George was enabled to behold, and which he has so faithfully transmitted, of 'the first, last look, by Death reveal'd,'—remains before my mind's eye as a never-ceasing consolation."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY ISABEL.

"*On the Journey to Germany*, 3 *April*, 1867.—I wish I could transmit all the affectionate thoughts, and earnest prayers, which have ever and again filled my mind, and called before it not only the image of the group which vanished from my sight—of Beatrice and her Papa and Mama, at the Florence station, but the countless instances of affection, the unceasing care and attention, of which I have been the object during the two months so unspeakably precious as well as important to me! I can but repeat, and entreat you and my beloved Charles to believe,

that no part or particle of your kindness was thrown away, but all treasured up in grateful memory: and that I have intensely prized the opportunity thus providentially granted to me of really *living* with you, of really knowing your life, and of becoming known—such as I am—to both of you. When one is deeply conscious of benefits received, one longs to make every sort of return, and for love received, I can, indeed, faithfully make return in kind!—but for all the rest, I comfort myself, as I have so often occasion to do, that God, whose love for you, one and all, is far more and greater than *my* love, will make good in His own way, all my shortcomings."

"*Carlsruhe*, 12 *April*.—I delight to be able to tell you of my prosperous return. In meeting the happy group here, you will suppose that the feeling—'I turned from all they brought, to her they could not bring,' will be for ever recurring; but as often as the beloved image recurs, it revives the consciousness that 'what God does, that is well done!' It is most affecting to find such a deep feeling of what she was among the poor and the suffering of her fellow-creatures, wherever she was known."

In the spring of 1867 the whole heart-sympathy of the Baroness Bunsen was called forth by the anxiety and sorrow of her sister, while watching by the sick bed of Lord Llanover. He had received a blow from the recoil of a gun, on account of which he underwent severe treatment for several months, in London, where he expired, after sufferings as intense as they were nobly borne, on the 27th of April, 1868.

BARONESS BUNSEN *to her* SISTER, LADY LLANOVER.

"*Florence.* 15 *March* 1867.—Why do I not send you a letter every day? it would be easier than to refrain, for my thoughts are with you again and again, and they can never rest in any way, but that of shaping themselves into prayer. So will it be with you, most afflicted one! What can I say, that you, and the object of your intensest feelings, do not know as well, or better? The ways of God are not as our ways—and to strong and powerful natures He appoints the stronger discipline, such as would crush the weaker subject, but calls forth more completely the strength which will find its perfect work in entireness of self-sacrifice, *before the Cross of Him*, with whose agony, if that of man is in simple, unquestioning faith united, it is accepted as martyrdom:—as an offering well-pleasing, not as self-sought infliction, but as unresistingly received.

"Alas! the spirit of man will ever be asking, 'Why is this?—Why must there be pain and anguish and misery?' —I find in everything the seemingly easy and the most complicated question, there is no peace but in saying, 'Lord, thou knowest,' and *I know not* and cannot comprehend: but I *have* held fast, and *will* hold fast, by the moral qualities of God, by the immensity of all His attributes, by His absolute and all-pervading mercy, as by His boundless power and wisdom: 'I will say, it is mine own infirmity: but I will remember the years of the right hand of the most High.'

"My dear Augusta, forgive my thus running on—supposing that the minds of others may have gone in the way my thoughts have taken, many and many a time.

"I wish I could suppose that your dear patient was

sometimes in such comparative ease, as to bear any reading aloud. Were that to be supposed, I should name the Life and Letters of Frederic Robertson as being to *me* an intense occupation of mind. His thoughts, his troubles, his enquiries and struggles and victories, are for ever leading me into various meditation. I never saw the man, who was yet a close contemporary, but his published sermons, free and fearless as to what any party might think, have been my habitual food since I knew them. In general, I *cannot* read sermons—literally, my eye glides down the page, and it leaves no impression: but those of Robertson I begin over again, as soon as I have reached the end of the volumes, and I find them ever new. Not that I accept all that is in them—*that* I do not, with any human writer."

"24 *March*, 1867.—E.'s deep impression of your suffering, rests upon my mind, and has stimulated reflection (which in truth needed not further stimulus) on the question, *what* can I do?—or *can* I do anything? towards help and relief:—and after going through the whole round of considerations, I invariably end at the same point, in the sentiment expressed by Shakspeare*—'Therein the patient must minister to himself'—or rather, with the Scripture addition, without which the charge would be empty—'Not I, but the spirit of God which is with (not me or you alone, but) each and every one who earnestly seeks after it.' That Spirit must be at the same time the Giver and the Gift.

"To the consolation of God's Holy Spirit I recommend you!—Alas! you will say with Job—'miserable com-

* *Macbeth*, Act v., Scene iii.

forters are ye all!'—and yet—I am your truly affectionate sister.

"I send you for a folding screen a piece of my work, in embroidery stitch, of flowers from nature drawn and painted by myself. One person to whom I showed it suggested that it would be just the right thing to cover a large chair-back, to which I made no reply, but here admit to you, that I should not wish stitches done with application of mind, to be rubbed by coat-backs! nor do I wish them to be hidden under chair-covers, I had rather the work hung somewhere to be always seen by you, feeling myself that things out of sight are little enjoyed. This is a piece of my life, followed up through a long course of years, not as a job to *sit and work at*, but getting on from time to time, during reading aloud."

"30 *April*, 1867.—What poor things words are—and how shall I find any that really reflect the image of what I feel about you! Who is there that can measure as I can what you are suffering? Who has trodden your path of woe, step by step, as I have done? How kindly and deeply did you sympathise with me, in those awful November days of 1860! how little could I anticipate that you would pass through scenes of anguish yet more severe, in the way and manner of death to your Beloved. Your case reminds me of that of the wife of a martyr, condemned to endure a course of torments as excessive as the arts and malice of man could devise, in order to compel a recantation of his evangelical faith:—the wife left him not, but remained at her own peril on the place of execution, exhorting him to endure, reminding him of the promises, anticipating and recalling to him the blessedness so near at

hand. her voice not faltering, her fortitude not giving way —thus enabled to give him the last proof of love, to perform the last act of ministration, for which his spirit will be grateful to her as God's messenger in eternity.

"How grand and affecting is the spectacle of the mind ever clear, undoubting, humble, submissive, resisting not! how I thank God for you for endurance so satisfying! How does one seek to follow the course of the released and unburdened spirit—landed on the shore, the storm and struggle past for ever, the dawn of life opening upon him, all faculties full and expanding in consciousness of what 'eye hath not seen' of 'what God hath laid up for them that love him.'

"In all that agony 'he sinned not, neither charged God foolishly.' . . . . I wish I knew what to write that could help you, that could soothe the anguish of retrospect. But as the hand of God hath touched you, so will that hand, that touch, communicate the only healing balm. That is my prayer! and that prayer carries with it its own conviction of acceptance.

"I long to learn that you have returned to your desolate home, which, however desolate, will afford you the only possible solace, in the country air and objects of God's creation and your own habitual care and interest. My thoughts are ever with you, and expatiate far and wide around, but always come back to entreat for you that blessing and peace which God alone can give."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

"12 *May*, 1867.—George writes that our long valued friend Gerhard lies at the point of expiring, in that same fine

temper of mind which I have known and admired for about fifty years. Have you ever reckoned that if I live to the 1st July, I shall have reached the fiftieth anniversary of my marriage!—and I am alive and well, and my dear husband almost seven years amongst the departed. It would have been the 'goldene Hochzeit' had he lived."

To her Son Theodore.

"*Muri*, 3 *August*, 1867.—I have heard of the gradual and painless extinction of dear old Brandis—the last of my old friends, the last who could remember me in youthful days and the happiest period of my life: and who continued ever the faithful friend of all that belong to me. It is a sad and solemn feeling that attends the looking back upon a life which gleams with such a placid light of love and goodness throughout its course, and truly do I share and sympathise in the sorrow of Johannes Brandis, who loses more than anyone else in the death of his father; but it is a relief to know that the dear old friend passed away without pain."

To her Son Charles.

"*Muri, Berne*, 27 *August*, 1867.—I have the constant impression that I have nothing to tell anybody, whereas I want to know things without end from everybody. Our summer-life has glided on in one uniform tenour, very enjoyably, in the consciousness of perfect country-quiet, breathing the air of open fields and luxuriant vegetation, surrounded by active rustic life, and uninconvenienced by any social trammels, as the few of our neighbours of whom we have any cognizance seem as much as ourselves sunk in summer-stillness of enjoyment.

"You will have learnt the peaceful and blessed end of Rothe. It is a comfort that the solitary man had his affectionate disciple, Nippold, near him throughout his painful illness: and the universal impression of respect and regret that has attended his departure is gratifying to all that care for the estimation of moral worth and Christian conviction. I fear his place, as a supporter of the good and great cause—the cause of vital Christianity with liberality in historical criticism—remains void and vacant: but one must not lose faith in the *succession of the prophets*—if I may be forgiven for using what may seem such a *cant* expression, but which to me is fraught with the high meaning of the enlightened and inspired proclaiming of religious truth. Never was such pouring-forth of heart-conviction more needed! Everywhere and in whatever denomination of Christians, I can see nothing but oppressing and stupefying form, and well if it be no worse—for the mind may struggle by inborn elasticity out of stupefaction:—but—'My people love to have it so'—is too much the description of things as they are now, as well as when the Prophet used the expression.

"August has found employment for his summer-residence in examining the schools and seminaries of the Canton Berne, and has altogether been much pleased both with the method of instruction and the spirit and energy with which it is carried out. The principle of government here being, as is well known, decidedly averse to *too much Christianity*, an aristocratic party has established a school without any government support, and I have been startled by the book stating the principles of their system (what we call in England lowest-evangelical) even though I know

well the style of thing as prevailing in the party. Profession is made of inculcating a good fear of *the devil and hell* into the child's mind—discouraging him from curiosity and inquisitiveness (that is, a desire of explanation of what he is taught) and calling upon him to *consider himself a sinner*. Now if that is demanded of a child, he is made a hypocrite, repeating a form!—It is only possible to convince him of sin, by getting him gradually to perceive his own tendencies, to deceit, to fraud, to unjust appropriation of the goods of others, &c., and to all, in short, of the innumerable instances in which he may detect himself in *sharing in sin*, as a whole, even though he may have been restrained from any direct transgression according to the decalogue. I was once struck with the observation of Coleridge, that, confounding the commission of *sins*, plural, with a share in the *body of sin*, singular, was one of the grievous inaccuracies in expression, which might lead, and *has led*, to the renunciation of a religion seemingly demanding as the price of salvation a hollow profession of what the conscience could not admit as true.

"Convinced of the evil of teachers inserting their own spirit into their explanations, instead of the spirit of Christ, how do I long, generally speaking, for the minds of the yet unspoilt to be turned loose to graze on the fresh pasture and drink of the still waters of actual Scripture. Only by contemplating Christ, and forgetting what has been written about Christ, can nations or individuals get on."

To her SON CHARLES.

"*Carlsruhe*, 3 *Nov.*, 1867.—Alas! poor dear Italy! I expect that in France there will be a great *shudder* at the

last mode of employing a portion of the gallant French army, to crush with overwhelming majority of numbers and of arms, the band which with little besides valour has been too strong for the Papal troops!—in fulfilment of the charge 'to take the first opportunity of trying the efficiency of the new mode of destruction!'* It is like the anecdote given by Speke the traveller, of the negro chief who on receiving the present of a musket, aimed at once at one of his slaves, standing at the right distance, and shot him, by way of trial of the weapon. O! the world is very bad! may God mend it! The terrible thing is, the world has no mind to mend. 'They have Moses and the Prophets,' said the Divine wisdom of old: and now they have the divine Oracles in addition: but 'the heart has waxed gross, and the ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed'—lest they should be converted and healed.

"When at Grindelwald, we heard a sermon such as I reckon among events in life.—The text being from Jeremiah —'Land, land, hear the word of the Lord.' The sermon was long, and eloquent in simplicity and earnestness—closing with a charge, that the reading of the word of God should be accompanied with prayer of the heart, and then it would never fail of its effect. The preacher said—'You will forget the sermon, but at least remember the text, and act according to it.'"

To her SON ERNEST.

"2 *Dec.*, 1867.—I wish I could believe in anything so good as the doing away with the Pope and hierarchical

* The Chassepot rifle.

power. I can only say that in my long life of observation of the course of events, the Pope is the one image of power always increasing which stands out clearly within the horizon of *fact*, not of wish or speculation: and never did he seem so dangerous and hard to deal with as just now: and I have to struggle hard to hold fast by your dearest Father's often-reiterated declaration of faith—'Es ist doch der liebe Gott, und nicht der Teufel, der die Welt regiert.'"

To her SON THEODORE.

"*Carlsruhe*, 3 *Dec.*, 1867.—Of our life here there is little to be told. The whole interior moves on at its accustomed pace, the two Aunts steadily ruling and guiding, in that unexampled perfection of peaceful and energetic *duality*, in which nobody could believe without having witnessed its course. The children grow so tall, that it is difficult to conceive my having settled in Carlsruhe only five years ago to take care of a set of motherless babes. Often do I think, how their dear blessed Mother would have feasted on the sight of them! and then consider that I am preserved so long here to contemplate them for her."

To her SON GEORGE.

"31 *Dec.*, 1867.—We have very fine winter weather, which began with frost and sunshine on Christmas Eve, and such a perfection of *Givre*, or hoar-frost congealing the fog on the trees and bushes, as I hardly ever saw before. My favourite Schlossgarten was a sight—but the sun with its slight warmth soon did away with the prime ornament, which vanished in a 'spangled shower.' I am

thankful retrospectively, as I was at the time, for my journey last year. The 27th was the anniversary of my last sight of my Matilda—her eyes gazed after me as I glided off in the train! and little could I have imagined that I should behold them no more. I had once told her, that in such an earnest gaze, her eyes brought to my mind her dear Father's:—I am glad she knew that, for then my last look will have been known by her to be fraught with double love. But I would not call her back! much and continually as I miss her loving presence. I could not give her what she wanted in life, the satisfying of her craving for fulness of love and activity: now, all her longings are soothed.

> 'So führst du doch recht selig, Herr! die Deinen:
> Ja selig! und doch meistens wunderlich!'

Do you know that hymn—the favourite of Schelling?"

To her SON ERNEST.

"*Carlsruhe*, 31 *Dec.*, 1867.—I look upon the awful contingency of the Fenian conspiracy as one of several, that within the date of my life I have seen England pass through unscathed, however endangered—which give the Continent a desired opportunity of shaking its head and saying very sagely that whether wished or unwished, England's last hour is come!—after which the said Continent will again look astonished, and say, it would not have thought England could have weathered such a storm! The Cabul war, the Indian Massacre, the Cotton Famine —all have been gloriously outlived, and have left their lesson to secure against renewal of dangers.

"Will you know what I dream? This would be a grand moment for a great action—for proclaiming that the Protestant disgrace in the Protestant church fabric of Ireland shall *die out* quietly—no further Archbishops and Bishops be appointed: and that the revenues shall be employed for railroads, embankments, schools and hospitals, and that the lands, when re-let, shall be given in preference to the Irish-born—such as have shown themselves good and quiet subjects. And it shall be openly professed, that there *is* an injustice to be made good, and the Irish shall have as much of their own land as they will deserve by their good behaviour. About the blow at Cabul, Sir Robert Peel said so nobly,—'There has been a great wrong, and we have had a great blow—we need not seek to disguise it, but we are strong to bear it."

To her GRANDSON MORITZ.

"4 *Jan.*, 1868.—I am glad the scenes of Berne and the Oberland are fresh in your memory as in mine; I think the sight of the fine scenes of nature remains through life the richest source of unspoiling pleasure. I found a verse which tells what I feel, as if I had written it:—

> 'Say not these scenes shall swiftly fade,
> This spring-time soon shall pass away:
> *While yet they were*, for me they made
> Bright wreaths against a distant day.'"

To her SISTER, LADY LLANOVER.

"16 *April*, 1868.—How does each day in succession tell upon the rough waves that break over one! On Good Friday, on Easter Eve, on Easter Sunday, one would

exclaim, 'Remain! pass not away!' let the healing balm continue to drop! and so it will, if encouraged. And first of all Palm Sunday should be named, and its hallowed Eve, when that lovely custom prevails of calling around the early flowers of spring granted by a mild climate, to spread their soothing influence over the records of Death, and speak of a bright Resurrection, when even the 'creature,' the seemingly inanimate creation, shall 'rejoice in the glorious liberty of the sons of God.' How I thank you for the beautiful images you have called up, by telling me of the aspect of the dear Llanover Churchyard on the day before Palm Sunday." *

The summer of 1868 was spent in great enjoyment at Grandchamp above the Lake of Neuchatel, in a chalet amid pasture lands, with a range of high trees shading the walls to the lake and its bathing-place. Henry and Ernest de Bunsen visited their mother here, occupying rooms lent in the neighbouring garden-chalet of M. Charles Bovet. This summer was always looked upon with especial pleasure. At this time Madame de Bunsen wrote, "That ill-humoured expression of the worn-out old King of Israel, 'if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many,' I have always thought we should take by the rule of contraries! It

* The very ancient Welsh custom of placing flowers on the graves and renovating them on what is called in Wales "Dydd Sadwrn y blodan" (Saturday of the flowers) was particularly cherished by Mrs. Waddington, and to the Baroness Bunsen was an early memory of childhood.

was more in the spirit of wisdom and Christianity that a modern sensualist wrote:—

> 'Still Hope shall brighten days to come,
> And Memory gild the past.'"

BARONESS BUNSEN *to her* DAUGHTER FRANCES.

"*Grandchamp*, 18 *July*, 1868.—Poor Loulou died the day before yesterday. The prosaic fact is, that we are thereby relieved from more embarrassments than one: but what one *feels* is anything but relief; I was greatly upset, and found it hard to behave as I ought before the children: and I miss, and long shall miss, the silent presence of a piece of life and consciousness, which sought and claimed and received kindness: and then pain and death, the sudden cutting-off of that 'sensible warm motion' which was all to the poor dog, gives me an inward shake, hard to get over—bringing one's thoughts forcibly in contact with the awful enigma of the brute creation. I have felt again, as so often before, that nothing of the many things that shake and confound us in life, would be endurable, but for placing the cause of emotion and all its circumstances in the hand of God, and resting upon the certainty that all His creatures are precious in His sight, as at their creation He pronounced them good! and this being the case, I take comfort in the conviction that He cannot have created anything for *nought*—for annihilation: and that pain and misery must be resolvable into good, although I cannot discern the *why* and *how*."

To MISS C. WILLIAMS WYNN.

"*Carlsruhe*, 2 *Oct.*, 1868.—Our winding-up of life at the Chalet de Grandchamp was like the winding-up of a string

of pearls, for such had been the details of the entire three months spent there. Great is my thankfulness for them—only desiring (to speak for myself with old Benjamin Schmolk) to have more heart, with which more fully to make the only return for the varied mercies received! A festival-afternoon, which Frances and Emilia contrived for the Boys' School, in honour of Reinhold's birthday, was a close making Reinhold and his friends very happy, and giving pleasure to all spectators in the sight of many sports on the grass, following upon a *goûter* or *merenda*. On the 24th our whole mass of human beings dislodged, and the greater part arrived the same night at Carlsruhe."

To Miss Davenport Bromley.

"*Carlsruhe*, 20 *October*, 1868.—I wish I could express my thanks as warmly as I feel them for the satisfaction I have had in reading the work of Lecky. The title is a mistake, for it raises a prejudice: some other compendious expression ought to be found, to keep off the evil associations with 'Rationalism,' and yet imply the due and lawful use of the glorious gift which distinguishes the human from the brute creation—the faculty which makes our worship fit for God to accept from us. I feel inclined to congratulate you on having the book still before you to become acquainted with. Yet is the result (which I accept as being true and just, like the preceding view of history) most sad and most prosaic: but as it is not the first time that we have been made aware of existing in a world of prose, we are bound to make the best of it, where it is good for something. Poetry is gone and vanished, or nearly so: and we must not, and cannot wish our-

selves back in poetic times, for those were times of wickedness unbridled. Alas! at Florence, among what people were those miracles of art produced, before which we fall down and worship! Nothing is more true than what Reumont once said, 'If you wish to enjoy the paintings, enquire as little as possible into the lives of the painters.' Fra Angelico was a seraph, and painted seraphic minds: he scarcely knew what was meant by flesh and blood."

To her GRAND-DAUGHTER LILLA DE BUNSEN.

"12 *March*, 1869.—I thank you for joining the chorus of kind wishes which has greeted my birthday from far and near! and should be glad to find words to express how gratifying such affection is to me, and how thankful I am to God for granting me so great a portion of that greatest of blessings, with so many others: my own undeserving is nothing to the purpose, for God gives according to the immensity of His mercy.

"I feel a difficulty in writing to any of you, because I do not want to dwell upon your present sorrow in the lengthened leave-taking, from scenes and from persons to which and to whom you have been long habituated: * but I feel for you, and with you daily: for nobody has ever had more repeated experience of that wrench from the long-known and long-prized. But one is reminded of the great blessing of recollection: that the treasures in memory are reality, and not fancy—a priceless possession for life. 'O thou wealthy Past,' as those beautiful lines of Fanny Kemble's express, in words which ever and again have

* In the removal of her father from the vicarage of Lilleshall to the rectory of Donington.

soothed my feelings. They are in her small book 'A Year of Consolation.'"

To her SISTER, LADY LLANOVER (on the loss of her beautiful and beloved grandchild, Stephan Herbert of Llanarth, who died 6 April, 1869).

"14 *April*, 1869.—Why should I write? and what should I write? You *know*, as I do, that the blow is not dealt in wrath, but in love and mercy. You pray, as I do for you, for strength to endure without being disabled from the fulfilment of the duties that remain. You long, as I do for you, for enlightenment as to the lesson to be learnt, as to the course indicated, by the ways in which the will of unerring Wisdom is disclosed. You desire, as I do for you, to do what God will have done,—to be, what God would have you to be: to further His purposes,—to fulfil His designs of mercy towards yourself and others.

"What matters what I feel?—You believe without my assurance that I go along with you in every pang,—in the whole wilderness of wretchedness. Human weakness is apt to exclaim '*Anything* but *that!*' just the complication that *is*, seems the most soul-harrowing, the most impossible, the most crushing. And yet just that is seen good, by Him who knows our frame, and who does not willingly grieve! You might have thought you had suffered up to the last degree, when you had to watch your dear husband through his so well-endured martyrdom: but you have had to experience that you had still much to lose,—still many a labyrinth of woe to trace: but *not* in darkness, never without the light from Heaven.

"How I hope that you will go out into the open air. The weather and season speak but of hope and joy, which

endeavour to overrule sadness by reminding the mourner of the one source of all good and all loveliness.

"God be with you! soothe you, strengthen you! and when I feel that, and write that, I know that He *does* beyond all I can ask or think."

To MRS. LINDESAY (on hearing of the death of her sister, Miss C. Williams Wynn).

"*Carlsruhe*, 2 *May*, 1869.—How shall I write to you? I feel as if I had no words but those I have just written—a burst of sympathy and affection, a yearning towards *you*, as towards all that remains on earth of a friendship, of an intercourse, so invaluable to me. I long to pour out to you all I feel, for I believe you would accept it. How unspeakably kind in you to write to me that most beautiful picture of all that is most beneficial to contemplate—earthly suffering quelled by heavenly influences, resignation and acquiescence in God's will and thankfulness in all things, as a habit of mind, as a condition of life—not superinduced by a sense of duty, but flowing fresh and pure from the very ground of the heart. . . . No one might seem to have a right to speak of feeling the terrible blank when addressing you; and yet to me it will remain such while I live, for the place occupied by Charlotte no other can fill. I recall with thankfulness her faithful friendship, which induced her so often to contrive a journey to see me; which journies, which meetings, all remain enshrined in grateful memory."

To her SON ERNEST.

"26 *Dec.*, 1868.—I had never supposed that I should

trouble myself to read anything written by Buckle, after the impression produced by what I heard of his first literary appearance, and of Maurice's having undertaken to combat him! But I sent for vol. ii. of his 'Civilisation,' as treating of civilisation in Scotland. This is preceded by a most striking abstract of the History of Spain. He gives facts, shortly and spiritedly, with references to authorities in foot-notes—bringing the history as a whole with infinite force upon one's mind, to prove (as one of his preliminary maxims) that no freedom or good government in any degree or kind can be bestowed upon a nation, unless that nation *desires* it, and is *capable* of receiving it. He proves (what I was not in the least aware of) that a series of enlightened men in power in Spain for about eighty years out of the eighteenth century, had commenced a system of reform, which in every particular (including the suppression and banishment of the Jesuits) was *most unwelcome* to the nation, who applauded the rescinding of all reformatory ordinances on the accession of the worthless king afterwards deposed and banished, whose minister was the infamous Godoy. The reason for giving the history of Spain as an introduction to that of Scotland, is that Buckle declares the two nations to be similar in devotedness to superstition!—the term under which he designates *all* religious conviction, that is to say, all reverence for the Invisible. You will break in with the question —'How can you busy yourself with such a book?' To which I answer, that I was not prepared for coming in direct contact with the spirit of atheism, so deliberately, so composedly, brought forward:—and on reflection I perceive, that my long life has gone round a circle, and is

returned to the point from whence it started, as to 'Weltgeschichte.' I have heard conversations in my childhood, from which, *reflecting upon words not as a child*, I draw the result that the same condition of mind prevailed at the beginning of the century, which Buckle would inculcate. 'There is nothing new under the sun'—the frightful thing is, that the old fallacies will turn up again and again: for the reply to all attempts to stigmatise the religion of Christ as the cause of evil, is unanswerable, as the fact *is* and *remains* that the faith which causes sin and misery is *not* the faith of Christ, but a system falsely so called—which the greatest foes of the Gospel cannot deny, if ever they can be brought to comprehend what *is* Gospel, and what the error of man presuming to interpret the word of God.

"I long to have 'Ecce Homo' translated for the Italians —they are just now in a difficulty, from which only the revelation of the real character and real teaching of 'Jesus the Christ,' can help them. To return to this work of Buckle's—I fancy it must be the same, which he so bitterly regretted, when in the grasp of death, not to have time to finish, for he evidently hoped, by going through the history of all nations, and deducing all the evils endured by nations from slavish submission to dogma, that he should fully substantiate his atheism, and prove that it were well if all religion were discarded. Most true, if that were religion which he looks upon as such. But his summing up of historical events is most striking and instructive—and the suggestion that when the whole mass is corrupt, the very bread of life cannot be received and digested, is only too awfully true. It is education, due training of the faculties, works of love and mercy, that are wanting to

make nations capable of the very benefits after which they all seem to be striving. . . . . It is made too clear by Buckle's historical statements (if one had not known the fact before) that the Scottish Kirk carried on for two centuries the working of the Romish spirit under different forms of speech and of life: and we know too well the same of the Church of England."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Herrenalb*, 4 *August*, 1869.—From the first day of breathing this mountain air, I have been another creature. I remember the lines of German translation from Calderon

> —'doch Neapel liegt voll Wollust
> In dem sanften Reich des Windes'—

which describe my position and sensations, when I sit the greater part of the afternoon, after dinner, in a wicker chair, on the grass, under transparent shade of fruit trees, receiving the full current of the N.W. wind, which has been our daily luxury ever since we arrived on the 10th July.

"How I thank you for all you tell me, which I ever want to know, and which no one else tells! and how I thank you for feeling as I do, 'when the great world's news with power, my listening spirit thrills'—and still more particularly when the historical events ('*weltgeschichtlich*') of which England is the scene, pass before us:—you hail the grand conflicts and the grand results, of the national will, in whatsoever nationality you find them:—with I think a tender feeling for that nationality to which your mother clings in heart and soul—though rejoicing in

vigorous essentiality, in whatever land and race it shows itself."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY LOUISA.

"*Herrenalb*, 23 *August*, 1869.—The air of these hills has made me quite myself again: I can walk now wonderfully, and every day directly after breakfast I go out into the forest. . . . . To-day, just as we had begun our dinner, at a quarter past one, who should appear, but Dr. Acland, having walked over hills and dales from Wildbad! He came in reproaching himself for not having been exact, as he purposed arriving at the nick of one o'clock. I could not help remarking how delightfully English, and delightfully Acland, it was, to reproach himself for inexactness, having undertaken an unknown forest-walk, over hills and down into hollows, to say nothing of seeking by-paths, as he had done, rather than follow the regular road. It was most refreshing to see him, and feel that whatever the lapse of time since we personally met, he was ever the same valuable friend. He brought a most gracious greeting from the Prince of Wales, addressed to me, when he heard Dr. Acland was coming to visit me,—on hearing which message, the Princess desired to add one from herself—I cannot call it of remembrance, for I never had opportunity of being known to either of those very amiable royalties."

To her SON HENRY.

"12 *Sept.*, 1869.—I thought of my dear Henry when reading, as usual, in the Christian Year, since his departure—and I doubt not he thought of me when reading the poem belonging to the 15th Sunday after Trinity—

'Behold the lilies of the field'—the whole being a meditation on the charm that flowers shed over life. I am sure it gives voice to my feelings."

"1 *Nov.*, 1869.—You will like to know that I had the great pleasure of a visit from dear Mrs. Augustus Hare and Augustus last week, on their way to Rome. She is well, as long as it may be! and in a state of mind, and of countenance, truly angelic—only belonging to this world by her affections.

"You will have heard of the death of Anne Hare, who was a grand character, and one of many instances I have known, of what your Father called the 'moral murders' of the Church of Rome: that is of a being made for healthy and wholesome action, dragged down with sorrow and misery to an untimely end. She was gifted so as to have been capable of becoming a second Miss Marsh. But the quantity of wickedness, authorised and countenanced by the whole Romanist clique that surrounded this their noble prey, is of a piece with the worst records of a course of action which caused our wiser ancestors to refuse to the Church of Rome that liberty of doing and causing mischief, which is now done and exists under protection of equal laws."

"21 *Feb.*, 1870.—Yesterday we had glorious sunshine, as if to remind one what a blessing it is, but to-day the wet blanket sinks down again—letting through little light and quenching all colour, leaving not even an opportunity for variety of shadow—

'Now the light of heaven
Emitting cloudless, and the solar beam
Now quenching, in a boundless sea of clouds.'

This last expression however gives an image, which reality bears not. Clouds are always of fine effect, though ever so threatening: but the *wet blanket* is unmitigated gloom and darkness. On the three occasions on which I have travelled south in winter, I have observed that the wet blanket lasts till one has proceeded south of Avignon, when it breaks up into clouds, and they clear, partially or wholly, at or near Marseilles.

"I thank you for never failing to let me know of things which interest me! If we did not thus communicate in writing, at least something more than what lies on the surface, what should become of *us*, the collective belongings of your dearest Father! all *puissances déchues*, as we are, since we had to stand alone without him. It was not the splendours and the crowds of Carlton Terrace which made to me the difference—it was the intellectual rank, the moral eminence, of him who has fought the fight, that raised us all into that communion with such portion of humanity as is worth belonging to, which we all feel the need of keeping up, and all feel more or less the difficulty of keeping up!

"It is curious to contemplate how the ways of Providence have cast so many of us into positions which might be likened to being fixed on a dry sandbank, after having been used to float on the high galley-poop down the swelling current, in prospect of all the glories of earth, taking in the ideas that move and animate humanity, as one imbibes the atmospheric air. I say not this to complain, my dear Henry! you will not so misunderstand me; I speak but of facts, on which I often meditate, with the hope and prayer, that the grace and guidance never refused to the

humble seeker, may be vouchsafed to each and all of us, to discern and follow up the line which the Hand Divine has traced for each, through scenes and objects and callings, not always of choice, and the safer for not being so.

"I am very glad of all you tell me of A., and most glad of all, that you contrive to keep up your relation to him, in the way alone desirable, by making him aware of your Bunsen-independence of thought and opinion. There is nothing like people's being aware that 'hinter den Bergen giebts auch Leute'—as Göthe reminded the literary set in Weimar on his first arrival, when he thought they looked upon him 'de haut en bas'—by drawing on the wall a map of mountain-tops, with heads peeping out between."

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"9 *March*, 1870.—To-day is our Aga's birthday—eight years old! Bright and blooming all the children, and happy in bright anticipations! Such a troop of playfellows expected, headed by the little Princess, just her age. A fine working day for the *Tanten*, who must head the revels.

"There is little of matter-of-fact for me to tell my own Mary: but, as Göthe says, 'die Liebe lässt sich nicht sagen.' I can but ask you to believe in it!"

"12 *May*.—I have been delightfully busied with Charles and Mary Isabel—walking in the Schlossgarten and Fasanengarten, and revelling in 'diesem neuen Grün und dieser Sonne,' and the lilac clumps coming out in fulness, and the birds filling the air with sweet sound. Surely, one always forgets how delicious the spring is!"

In the spring of 1870, Madame de Bunsen undertook,

with her daughter Emilia, a long-contemplated journey to visit her son George, in the home at Berlin, to which he had removed on leaving Burg-Rheindorf in 1861.

Baroness Bunsen *to her* Daughter Frances.

"*Cassel*, 22 *April*, 1870.—All this time, since I last looked towards you and the dear ones around, is like a dream, and I feel as one does on awakening from sleep, as if one had need first to collect one's thoughts, before attempting to give an account of impressions. We slept at Marburg, and at half-past seven yesterday morning came Roestell, and we walked to the Elizabeth Church, and the sight for so many years wished for, proved indeed enjoyable and satisfactory. I believe the style is the only kind right and suitable to the dignity and purity of Christian worship—not an atom of ornament, except that exhalation of beauty proceeding naturally from the gracefulness of lines and forms, and the massive magnificence and colour of the stone. The interest is great, of the tombs, of the sculpture and the paintings inside; but all that belongs to the past, which we renounce and give up in heart, only looking upon it as associated with the historically interesting. Restoration and renewal of the colours, I found, as ever, most offensive. I longed to wash them out as stains: and if I could direct, old frescoes should only be renewed *grau in grau*.

"The country from Marburg on to Cassel must be very pretty in the season of foliage; the rivers charming, Lahn and Fulda; and numbers of villages well-situated and flourishing. At Cassel, Frau Gerhard met us at the station, with a young nephew most pleasing to behold. We

staid at the hotel to dine, and then went to the gallery with Aubel—whom I should anywhere have recognized, though aged, with snow-white hair. The paintings were a great treat:—the finest are portraits by Rembrandt, Rubens, Titian,—of that sort which let one into a whole human soul and life; knowing nothing of the individual and his or her fate and fortunes, but enabled to enter into each variety of qualities and capabilities, towards which one's sympathies are ready to flow.

"Then we had tea with Frau Gerhard, who is just the same person, with the same face, not older, except that the soft plaits of hair on each side of her face are quite white. Most soothing and like herself was her conversation, as you will well imagine. I am glad to have seen her dwelling—so comfortable, so suitable, receiving fresh air and sun, with view over a very large square and country beyond. Pray fancy all the Grüsse! from Frau Gerhard, from Roestell! I cannot do them justice. And pray fancy all the love that I cannot put into words, to yourself, and my Rosa, Dora, Marie, Reinhold, Aga!"

JOURNAL RECOLLECTIONS (written long afterwards).

"*April*, 1870.—We arrived in good time at Berlin, and found a large group of beloved ones awaiting us at the station, not only George and his wife, but Charles and his wife, as well as Theodore.

"The images called forth and renewed by all I saw and heard while living in my dear son George's house were woven by degrees into a firm portion of the web of life. I was allowed to see once more friends of the precious years spent in Rome, in whose faithful sympathy I again re-

joiced, without the certainty, however distinct the anticipation, of the farewell-character of this last occasion of intercourse, as in the case of Frau von Tippelskirch, and of Rudolph von Sydow: as also in that still nearer in interest, of Heinrich Abeken, whose life, renewed and freshened to himself by his recent marriage, and full of high interest in the consciousness of weighty political labours, I was far indeed from supposing to have been so very near its close. Most affecting to me, at the time and in grateful remembrance, was the frequency of his visits, however short: how he would join the early breakfast in George's house for half an hour's animated conversation, before the breakfast hour of his wife, for which he never failed to return:—as also the sight of him, joining my dear sons George and Theodore at the railway-station, on the wintry morning of the 2nd May, to give to Emilia and myself the travellers' viaticum.

"My pleasure in the gallery of painting and sculpture was constant and varied, as the building attracted and satisfied me almost as much as its contents, and my dear son Charles was frequently the companion of my visits, as well as sometimes Theodore and the faithful Meyer, Lepsius himself explaining the Egyptian historical representations on the walls, copied from those still existing when they were originally delineated under the eyes of Cleopatra and Cæsarion, therein depicted. The perfection of the Adorante was the more enjoyed, as having been a familiar object, when a true facsimile of the antique figure had been for a time one of the prized ornaments of No. 9 Carlton Terrace.

"I was privileged to see the King and the Queen—her

Majesty having been graciously pleased to command my appearance in the ground-floor apartment of the Palace, generally occupied by the Grand Duchess of Baden when on a visit to her parents, a kind consideration of the Queen, to avoid causing me the fatigue of ascending the stairs leading to her own especial abode. Here I was most kindly received by the Countess Haacke: and a few minutes later, the Queen entered, and, after a gracious greeting, caused me to seat myself opposite to her. With a truly royal memory, she recalled all names most near and dear to me, as objects of enquiry and interest. Then she told me that the King also intended to speak to me: immediately after which announcement, a door opened, and the same tall and dignified figure, the same benevolent countenance, for long years 'in strong remembrance set,' reappeared before me, the grey tinge of hair and beard, and a few additional lines, deepening expression, being the only indication of the lapse of twenty-two years since the memorable 1848, when the Prince of Prussia took up his abode in No. 4 Carlton Terrace. I had seen the Prince on the subsequent occasion of his visit to Queen Victoria at the time of the first great Exhibition of 1851, but the lasting impression dates from the earlier period of more habitual observation.

"At Dresden, the gallery was shown to me by my old friend Schnorr, and thus I was enabled to meet him once more in life, and to bear away in mind the happy impression that in him the good which I had seen in early expansion, had condensed and consolidated amid labours and struggles, through the pain and the joy of living. And I have the comfort of believing that the reflex of divine

benevolence, which it was given to Raphael to pour forth upon us, in his conception of the Immanuel, the God with us and in us, in the loveliness and majesty of early childhood, fell in all its force and solemnity upon the heart as upon the eye, of my old friend as well as upon my own."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Carlsruhe*, 10 *May*, 1870.—From Dresden we all travelled together to Prague—a beautiful way along the Elbe, with cliffs on both sides, like those on the Avon between Bristol and King's Road. But Prague is more than any description can prepare one for! How we did gaze from the Hradschin! the moment, shortly before sunset, being perfect. The whole town is so solemn, so dignified: as if still meditating on the ruin of the 'Weisse Berg.'"

To her SON HENRY.

"*Carlsruhe*, 17 May, 1870.—Be assured, that many a time I should have been giving you an account of all that I have been enjoying—only that my business seemed to be, first to enjoy, and then rest. A more agreeable three weeks could hardly be spent, than Emilia and I passed between the 20th April and the 10th May, when we returned home, to find the home-party flourishing, and Carlsruhe in its bright moment—all blossom and verdure.

"My journey was so arranged as to be a regular party of pleasure—a moderate distance each day, an excellent resting-place each night, and persons and objects of interest

everywhere. At Frankfort, Frau v. Bülow sent her very prepossessing son: at Marburg, old Roestell showed the Elizabeth Church: at Cassel, Frau Gerhard and Director Aubel exhibited the very fine collection of paintings: on the railway we *spoke* (as seafarers say) Pauli at Gottingen, he came with wife and children just for the ten minutes. How I enjoyed the Museum Collections at Berlin is not to be said! Also I admired Berlin in general. But what should I say of the kindness of friends! I was really touched and most grateful, almost ashamed to receive such proofs of faithful remembrance, when I had not given people credit before. From Berlin we went to Dresden, and saw the incomparable gallery with Schnorr. Then to Prague, and found it beyond all anticipation interesting: then to Nuremberg, where Ernest and Elizabeth and Hilda met us, and what two charming days did we spend there! Charles and Mary also of the party."

To her SON GEORGE.

"24 *May*, 1870.—. . . . In the regions to which your dear Father has attained, there is fulness of joy, fulness of work, fulness of object, for the fitted faculties to dilate in —and the contributions of earth, however precious here, would have the flavour of sorrow, even if they could reach the abode of blessedness. And yet there are two stanzas of a hymn which I found written out in Theodora's hand, I know not whence copied: which strike my feelings with the melody of truth—

'Do I forget—O no,
For Memory's golden chain
Still binds my heart to the hearts below,
Till they meet to touch again.

'Each link is strong and bright,
And Love's electric flame
Flows freely down like a river of light
To the world from whence I came.'"

With June, sorrow came to Madame de Bunsen in the rapid illness and premature death of her eldest grandson, Fritz de Bunsen, the beloved son of Ernest. "I am for ever thinking," she wrote, "through my dear Fritz's life, and all the pleasure and satisfaction I have had in him from his very babyhood: how much affection he has always shown me. O! the trial is a very bitter one."

It was a source of great thankfulness to her friends that the venerable Baroness had removed in June, before the outbreak of the war with France, with her unmarried daughters, her Sternberg grand-children, and Miss Price, from Carlsruhe to Château d'Oex. Here they occupied a delightful chalet, in which the summer was cheered by a visit from Henry and Mary Louisa de Bunsen. Though living in Switzerland, surrounded entirely by partizans of the French cause, the faith of the Baroness Bunsen in the success of Prussian arms was never shaken. On the 2nd of September, 1870, the Grand Duke telegraphed to her from the battle-field the news of the victory of Sedan. As the family returned to Carlsruhe, intending to go round by Schaffhausen to evade the franc-tireurs, they found on arriving at Basle, that Strasbourg had been taken the day before.

BARONESS BUNSEN *to her* SISTER, LADY LLANOVER.

"2 *August*, 1870.—Most people agree in reckoning Château d'Oex 'not desirable, except as a convenient centre for excursions!'—which sounds just like what I don't like, and don't want. But I find it a charming spot for *staying at home*, with the finest air blowing upon me, with only fields and woods and rocks and mountains to look at—no town to come in one's way, and the multitude of habitations for strangers innumerable, so well scattered and secluded, that one may feel as if in the country altogether, scarcely meeting any of the visitors.

"What should I say of the oppression on one's mind from the images of this horrible war! All hands belonging to me are working hard for the wounded, and have one day in the week when the room is full of helping ladies, English and Swiss, and some German. Alas! my eyes can no longer help in sewing—but they paint flowers without end."

To her DAUGHTER MARY (during the Franco-Prussian War).

"4 *Nov.*, 1870.—Everybody works, has worked, and is working, for the sufferers in the war. O my own Mary! you pray, I am sure, as I do, every hour—'Mercy, mercy' for *victors* and vanquished."

To her SON GEORGE.

"11 *Nov.*, 1870.—How much I have to be thankful for in my delightful spring journey to Berlin, and stay at Berlin, and journey back the other way! Perhaps it may have been the last cheerful glimpse of the outer world, that I may have in the remainder of life: I saw fine flourishing

towns, centres of boundless activity—country in high cultivation—all speaking of physical well-being, and what so many consider as essentially human happiness. And now, wherever the mind's eye looks, it falls upon scenes of family mourning and privation:—and shrinks from the physical anguish, ravage and destruction, near at hand—and from the long vista of misery, before a 'renewal of the face of the earth' can be even hoped for.

"I think it is for young people to bear, without being crushed, these times of ours. All is on a colossal scale—military glory, human grandeur of qualities, also human wickedness and wilful blindness. Something might be said analogous to Shakspeare's lines in the mouth of Orsino—

> 'No woman's sides
> Can bear the beating of so strong a passion
> As mine is for Olivia.'"

To her Son George.

"16 *Nov.*, 1870.—Yesterday I went in spirits to bed because of more than one symptom communicated in the papers of a growing tendency in the besieged within Paris to give up a hopeless resistance. . . . . What a note of war is sounding again from the barbaric power in the East! O how my impatience increases to know the Prussian armies on the homeward route—just to comfort their families, and renew their strength, for new efforts and new miseries.

"I am cordially glad of the handsome and well-expressed acknowledgment by the Crown Prince of the enormous contribution of the English nation towards the relief of the sick and wounded—it was high time that he took the

matter in hand, for notice had been taken in England already, among those educated classes who worked with their own hands so assiduously (besides contributing money) of the absence of any expression of obligation on the part of Germans. The fact was, that the German public (or populace) did not find from the first in English papers that incense-strewing, or 'Lob-hudelei' so abundant among themselves when German deeds or sentiments are the subject: and were not disposed to accept the principle of 'share and share alike' in the contributions for the sufferers on both sides. The besetting sin of Germans was reckoned, by a good judge, to be self-conceit or Selbstüberschätzung—as that of the English, greediness of gain, and of the French, licentiousness.

"It will be an awful crisis for the German nation! when once the great foe is laid low, and rendered impotent. I read the other day, that the breaking-down of Roman virtue and moral consciousness took place directly after the great triumph of the Punic wars: then was that beginning of evil, of the reign of self, unsubservient to the moral law, which reached such an awful height under the Empire. Against such horrors being reproduced in the world, Christianity might be the antidote, but how has Christianity been undermined on one side, and stiffened into a form of words or deeds on the other!—'O! that thou wouldest rend the heavens, and come down!'—is one ever ready with Jeremiah to exclaim."

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"28 *Nov.*—Emilia is going in two days to Metz, being asked to help the excellent people among the 'Friends'

who have collected a large sum for the support of the starving inhabitants of villages round Metz—where the country, of course, is eaten up, quite bare. The Grand Duchess also wishes Emilia to undertake the superintendence of a hospital-shed now in process of finishing, when she is able to return from Metz.

"You know what anniversary this is?—As the verse says—'yet the thorns are fresh as ever'—ten years have made many changes, but not in consciousness of pain. Not that I would call him back—he was not constituted to bear old age. No, 'was Gott thut, das ist wohl gethan.'"

"30 *Dec.*, 1870.—Dear Ernest will leave me to-day. He has been a most delightful companion, and contributed more than I can describe to the keeping us all *going* in the most depressing time. . . . . Yesterday was Dora's birthday, when our Christmas-tree was relit, and Aunt Frances contrived a lottery, to the increase of the animation of our children and the Baillie's. How invaluable it is to have children's joy to rejoice in! they can be quite happy, in personal unconsciousness of wide-spread misery."

"18 *Feb.*, 1871.—Preparations are going on for the illuminations we are to have as soon as the Peace is proclaimed, and I have great plans of climbing up Amelie's staircase, and sitting at one of her windows, to hear the Männer-Chöre, who mean to sing before the Schloss. . . . . The exertions of this small town in every way, for charity, have been most respectable. It is beyond all anticipation that such a value in money should have been once, and again, and again, furnished for the one object of helping those who have fought for the defence of their country. And it is not in money only that Carlsruhe has helped. I

verily believe there has not been a woman who has not worked all the winter either at woollen clothing for the soldiers, supplementary and gratuitous, or at nursing the sufferers: there have been no balls, no theatre—so people had something to spare."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Carlsruhe*, 31 *Jan.*, 1871.—I must write and rejoice with you, on the cessation of hostilities, on the hope of peace, on the grand appearance made by the whole German people, on the dignified moderation of those who wield such crushing power, on the stupendous victories which have closed the war, on the honour and real, lawful glory, of having carried out a tremendous judgment of God, on the nation which needed to be taught the laws and rules of human society, with the smallest possible amount of aggravation from human sin and passion. How ardently do I pray that what is yet to be done may be performed in a like spirit, with a like absence of presumption and self-gratulation!

> 'The judgments of God are in the earth,—
> Let men tremble and be still.'

It did my heart good, that the *Times at once* applauded the moderation which had dictated the terms of the armistice, and declared that in no case could France have obtained more favourable conditions. . . . . The Continent will like to believe that the yelping, barking crowds in Trafalgar Square represent a class of importance—but they only represent the cast-off of society, without weight and without influence. How one's whole heart expands towards

the coming spring, with hope for the renewal of the face of the earth, and for the chastened revival of joy and comfort in the dwellings of men!—But there is the constant difficulty—men spoil their opportunities of good, by not acting in the spirit of the divine government. I pray intensely for the shedding of those blessed influences by which the souls of men may imbibe and transmit to others the love and mercy of which they have had experience. Will the awful breaking up of the 'whited sepulchre,' disclosing 'all uncleanness,' as in the case of the poor French nation, prove a warning to others against prevailing atheism? Will people seek after God 'in spirit and in truth,' and cast away the forms, of whatever denomination, which keep out the light, and shackle and warp what 'God made upright' and free?

"On Sunday the children and the maids sang 'Nun danket alle Gott'—could I but sing, I should be incessantly going through the whole exquisite collection of Hymns of Thanksgiving

> And make the babbling gossip of the air
> Cry out 'O hear us!—'"

To her Son Henry.

"7 *March*, 1871.—Every one now forgets that the French army and its leaders, and all the French nation that could make itself heard, declared war with the avowed purpose of conquering provinces of Germany, annexing Belgium, and dictating conditions at the gates of Berlin! leaving the King of Prussia reduced to the dominions of the Markgraf of Brandenberg. . . . . As to the 'want of magnanimity' displayed by the great man of the age, the

first drain by the French upon exhausted Germany, between 1792 and 1800, amounted to *five and a half milliards:* therefore *more* than France is now called upon to disburse: I have not by me the particulars of the sums drawn from Prussia alone between the battle of Jena (1806) and the downfall of Napoleon in 1813: but I know, that in the present year 1871, the single town of Königsberg has just paid in the *last instalment of the debt* she was obliged to incur in order to meet the French demands, and buy off the literal 'Brandschatzung,' *i.e.*, save the town from burning and plundering. . . . . People do not read history it seems, and only those who are as old as I am remember what we have lived through."

To ABEKEN.

"*Carlsruhe*, 11 *March*, 1871.—'I have nothing but thank ye!'—as the Welsh peasants say: and if I had ever so much more in power of words, the return would be very poor compared to the amount of gratification your power, first of feeling, and then of utterance, have given to me. But I can meet feeling with feeling: and from my heart's core I respond to your faithfulness to old impressions, and beg you to believe that not only this last proof of your friendship, but the long course of it, unbroken and unabated through the lapse of hours and days and years, is full before my mind, and is matter of devout thankfulness, with so much besides!

"There has been such vigorous and general exertion of the best qualities during the war, both in the seat of conflict and at home, that we now must feel the need to pray against the iniquities of the happier conditions ap-

proaching: and to hope that the blessings of peace may not be misused. Most edifying is the reminder given by the Sovereign, of the duty of first mourning with the afflicted, before we seek to excite one another to mirth and joyousness! It is hard, at my age, to conceive how anybody, ever so young, can yet be conscious of anything more rousing than the reality of relief, of the removal of active anguish. The saddest year, as to natural conditions, that I remember, was the last of my young life in England, the year after the great fall of Napoleon I., and the great conclusion of peace, supposed final: all were impoverished, all were spiritless—the most were under the necessity of looking for fresh objects in life, fresh occupations and means of support."

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"*Carlsruhe*, 14 *March*, 1871.—How brilliant have 'the starry host' been lately, with deliciously mild air: till last night, when the clouds which formed a background to the splendid illuminations of Carlsruhe, gave way to sympathy with the saddened part of the spectators in an occasional dropping of more tears than were desirable: still not preventing the driving round the town during three hours, of all that were lucky enough to have a carriage to convey them, in the train of the Grand Ducal party, who took cognizance of every street, and every well-designed and carefully executed demonstration of joy in lines of light, and after having alighted at their home, they appeared all grouped on the balcony, from whence the Grand Duke made an excellent speech of thanks to the crowds of inhabitants, after which there was singing of men, finishing

with 'Nun danket alle Gott.' The whole was really very beautiful and satisfactory—the crowd so peaceful in their cheerfulness; and as the Grand Duke only returned from his long absence on the 8th, and goes again to-morrow to Berlin to meet the Emperor on his return, it has been well to get through the popular festival at the right moment."

To her SON HENRY.

"*Carlsruhe, Easter-Eve,* 8 *April,* 1871.—In many things I am now strangely forgetful. . . . . Yet is the far-distant, in the past, very apt to predominate over the present, in my quiet hours! and very quiet they are, and yet animated, in these beautiful days: the week began in gloom, but the sky of the last three blessed days has recalled that of Rome, so strongly associated with this period of the Church's year. . . . . I am again and again in my heart's secrecy reminded of the unspeakable mercy of God in guiding me to that intimate communion with your Father, through which I was so essentially brought forward in consciousness of the 'things belonging to my peace:' and I wish and pray that everybody who can have access to the monuments of his mind that he has left behind, but more especially his own children and descendants, may have full advantage of the privilege—'My heart's desire and prayer for Israel is, that they may be saved!'

"O may the 'everlasting arms' be still under you—'the wisdom of heaven direct and guide you,—and the infinite treasures of goodness supply all your necessities'—and further, in the words of Patrick, which through life I have

used for myself, 'may a contented mind be instead of all that you want, and a contented heart sweeten all your afflictions.'"

To MRS. ARNOLD.

"*Carlsruhe*, 4 *July*, 1871.—It would be hard to say how much pleasure you have given me by your letter, by the fact of your being inclined to write, and by the great interest of every particular you give me: the whole carries with it the conviction I delight to entertain, that your sympathy with me in all that is most close and precious to heart and mind, continues the same in spite of absence and distance, as belonging to the original nature of things, and not created or influenced by circumstances casual and external. How soothing the picture you give of your own life and its continued blessings! and how thankfully can I respond to your suggestion that you and I are permitted to experience gently and gradually the decline of life and the approach of its end! With deepest gratitude (had one but 'heart enough to be duly grateful!') I can attest that with me old age is matter of fact rather than sensation: it is true that bodily strength has declined, and is declining; but not the power of entering into the life of the living, and enjoying the abundant blessings poured out upon me—the first and best of which proceed from my beloved sons and daughters, from their qualities and lives, from what they are, and what they do, and from the affection they show me. Wishes will go on bursting through the limits of the practicable, and I should be glad if more power of locomotion enabled me oftener to approach both children and grandchildren: but I have to rejoice in frequent visits

from the more moveable individuals of my descendants, and in being clear without all doubt that I am called upon to reside there where I am the most wanted, where I can watch over the orphans left by my beloved Theodora and be cared for myself by my incomparable Frances and Emilia, whose life is devoted with energy and love to the precious *five*, who are rapidly issuing forth from the period of childhood, and upon whose young life *I live*.

"Your branches, like mine, spread out too far and wide for enumeration: but I must particularise the feeling with which I follow Mr. and Mrs. Forster, in private and in public life—and from the bottom of my heart congratulating you on a son-in-law such as dear Dr. Arnold would have delighted in! He worked for the good of his own nation with such love and energy! and how proper does it seem that a great public character should belong to Dr. Arnold by a tie so near and dear."

The summer of 1871 was passed by the Baroness Bunsen at the Château de Vennes near Lausanne—a summer of much happiness and rich in the society of friends. A frequent guest was the charming Madame de Schulepnikow, who was then living at the beautiful Villa Eglantine near Lausanne. Great also was the interest of renewed intercourse with Lord and Lady John Russell, who had taken a villa for the summer in the same neighbourhood. A visit from her niece Mrs. Herbert, of Llanarth, with her two daughters, was also a pleasure to the Baroness Bunsen. But most of all did she appreciate the near presence of her sister

Augusta, Lady Llanover, and the re-opening of long past interests which her society afforded—it was the last time the sisters met.

Baroness Bunsen *to her* Son George.

"*Château de Vennes*, 2 *August*, 1871.—Moritz has been reading aloud to me in Lord Palmerston's Life—a book which it is most desirable to go through in company. That which it gives is to be gladly received, but we want a great deal in addition, which Lytton is incapable of affording, being no historian, though an agreeable relator of the superficial. If people read this work on the Continent, they must be surprised to find how different the actual Palmerston was from the firebrand and master of intrigue for which he was held in every country but his own! I like to be reminded, by the style of his private letters, of the spirited and good-natured tone of his dinner-table conversation. I recollect with pleasure each of the many occasions when I sat next to him at his own and the Queen's table."

To her Son Henry.

"*Château de Vennes*, 4 *August*, 1871.—The situation here is most enjoyable, with the lake stretched out before us, and the range of Savoy mountains rising behind the expanse of blue waters, and the eye finds nothing but green slopes and trees between it and the distance.

"What a country this is, what luxuriance of vegetation, what completeness of cultivation, what fulness of outward well-being, what intensity of effort and industry. But, I fear, what a moral desert. Still, we must take comfort in

knowing that 'the divine spirit is breathing and working' —even though we see so little of its effects.

"What a delight it was to have my precious Mary here for a fortnight!—so animated and animating. Then, since the treat of Mary, I have enjoyed seeing dear Moritz.

"My bodily weakness is rapidly increasing, and it vexes me to require twice a day a thorough *sleep*. But I hope not to forget to be thankful for the gift of sleep thus continued as 'tired Nature's restorer.'"

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"*Château de Vannes*, 19 *August*, 1871.—We have had an agreeable visit from Mrs. Wilson, whose singing is as great a treat as ever, and who has made great acquisitions in the way of picking up popular songs in Italy—overhearing things sung in the street or on the road, and inducing the performers to give her the opportunity of writing down the tune as well as the words. She is an example of thoroughly improving, using, and preserving, a very remarkable musical gift."

The winter of 1871-72 was passed by the Baroness Bunsen, with her daughters and her Sternberg grandchildren, at a country house (Campagne Michaud at La Tour) near Vevay, the object sought being to escape the severity of the months of frost and snow at Carlsruhe: but this experience brought with it the conviction that winter must be winter north of the Alps, and that the difference gained was not worth the uprooting from home comforts. It was in this winter that failing eyesight first obliged Madame de Bunsen to give up the

systematic painting of flowers, executed in the most delicate manner without either outline or correction, in which she had found a great resource at Herrenalb, Grandchamp, Château d'Oex, and Carlsruhe, after her sight became insufficient to take in the details of a distant view, and of which she had intended to make a complete botanical herbarium for the use of her grandchildren.

"I observed," she had written to Mrs. Berrington, "that I could not learn to take any pleasure in drying flowers, it seemed to me at least that one had but a collection of corpses, so I began to paint every flower I could find, and Frances adds names and botanical particulars."

BARONESS BUNSEN *to* MRS. BLACKWELL (a deeply-valued friend of Roman days).

"*La Tour*, 10 *March*, 1872.—Most affecting to me is your affectionate recollection of my birthday, and so are all the words in which you have expressed it! May God be pleased to realise all your kind wishes for my closing term of life, and help me to make such advantage of the time granted, as I wish, but feel unequal to accomplish. The sense of helplessness ever increases upon me, but also the sense of all-sufficiency in Him who I know will never leave or forsake those who would cling, however feebly, to His mercy and promise in Christ!

"'Love me while you live!'—how I thank you for the request—the fulfilment of which comes of itself, a thing of course. How sympathising have you not been to me, as often as it has been granted to me to be near you! and how

naturally and unimpelled do my affections move towards you! hoping and desiring that the measure of grace and faith and patience, and the power of usefulness to every creature that comes near, may be preserved while you yet await your appointed time.

"I have enjoyed, with my two dear daughters and my grandchildren, the privilege of spending many months in this beautiful country, and now must soon return with them to Carlsruhe, which has been our home for ten years, and where, besides the satisfaction of restoring to my good son-in-law the comfort of his children's presence, I find again the busts and portraits and many pieces of still life that form memorials of earlier homes, and the sight of which somewhat recalls the past. I have pursuits that still keep me constantly and closely occupied, connected with the habitual desire of my life, that the labours of my dear husband's life, in which his heart was more especially and intensely occupied, tending to make his God and Saviour better known, should reach the minds of those who would find the comfort and satisfaction in them that I have myself: and I am thankful in having yet such use of my diminished eyesight as enables me to write and transcribe, better than I can read: my power of reading being mostly confined to the large print English Bible."

To her SON GEORGE.

"12 *March*, 1872.—It is a relief to tell you at last, how gratefully I accept all the utterances and signs of love which were showered upon me, on the anniversary when, wonderful to say, I was allowed to complete 81 years! I cannot comprehend how that should be—and pray, that

whatever the good purposes of God intended to be furthered by my long continuance on earth, they may not by my fault or ingratitude be hindered.

"Pray be well satisfied, and thankful, as I am, that you are detained where you are, by such a variety and amount of business, that you never can feel sure you have done all that ought to be done. I can fully sympathise with you, and understand your misgiving and self-reproach even when you have not been in fault:—for my own life during many a period was of the same kind—labour and fag of one kind or another, and *never* the desired satisfaction in having done, either the most or the best or the most important of what was to be done. When somebody or other expressed wonder at my getting through such an amount of fatigue and busines, I have sometimes *said*, but much oftener *thought*—'Sagen Sie lieber, wie viele Geschäfte ich *über das Knie* breche.' That German proverbial expression exactly answers to the greater part of my life in Rome, and the whole of my life in London: it was not *doing* my work, *doing* my duty, but striving to make out where I had any choice, and where the choice might be permitted to fall, and where the sacrifice must be made of some claim, which, though stringent, could not be taken within the sphere of attention. A sphere of duty so clear and simplified, that one could always be in it, and always absorbed in it, seems to me the unattainable happiness of life: and it will probably form the happiness of a higher and more perfect condition."

The death of her old and faithful friend Herr Rudolph von Sydow at this time painfully affected Madame de Bunsen. He, with Abeken and Pauli, had never failed

through a long course of years to add his written greetings to those of her children on her birthday, and was latterly especially drawn to her who had been as a mother to him during his life as Secretary of Legation at Rome, having outlived at an early date all those nearest and dearest to him.

It was a pleasure to Madame de Bunsen, in this summer of 1872, that her third son Charles, who had not hitherto lived in Germany, came, with his wife and daughter, to settle at Mein Genügen, near Biberich.

BARONESS BUNSEN *to her* DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY LOUISA.

"24 *May*, 1872.—I write not to express, but only indicate my thanks for your sparing me two such pieces of the comfort of your life as my dear Henry and Lisa, for all these days:—happy days, though overspread by the immediate shadow of death, so imminent, that it seems inconceivable how breathing and consciousness can be continued under such circumstances as those of poor dear Amélie d'Ungern Sternberg.*

". . . . I began to write under the anticipation of what has now taken place, and we have now only to thank God for the release, which all who witnessed the sufferings of dear Amélie could only pray for. Last night the Grand Duchess returned late and alone from the country, to secure a last look of recognition: Emilia sat by Amélie the greater part of the last two days. . . . . How many of my friends are taken away, and I am still preserved.

"The 'Christian Year' is invaluable to me: I grow fonder

* Sister to her son-in-law Baron von Ungern Sternberg, and Lady-in-Waiting to the Grand Duchess of Baden.

of it as time wears on. I took it very coolly at first, when the first edition was sent by Dr. Arnold as a gift to my husband at Rome—I read it first with suspicion, but I now know how to keep the wrong part out of sight, and delight in the intense piety and truth of *almost* all."

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"29 *May*, 1872.—I need not tell you of the solemn scene we have passed through, in the funeral and universal mourning over Amélie. Henry's presence on the solemn day was most invaluable, and I had the comfort of attending the Church service, held by him, and the Communion. We have talked over all possible things together, and great has been the refreshment to me, first of hearing replies to enquiries, secondly of pouring forth the pent-up and unuttered—I know not what, but one always has so much to say to the seldom seen."

To her SON GEORGE (on the birth of his youngest son Waldemar).

"12 *June*, 1872.—I can find no words,—you must guess and suppose my thankfulness. O! how I have longed for your having a boy! not that any new existence can altogether fill the void left by the dear lost treasure,—for every child has its own rights, takes its own place, is its own self, and shares no other individuality:—but still the new object of love and hope will do what nothing else could effect, in relieving the anguish of an incurable wound. I did not venture to hope for a boy!

"And now—had one but heart enough to be thankful as one ought, for dearest Emma's safety. Pray tell her I embrace her in thought, loving and honouring her as I

cannot express—but what is real, makes its way, I think, to the consciousness of her who is loved and honoured. . . . My dearest George! I want you to be *well*, that you may be quite able to feel through all your happiness. I meet your soul in prayer, in the pouring forth of thanks not to be uttered in words.

"Blessings upon you and all your treasures! 'the early and the latter rain,' and 'the light of God's countenance,' be the portion of the newly-born, for whom I can do nothing but take him into my heart of hearts."

"*Carlsruhe*, 4 *July*, 1872.—I share your feelings on the wonderful beginnings of realisation of so much that your Father worked for, longed for, lived and died for: and I would wish to comfort you as to the motives and methods that we should desire to be worthy of the ends proposed, by the recollection that too often in the world's history the best things are far enough from being the work of the best men. The Habeas-Corpus Act was urged and carried through one of the most corrupt assemblies by Anthony Ashley Cooper, afterwards first Earl of Shaftesbury!—and a set of greater miscreants than the Barons who compelled a king not more wicked than themselves to sign the Magna Charta could not well be found. You will remind me that Cardinal Langton was a great man, capable of understanding the good he was doing by that wonderful enactment of the equality of higher and lower orders before the law—but he had the advantage of being detested by the King, and thus forced into the ranks of opposition, and obliged to be the leader of the patriotic cause. The Spaniards possessed a grand framework of law and justice at a period earlier than the Magna Charta, but were

possessed with the spirit of caste, and persisted in retaining and awarding rights and immunities to the nobles and clergy alone. I think of this in contrast to Magna Charta and those who suggested and maintained it."

To FRAU LEPSIUS (on Abeken's death).

"*Carlsruhe*, 9 *August*, 1872.—Could I but thank you as I feel! but you will believe without telling, what a benefit you have conferred on me by the letter I have just read. Thought rushes from one pain to another, but I can only feel with you at last, the deepest acquiescence in the will of God, which has removed our invaluable friend from the lengthening out of misery which his strength of constitution rendered probable. You and I, and your beloved husband, know not how to give up such a friend as we all had in him. My recollections present such a succession of affecting images, through such a long lapse of years, all telling of a power and intensity of friendship, of an ever unbroken chain of sympathy, of an absence of all self-consideration, a capability of entering into the feelings of others, a self-devotedness—alas! you know all this: how useless the enumeration. You know, too, how he valued your dear husband, how individually he valued and estimated yourself, how each of your sons and daughters interested him so especially, so warmly: it is rare to see one who had not the blessing of children of his own, capable of bestowing so much love on the children of others.

"We have all lost what cannot be replaced: but you will be thankful with me for the rare privilege we have long enjoyed. One's own shortcomings, as in all human

relations, pour bitterness into remembrance: but there, as in all else, we throw our grief before Him, who can do and will do what human affection was too incomplete to effect.

"To me it is a bitter pain that the sufferer was forbidden to look into the eyes of his friends and feel the warmth of their attachment. But perhaps he was too ill to insist upon a sight even of Lepsius. I long to ask a million of questions, which perhaps nobody can answer. . . . I entreat you to express to the best beloved of our dear departed something of my feelings for herself as well as for him who is gone beyond our care, beyond our sight, but not beyond our affection. I should be moved to write to Frau Abeken* directly, did I not know by experience that in the freshness of sorrow even sympathy is painful: nothing can do good but that stillness which follows upon acute distress, the composure which dwells under the shadow of death, and enables the mourner to realise the presence of *Him* who 'brought life and immortality to light.'"

To her SON HENRY.

"*Herrenalb*, 12 *August*, 1872.—You will know of the gloom cast over us, by the death of that kind faithful friend Abeken. The Emperor, and Bismarck, and who not, and what not? share the loss: which is probably irreparable in public business. His was fidelity itself, as well as intelligence, and capability of every effort and exertion, of any amount of work of brain and hand. Nobody I believe

* Daughter of H. von Olfers, Director-General of the Berlin Museum.

could be so fully aware of his rare powers as the great man who perhaps taxed them only too far.* . . . And Schnorr too has died, at Dresden! One after another of those who were contemporaries of my best years, and knew my children when they *were* children, glides away over 'the bourn from whence no traveller returns.'" †

"*Herrenalb*, 27 *August*, 1872.—I cannot undertake to describe to you how we are enjoying our life in this valley and forest, with that dear George and Emma and their children, or rather a few of them. Yesterday we all went to Gernsbach and revelled in that charming spot, and were all back here by half-past nine. What a day of varied pleasure to all! The children bathed in the Murg, and rowed in a boat, our head quarters being the Bad Hotel and its shady garden.

"In this our villeggiatura, I do—*nothing!* being much

* Abeken was the right-hand of Bismarck throughout the war. He was called Bismarck's "pen," and it is said that the great man himself was often in admiration of the readiness and cleverness with which Abeken could write despatches for him, giving just the colouring his master had desired. At Ems at the moment of the declaration of war (the celebrated "scene" between the Emperor and Benedetti) Abeken was the member of the Foreign Office in attendance on the King, and consequently his adviser in that critical moment; it was he who sent the famous Benedetti telegram from Ems, and it was he who sent the last telegram to Versailles. Abeken had long given up the clerical profession, for which he did not feel himself entirely fitted, though he was an admirable preacher, and though during the cholera of 1837, his conduct amongst the sick and dying had been truly that of a minister of the gospel. In 1848 he entered the Foreign Office, of which he was senior clerk at the time of his death. The happiness of his latter years was secured by his marriage with Mademoiselle d Olfers, and he had, as Germans say, fully "drawn the sum" of his life before he left it.

† *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 1.

out in the air, sitting out, using the wheel-chair, and driving. Sometimes there is a bit of reading aloud—but evenings are short, and all go to bed early."

"*Carlsruhe*, 29 *Sept.*—I have to tell you that we did not leave our favourite valley of Herrenalb without preparatory designs and measures for returning thither. I had long dreamt of building as many rooms as were indispensable for our summer residence, but never told my dreams, until within the last three weeks, sitting out and admiring the prospect with Rosa, I amused her with saying 'If I was but a few years younger, I should build myself a Chalet upon that field opposite.' She was overjoyed and told Tante Frances, who thereupon declared to me that she could not see why I should not do as I pleased. Clear it is that at my age I cannot expect always to be able to make long journies into Switzerland, and nearer Carlsruhe there is nothing to be had within a reasonable price."

To her SON GEORGE.

"6 *Nov.*, 1872.—One would wish that grand and salutary measures might always be effected by working upon the noble part of human nature, and that good ends should only be achieved by good measures and by worthy minds—but we experience only too often that we must be glad to accept a result, if beneficial, however brought about! Your dear Father lived and died for German unity, which he was not to see: and since his eyes were closed, it has been brought about by measures of violence in which he would not have acquiesced. Has one's wish ever been carried out in past history? I *hope* that Somers, Halifax, and

one or two others of the handful of men who created the good of England in 1688, were conscious of the grandeur of that which they effected: but their instruments, and the whole party with and through which they acted, were all vile and vicious in the extreme.

"My beloved George! could you but share the buoyant consciousness of ease and well-being granted to your old Mother—who grudges it to herself most heartily, while you need it."

CHAPTER VIII.

HERRENALB.

"Old age is a blessed time. It gives us leisure to put off our earthly garments one by one, and dress ourselves for Heaven."

The Experience of Life.

"No thanks she breathed, she proffered no request,
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise.
Her mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
That made her; it was blessedness and love."

WORDSWORTH.

ALREADY, Baroness Bunsen had spent several summers in the Black Forest, which, with its green hollows, clear rushing brooks, and solemn fir-woods, had always had an especial attraction for her, since she made their acquaintance at Wildbad many years before. But it was not till 1872, when increasing infirmities of age were beginning to make her children anxious that even the thought of a removal to distant Switzerland during the hot months should be avoided, that the idea of building a permanent summer home first presented itself.

There is no forest village more charming than Herrenalb, and from the friendly disposition of its inhabitants, its fine air, and the peacefulness by which it is always characterized, it is especially suited for the happy retreat of a quiet old age, while its beautiful surroundings are a constant refreshment to heart and eyes. Here, the narrow valley of the Alb, hitherto shut in by dark wooded hills, opens to luxuriant green pastures enamelled with flowers, amid which the rapid stream dashes, gay and transparent. Near the river rise gigantic barns belonging to the abbey which first gave the place its name; as a convent, now also in ruins, has given a name to its neighbouring village of Frauenalb. The abbey church remains, but for the most part only as a beautiful ruin, with trees waving above its low round-headed arches of red sandstone. Hard by, several modern, but picturesquely built houses, have sprung up for the use of the visitors during the bathing-season, for whom the accommodation afforded by the old-fashioned inn, which has one of the largest and most curious swinging signs in Germany, is no longer sufficient. Behind the abbey, a straggling village of ancient timber houses, black and white like those in Shropshire and Cheshire, rises amongst the apple orchards. In all directions, pleasant walks wind through the firs and beeches by which the hills are covered, with ever-fresh glimpses of forest distances, opening here and there upon grassy islets in the vast woods, where a few cottages, with their own old fruit-

trees, and bright gardens, cluster round a meadow and bring life into the solemn solitudes. The leafy arcades echo with the songs of birds, the air is filled with the fragrance of the pines, the thickets are bright with flowers.

It was on a terrace on one of the lower slopes of a wooded mountain, which looks down upon the valley of Herrenalb, that Madame de Bunsen chose the site of her new dwelling, Villa Waldeck, which, with its graceful overhanging roof and open wooden gallery, is now the principal ornament of the hill-side.

In the roomy shelter here provided, it was the dear Baroness's delight to receive throughout the summer all the different branches of her numerous descendants, observing with constant thankfulness that all her children "seemed to gravitate towards each other more and more as years grew on, and brought them further from the time when they all had childhood and the shade of home in common." But besides those of her family whose visits were only for a time, her two loving daughters, Frances and Emilia, remained as her constant companions, filling the part of their lost mother to her five Sternberg grandchildren, who daily became, as she expressed it, more and more of an "Augenweide" to their venerable grandmother.

Many also were the visitors—not of her family—who recollect days spent at Herrenalb as oases in life, when in the serene companionship of the aged lady, who

sought only "whatsoever things were pure, whatsoever things were holy, whatsoever things were of good report," they felt themselves unconsciously raised into a loftier mental atmosphere, and to have secured a stimulus onwards and upwards, which outlived all circumstances of place and time.

Tenderly does recollection go back to the quiet and beautiful home-life of Villa Waldeck—to the gathering at the seven o'clock breakfast, long before which the aged lady might be seen on her terrace, attending to the details of her little garden, examining the progress of each plant and flower, watching the fresh shoots made by her Ginko and other shrubs—to the readings aloud in the mornings, and the ceaseless revival of historic or family recollections, wise thoughts, and hard-won experiences, which the readings called forth—to the rambles up the forest roads in the afternoons, by the side of the donkey-chair of the revered friend who had so much to tell and observe, upon all around, and who knew how to give a living interest to the simplest materials of Nature—to the summer evenings spent in the open gallery looking upon the terrace with its fountain and its bright flower-beds, and enjoying the scent of the hay fields wafted up from the meadows in the valley below.

It was about the same time at which Villa Waldeck was built, that Baroness Bunsen completed the purchase of the house in the Waldhorn Strasse of Carlsruhe, where, for eleven years, she had already resided.

BARONESS BUNSEN *to her* SON GEORGE.

"4 *Feb.*, 1873.—Unspeakably interesting to me has it been to hear of your meeting with Bismarck. He carries out most fully the practice recommended by an old diplomatist (I think Lord Stair, ambassador at the Court of Louis XIV.) of speaking the truth, to the effect of not being believed. Wonderfully does Providence help the German nation, (verifying the saying that 'der liebe Gott verlässt keinen Deutschen')—in giving such a man to such a time:—but still, whatever his intrinsic might and courage, one can believe in his actually putting down the Jesuits only when the thing is done: there are but too many weaknesses of humanity in which their influence is deeply-rooted!—and then, when half the intelligent and cultivated (at least) have slid into atheism, and one Protestant establishment vies with another in emptiness and arrogance of self-satisfaction—still, there is God above,—as your dear Father ever insisted: and it is He, and not the 'adversary,' that governs the world.

"An event to me has been the receiving a letter from Florence Nightingale, in which the 'strong remembrance' and affection she expresses to myself have deeply touched me. Why should people be so kind to me? I can do nothing for them: but my feelings of sympathy are not blunted on any subject or for any person that I ever cared for.

"How I enjoy hearing the Recollections of Dr. Holland! His life was so parallel with mine: and he was enabled to see and know such a number of persons about whom my curiosity was early roused, without being gratified, that he opens to me a clearer sight of life long past."

"10 *March*, 1873.—Your delightful letters, breathing the air of Sorrento, and renewing the vision of that coast and all its charms and associations, was and *is* fully felt and enjoyed, as well as the flowers enclosed, among which the 'pianta Ginestra' was hailed with the more affection that it recalled the scent borne on the breeze, when I waited with the two girls on the open, raised ground outside of Pompeian ruins,* while you with your Father finished the inspection of them . . . . I believe indeed that the ancients were peculiarly above us in the feeling that the human being has a right and privilege to be surrounded by beauty, which ought to help, by refining all perceptions, to contribute to the banishment of grossness and vulgarity."

"28 *July*. . . . . Prussia now stands in so exalted a position, and wields such an immensity of power, that she *must* meet with envy and ill-will—there is no help for that: but she has only to keep on, and maintain a stainless character, and stand to her own, and triumph in consciousness of the triumph that surely awaits her, in universal opinion, as well as against the *universal enemy*. Remember that *I* have felt for a lapse of years the necessity of refraining from the secret demand of just appreciation for either nations or individuals standing high enough to be objects of envy, and therefore of grudging! Have *I* not seen how nations and individuals have exulted at every *rub* experienced by England, and delighted to anticipate her ruin as imminent from each successive blow? And now it is Prussia which stands so high, that she must bear the brunt of human malice."

* In 1836.

To her SON ERNEST.

"*Herrenalb*, 9 *August*, 1873.—In thankfulness for the many years granted to you in health rarely intermitted and in fulness of faculties, I contemplate the near-approaching anniversary! and wish I could put into pen and ink the fervour of feeling with which I pray for the preservation of the innumerable blessings with which the Father of all good has never ceased to enrich your life and gild with new value the treasures of heart-connexions by which you have been cherished in each and every period. Your beloved eldest-born is indeed gone before, to point to your eye the more distinctly whither you and all that loved him are to strive to follow him!—and your jewel of an eldest daughter has been visited with that 'killing frost' which cannot but blight the whole of her earthly existence,* but there is still a young vigorous life given to her to rejoice in, to contemplate, and guide into all good, for God's sake, and her own sake, and for the sake of him whose last great joy in life was beholding the longed for and invaluable birth. I need not go on with enumeration, but I bear fully in mind that your Moritz and your Marie have grown up from children into friends, to cheer and glow around you with all the warmth of the young currents of life and love. And most, though last, I thank God for the preservation of 'die Einzig' Eine,' whose faithful affection has illumined all gloom, and brightens all joy in your

* Hilda de Bunsen, eldest daughter of Ernest, and the especial pride of her grandmother's heart, had been married on the 15th April, 1872, to Herr von Krause of Bendeleben, first Secretary of the German Embassy in London, and a union of perfect happiness had been severed by his death in the following March, soon after the birth of his infant son.

life's course. I thank God, my dear Ernest, that I am allowed so long to take in consciousness of your existence and of those which constitute the charm of it! And I rejoice in the prospect of seeing and associating with you all, before this summer sunshine shall be sunk in gloom and 'cold obstruction.'

"Many a line and tone of your songs of former times still sound in my mind's ears: and call forth the memory of times when rays of light were at the brightest."

To her SON HENRY.

"*Herrenalb*, 10 *August*, 1873.—The view I look upon and the air I breathe, in this my new dwelling, are as delightful as thought can fancy them: the varied divisions of hills covered with forest of different growths, descending to the green depths of the valley consisting of emerald turf, with the little torrent-stream rushing along in zigzag, constitute a never failing pleasure, with the sole inconvenience of making one very idle. As long as the unclouded sunshine of the last twelve days lasted, there seemed no reason for not sitting out on the broad terrace, which I think will be a surprise to you when you see it, for I had never hoped that the continual removals of soil from one place to another would have ended in just the very thing I wished. Where the terrace ends in a ridge, the slope descends steeply to the road and the river: and that slope I live in hopes of filling with shrubs and common perennial flower-plants, next spring. Our fountain is a vast pleasure, in the centre, before the verandah entrance to the drawing-room."

To MADEMOISELLE ANNA VERNET.

"7 *Sept.*—My own surprise at all that is granted to me,

is ever new, and when I make my very little walk on my terrace, I am tempted to think of Aladdin's wonderful lamp."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

"*Herrenalb*, 28 *August*, 1873.—How valuable are the letters which enable me to peep into the various houses of my children. . . . . I pray to be enabled to place all these dear objects, of continual thought and interest, *verily* and *indeed* in the hand of God, who can bestow what I can only wish for them.

"Could I but show you the gift I received last Sunday! which the kindness of the Grand Duchess had long been concocting, so that you may have heard of it: a picture with the photographs of all my grandchildren grouped, and connected with beautiful flower-painting by Frau Schrödter: the motto above being—'Gottes Segen auf Waldeck.' Fancy how I was astonished, and how deeply affected!"

"12 *Oct.*, 1873.—You will know how much I feel the death of Mrs. Arnold! Few lives have been more valued and valuable. Hers and mine date from the same year: and I am still here—feeling unspeakably weak, but yet with the sensation of fulness of life."

To her SON HENRY.

"*Herrenalb*, 12 *Oct.*, 1873.—Of the death of dear Mrs. Arnold, I have heard just now what I wanted to hear, that she was spared all pain at the last, and even the anguish of leave-taking, in the consciousness of what her loss would be to her family.

"I cease not to pray, and cease not to trust, that whatever God deems good for me He will enable me to bear, but if I could bring myself to frame a precise *request* it would be that my last end should be like hers, thus falling asleep in the Lord. Be that as God will!

"What a day this is!—

> 'So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful
> That God alone seems visible in Heaven.

"I feel as if I could not look enough on these forest-hills, which I shall so soon leave."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Carlsruhe*, 5 *Nov.*, 1873.—May these lines greet you on your birthday, and remind you what a quantity of joy and happiness and satisfaction your life has caused, first to parents, and since to many, many others!—and hard as is the present trial of being prevented from working for others, and compelled to confine your endeavours and restrict all your energies to the care of bodily health, with the often-disappointed hope of being restored to natural powers of exertion—let not the trial exceed your capability of cheerful submission and endurance. I have no eyes to search for the original words of Göthe which I have in mind, and should wish to cite: 'It lay not in us to prevent or avoid the danger of this crisis, but in us it lies to prove our moral worth superior to it.'

"I delight in the impression your dear children make—of originality and sterling stuff. I trust, too, that they are bred up not to expect of life, what life is not likely to grant them!—a course of *so-called harmless* dawdling and

self-cherishing. If one does not early look to it as 'working-day,' the discovery that it *is* such, is not cheerfully accepted. . . . . How I long to attain to an individual reason for loving each of your children—I love them all now as being yours, but wish for near acquaintance with each."

To her SON HENRY.

"*Herrenalb*, 23 *Dec.*, 1873.—How I wish I could send you fresh health and cheerfulness for Christmas! For oneself, one can learn to get on very fairly in all consciousness of 'the sere, the yellow leaf'—but I am afraid one goes too far in a sort of reckoning upon having it for oneself *alone*, not calculating upon the necessity of seeing those one loves, whom one has carried about in infancy, also at length entering the pale. This is only the meditation of your Mother—my Henry is yet in the vigour of his age: but I know by experience the anticipation of shadow. May the blessed influences of Christmas be abundantly shed around you, and on your own heart most of all. How much I should like to write, but I am thankful to be able still to write *something*."

"*Carlsruhe*, 23 *Feb.*, 1874.—I am hearing a very interesting Life of Ritter* read by Frances. It is indeed a beautiful picture of the working out 'unto the perfect day' of the divine principle in the soul. This great and good man was bred up in the Salzmann Institution, without a

* Carl Ritter, a devout Christian and charming companion, was a much admired Professor of Geography at the Berlin University. He had frequently been a guest of the Bunsens at Carlton Terrace.

particle of Christian teaching: and he made out, by setting about studying the Bible as a matter of Ancient History, that there really was a great deal more in it.

"How thankful I am for the full power of taking interest in hearing what is read aloud and in having interest in all possible subjects! I pray daily and hourly that it will please God to show me what I ought to do, to fulfil the purpose of His wonderful preservation of this life of mine, in such rare well-being and animated consciousness of existence. Alas! I think my life is now to little purpose besides that of taking care of itself: the eyes are no more to be reckoned upon, and the limbs and back are soon wearied with any exertion.

"What a subject of contemplation is the late Census! the immense extent of empire, and amount of humanity, which the island-state is called upon to govern, to care for and to instruct, to provide for and protect! God help and guide His wonderful piece of creation! and surely so He will. First, I trust and pray that He will guard that focus of intense and inherent power and strength from abandoning faith in Him, the fountain of life and being:—alas! the falling-off was never so general, and what is to become of a rising generation which is growing up in thick darkness?"

To her GRANDDAUGHTER HILDA.

"5 *March*, 1874.—There is no end to the love and kindness which has been showered upon my birthday. The Princess Victoria brought me a bouquet, then the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess walked here together and were most gracious and conversible, as ever. Then came the

Hereditary Prince, already taller than his father, and with such a good, mild, sensible countenance."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Herrenalb*, 7 *July*, 1874.—On Sunday came Emilia and Aga, accompanying the Princess Victoria with her governess, who had the ducal permission to drive over and spend the day with the family party, and the visit turned out well in all respects—in the morning playing in the higher forest, in the afternoon an expedition in the donkey-chair to the Falkenstein, and swinging in our garden; and I rejoiced in the confirmed impression of a steady and sterling stuff, in the Prinzesschen—unspoiled nature, undistorted and full of vigour and enjoyment of youth and life."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH (coming out to Herrenalb).

"19 *July*.—Welcome, welcome, welcome 1000 times, and 100 more, my own dear Ernest and dear Elizabeth,—sole of your kind and most dear and delightful to me. I have been kept on such short commons this long time as to seeing you, and enjoying your company, that I am half-wild at the thought of really having you, and possessing you and knowing you to be under my roof. Welcome too to dear Marie, who will be a sort of new acquaintance to me."

To her SON GEORGE.

"6 *August*, 1874.—How my heart longs to overflow with the pent-up gratitude and affection, for all the touching

proofs of love and constant recollection and consciousness of all my feelings and interests and tastes and preferences with which you have again and again refreshed and invigorated me! I am powerless to utter anything descriptive of the pleasure you have caused me, by what your dear, saucy wife is pleased to call 'the long yarns' that George sends to his Mother! . . . . Meanwhile life has floated on with me under a sky so beautiful, that all the charm of which earth was full was called into being, and one seemed to exist in seeing and inhaling: yet of course not without conditions of strong contrast, so that a morning blaze in the open fireplace was more than once enjoyed during the visit of dear Mary Louisa. Then came the almost startling announcement that Ernest and Elizabeth were on their way to the Schwarzwald, and the pleasure of the five days in which I enjoyed their presence, you can suppose, but I cannot express. Then, as we were preparing for the departure of the seldom-seen, did a telegram announce the unhoped-for Mary, as arrived at Carlsruhe, and about to approach.

"I wish I could transfer to this paper the exquisite picture before me when I walk out the first thing in the morning! The season is in full vigour, no decline or symptom of decay, and the absolute calmness implies resting upon fulness of blessing and well-being. I should like to represent how all the plants flourish which you so industriously watered, but can only tell of the Ginko, the upper shoot of which is at least an English foot long . . . .

"Thank you for telling me of the number of brave travellers seeking out the world's secrets. I take great

interest in the success of all. . . . I follow too with great interest the plans of Lepsius for a building worthy of the Library at Berlin. I feel a longing to work double tides for all the many lines of zeal and interest which I shared with your dearest Father while he lived—but as I cannot work, I think and feel the more. . . . Love to dear Emma, very barren love, but very true: which rests too on all the five at their studies, and the home-darlings at their play."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

"9 *August*, 1874.—Dear Elizabeth, what a blessing it has been to exchange thought and feeling with you by word of mouth, to look into your eyes, and hear your voice! Every recollection of the renewed intercourse which I have been allowed to have with you, expands into a secret ejaculation—requiring of Him who can and will bestow what is best, to fill up the void of my shortcomings to each and all of those I love and value.

"With regard to my precious Mary as to yourself, the consciousness of all that is granted to me in thus enjoying her presence, seems almost overwhelming, and when she has left me, I shall begin to overlook and store up all the treasures of love, the wealth of qualities, the breadth and depth of worth and excellence, that is given to me to behold and enjoy, and to cherish as after a fashion *mine*, my own, admired and delighted in from her birth and earliest development, with the same rare charm which she has preserved through years of such varied trial. I must learn to bear for her, and to bear for you, for Hilda, and all my precious ones, as you one and all bear for your-

selves, the visitations of life in the past and present, and to look to the future for each and all, in the spirit which breathes in the parting words of my husband's venerable father—'where shall we be a year hence?—In whatever circumstances, under God's blue sky, and in his fatherly care.'"

To MADEMOISELLE ANNA VERNET.

"*Herrenalb*, 22 *Sept.*, 1874.—I follow with unfailing interest all that concerns my friends in Switzerland, and my *friend* ever valued and honoured—also the country itself, applauding the gallant stand made against the encroachments of Rome, and wishing Geneva God-speed. I was in the habit in days of childhood of listening eagerly to all accounts of public events (and an awful period it was), and I am thankful that I can take part as much as ever in all that concerns humanity, and in particular its religious interests, and the renewed danger from the old enemy, into toleration of whom so many so-called Protestants have sentimentalized themselves.

"How can I be thankful enough for all the blessings that surround my advanced life! As mild and gradual as the decline of this beautiful season, is the decline of my days: my health is perfect, but my remains of strength steadily diminishing, which affects me far less than the diminution of eyesight: I am, however, allowed to see and enjoy the unfailing charm of nature—the forest and the meadows, the sunshine and the shade, and most of all the groups of young life around me. How happy I have been to receive in this house four families of my children in succession!

"We shall have felt together in the departure of Guizot, which seems to carry away a whole rich period of the world's history."

To her SON HENRY.

"*Carlsruhe*, 26 *Oct.*, 1874—Pray believe the trouble of your abundant communications is not thrown away, I never want matter for a long talk with you on paper; but I get tired now with stooping over pen and ink.

"We have just had a visit from Professor Valentiner, the son-in-law of Lepsius, who is just settled in the Observatory at Mannheim. Frau Lepsius came to help her daughter to settle in her new abode, and visited us just before we left Herrenalb: it is a pleasure to see her the same active right-minded person as ever, and to me very gratifying to overlook the course of a praiseworthy life, which I have been enabled to take cognisance of. I have seen two of the Lepsius sons, Richard and Bernard, both fine young men, and going on hopefully, devoted to science, the eldest engaged to marry the daughter of Curtius the Historian."

To her SON GEORGE.

"6 *Dec.*, 1874.—I delight in the commotion created among Roman-Catholic priests and bishops, by the necessity put upon them of proclaiming their obedience to the laws of the land: and being older than most other people, I remember conversations held with your dear Father by the long-deceased Lord Clifford, whom I behold in the vision of memory as though it were yesterday, leaning against the marble-table between the windows in our

'gelbe Salon' at Rome, just that year when the Catholic Restoration was resolved upon, but before the news was actually arrived: he held a long speech on the prevailing errors as to Catholic belief in the Pope, declaring that their faith interfered not with their loyalty: saying, 'I was born an Englishman, and heir to an English peerage, and I existed in both relations previous to becoming a member of the Catholic Church.' After he was gone I expressed the opinion that Lord Clifford's spiritual superiors would not bear him out in such safe and wholesome principles!—and I have lived long enough to see such a proposition condemned as rank heresy.

"My thoughts run much on what Rosa is reading to me, with zest like what I feel, of Macaulay's unfinished history of William of Orange: how intensely wicked were the actors in the great scenes of effective revolution, but how brilliantly gifted, both with talents and desperate spirit of gambling—surely we are sunk among

'the dwindled sons of little men.'

But Bismarck rolls out grandly; and I am glad he allows me to be in the right in supporting him—though nobody was ever further than I am from being *bribed* to favour him!

"An event in daily life has been the visit to me of the Princess Alice, who brought with her the fine boy, now her only son, a really charming child, whom Rosa and Dora were delighted to entertain with pictures, and found most intelligent."

"*Carlsruhe, Dec.* 31, 1874.—You wrote to me a Christmas-benediction, and I wish I could pour out upon you all

that my heart contains of love and prayer for you and yours—for all those best blessings which the hand of mercy ever has ready for those who both gladly receive and submissively wait—although much of the good intended and granted comes in a form disguising from our faculties its real character and tendency. I am as sure, as undoubting as of my own present existence, that only good is in store for you, for myself, for all the creatures of God in whom we take dearest interest, in so far as they look to God for the good things they want, not 'leaning to their own understanding' for the discernment and selection of such good as matter of personal choice. The personal choice is not always granted to us, but for the good most needed by us, we may trust the Hand invisible through whatever darkness. This is often said, often repeated, in various forms of expression, and it is so true, that it must be said and said again,—but as concerns myself, I can but hope—

'That you may better *reck the rede*
Than ever did the adviser!'

While I have the deepest sympathy with dearest Emma in the affliction and privation which has come over her life,* not to be removed, and incapable ever of being lessened, except by that slow and infallible ministration of time, how I thank God for her, and with her, that she is called upon to return to a well-spring of such full and abundant life as surrounds you. What a life and character was that, which lies spread out before her as the wealthy Past, to be admired and cherished, though no longer enjoyed."

With each year added to her long life Madame de

* The death of her mother, Mrs. Birkbeck.

Bunsen now saw many of those who had shared that life and its associations pass away before her. February, 1875, was marked by the death, at Cimies, near Nice, of her much-esteemed son-in-law, John Battersby Harford, who had long been in failing health. In March, died Otto Deimling, "associated in the intimate recollections of thirty years." In October, the gentle and charming Mrs. Lane passed into rest—"the very soul of tenderness—one of those rare natures which fail not to work to themselves their own response." An especial source of sunshine in the midst of so many shadows, was the visit paid to her grandmother in the summer of 1875 by the widowed Madame de Krause with her infant boy.

Baroness Bunsen *to her* Son George.

"14 *March*, 1875.—You will feel with us the loss of Deimling! whom we shall greatly miss, and whose place no one can fill.

"I hope you will agree with me in admiring Gladstone on the Vatican Decrees—you will say 'an old story'—but I get things after date. I am always so glad *to be able* to applaud Gladstone—of whom your dearest Father was so fond. I am dragging and skipping through Mr. Greville's emptiness, which I shall soon dismiss, but the work has been so far worth my having it read to me, that as I was out of England the whole reigns of George IV. and William IV., I missed in general even newspaper notices of the time, which yet was full of events. The Life of Prince Albert has been lent me by the Grand Duchess, and I am

greatly interested with the parallel to a long portion of my own life.

"The result of the entire liberty granted by Prussia in matters of marriage and baptism,* reveals the inner condition of 'whited sepulchres,' and the number of infants unbaptized (as is asserted) reminds us of Dr. Arnold's earnest protest against the misapplication of terms, in speaking of 'Christian nations,' or the 'Christianizing of nations:' Christians remain, as ever, individuals or groups, and no one who considers the reality of things, will regret the removal of legal compulsion to become *in name* a Christian without belief in the divinity of Christianity."

To her GRAND-DAUGHTER MARIE VON UNGERN-STERNBERG.

"*Carlsruhe*, 6 *April*, 1875.—My own Mariechen shall learn from me what a charming day we spent yesterday, in driving over to Herrenalb—that being the last of Aga's holidays. We breakfasted and packed into the carriage by seven o'clock, taking an abundance of supplementary wraps with us, which all proved quite unnecessary—we were pursued but by the phantom of cold which is gone by, and experienced nothing but warm air and mild sunshine. The puzzle was, to feel everything external so pleasant, and to see everything so wintry! the remains of grass looking as if it never had grown, and never *could* grow, and the trunks and branches of fruit-trees seeming harsh and stiff

* *i.e.*, liberty to employ or not to employ the ministrations of the clergy, otherwise than in the registering of births and of marriages. The number of married couples not seeking the benediction of the church and of children not baptized was very large the first year after the passing of the new law (1874). Both are diminishing now in Germany as in France.

as cast-iron: as I always say, driving out is not worth while until there is life to be seen instead of death. But the sun and air made all bright and joyous, and so did the water too, when we had passed Ettlingen, and found our old friend the Alb rushing along in full current, regardless of the large amount drawn off right and left to renew life by irrigation. In our own Herrenalb valley we recognized the well-known breath of the forest, and much did we enjoy it. We alighted at good Frau Seuffer's, where great was the demonstration of pleasure, and we rested in my favourite place under the pear-tree, upon which the finches were seeking out the old place for their nest, one of them singing the while. . . . . I know not what I have further to tell, for the days pass over us as quietly as a shadow over a dial."

Journal addressed to her GRAND-DAUGHTER ROSA VON UNGERN-STERNBERG.

"*Herrenalb*, 16 *June*, 1875.—I was up at half-past six, and had accomplished putting on my clothes before seven, regretting that with old age comes dawdling, that is doing everything too slowly, for which I readily find the excuse in feebleness of limb, and want of energy and activity. Then with stick and parasol I walked out—the morning glorious—the sun bright, sky clear, and leaves without the slightest motion: all things rejoicing in the refreshment granted by the thunder-shower of yesterday's hour of sunset, and the succeeding calmness of the undisturbed night. I had a greeting from Henry out of his window. In making the tour of the flower-beds where seedlings innumerable were coming up, how many images met me, delightful to

behold, but too many to write. When afterwards lodged in my armchair, I went through with closed eyes some of the hymns which I wrote out in pocket-compass in the days of undiminished sight, having the transcript at hand wherewith to refresh memory in case of need: my own handwriting being easiest to me to see.

"Breakfast with Henry and Frances. After breakfast, a turn in the terrace-garden with Henry: then, in my room, chapters in Isaiah and in Matthew read and commented upon by Henry, who afterwards read me the discourse of Arthur Stanley at the Royal Institution on the subject of the indications of the faith of ancient Christians found in the catacombs of Rome. This I hope I may again read with some of my grandchildren, upon whom it would not be thrown away: although it is to me as old as myself that the peculiar edification of a revelation of 'the pure stream of doctrine undefiled,' so near the well-spring of Christianity (coming to view like a Fata Morgana from the cloud and mist), has its full effect, as a soothing rest to eyes dazed with the long and varied prospect of presumptuous error and ignorance. In the afternoon I enjoyed a drive, most delightful, on the Gernsbach road.

"17 *June*.—Walked out at 7 as before, found all the plants well off in a drenched condition, for the rain must have followed copiously after the rolling thunder that I heard before falling asleep last night. Cut some very fine roses, perfect in form and intensity of colour. Dear Henry read to me chapters with comments. The clouds which I saw rolling over with the chilling wind during the sunshine in which I walked out, have now covered hill and dale, and have brought cold rain.

"18 *June*.—A resolute gloom, with still-descending rain, prepared us for a day which kept the promise, calling upon all to have recourse to inward resources, for the enjoyment of nature, long so richly given, was to be withdrawn, and yet we were enabled, in the hour of sunset, to dilate in present delight and hopes for the next day.

"19 *June*.—Frances departed to visit Miss Whately at Stuttgard, and reached the omnibus without rain, but a steady descent from the long-accumulated clouds began early, and continued unbroken, and only increasing in violence through the day and into the night. The moon was to be at the full about midnight, but no crisis took place, on the contrary Saturday rained into Sunday. Mariechen with clogs and umbrella went after dinner to see the donkey, who had received so much rain through the interstices of his walls, as to be trembling with cold, and after rubbing him over, she walked him about for exercise, and contrived something to stop up the cracks.

"21*st June*.—The Solstice—the day of hope and fear—opened with sunshine upon refreshed and rejoicing nature. I was able to write out hymns to the dictation of my Mariechen, who afterwards went to her own employments, alternating with reading to me a short time before we dined, after which she and Dora went out with the donkey-carriage while I lay down to rest. The day hot and calm, with cloud and sunshine, and the slightest possible wind from the rainy quarter. I went out at five in the donkey-carriage up the favourite Gernsbach road; and Frances rejoiced us all by returning at seven. The day ended calm and clear as it had begun: and I look back with tenderness at the long course of lengthening days."

To her SON GEORGE.

"4 *August*, 1875.—A fearful mine for the study of contemporary history is formed by a set of works of a Doctor of the Church of England, Maurice Davis by name, entitled 'Orthodox and Unorthodox London.' . . . The frightful result of only partially going into this tract of observation, is that Ritualism is a pestilence in the very air, which more or less attaches itself to every denomination of so-called Christian communities. *Dass sich Gott erbarm!*—What will be the form and manner of destruction, that must suddenly make an end 'von dem Schatten, von dem Schemen, von dem Eitlen, von dem Nichts'—with which so-called civilization is satisfied, or pretends to be so! I feel strongly as a comfort in the thoughts which these volumes awaken, that human souls clinging to religion seek out ways for themselves and find a certain satisfaction in meeting and pouring forth sympathetically to each other . . . . but, it is all bewildering, and worst of all, the present tendency of English crowds after *histrionic* worship, after the shadow of a shade, the representation of the unreal. Perhaps Dr. Davis is right in saying that this tendency is a safety-valve, to keep people out of actual Romanism. Do you remember the hymn—

> 'Willst du in der Stille singen
> Und ein Lied dem Höchsten bringen,
> Lerne wie du kannst allein,
> Sänger, Buch, und Tempel sein.'"

To her SON CHARLES.

"3 *Nov.*, 1875.—Could I but be assured that all my beloved ones were able to rise each morning after sound sleep without pain or ache, as is the case with myself!

My daily delight is Emilia's reading to me Lanfrey's wonderful book: all the subjects of which are very fresh in my mind, in so far as I could become acquainted with them from the papers, and the interest is inexpressible of being led step by step through this comprehensive commentary. No sentence is too much for me.

"We often read in an evening Parthey's Recollections of Life, published by Frau Lepsius's uncle, who was an old acquaintance of mine, having travelled to Rome as his Hochzeit's Reise, in company with his young wife and his sister Lili, the mother of Frau Lepsius. We had a reviving glimpse of the good Lepsia just before leaving Herrenalb: she came to help her daughter Anna Valentiner to settle at Mannheim."

To MADEMOISELLE ANNA VERNET (on the death of her niece Hélène Vernet).*

"*Carlsruhe*, 18 *Nov.*, 1875.—How should I greet and respond to your communication, but by thanking God with you, that He has accepted the willing sacrifice, that He has cut off the struggle, that He has closed the anguish, that He has sealed with the eternal fulness all the emptiness of time. How do I thank God with you, that it has been

* Hélène, daughter of the late Charles Vernet of Geneva, devoted herself for many years to the object of founding a model Children's Hospital at Geneva. She succeeded after many difficulties and much opposition, and consecrated a great part of her time to personal supervision and care of the sick children. In 1870 she went to Paris, undertook the direction of a hospital and ambulance for the wounded, and was shut up in the town during the siege. She may be considered as one of the victims of the war, for want of food and the hardships she underwent during the siege, brought on the painful and fatal disorder, which she bore with exemplary patience and submission.

given to you to call such a chosen spirit your own, to contemplate the development of an especial child of God from first to last! and I will hope and believe that yours will be that fulness of consolation which God alone can pour into the heart of the uncomplaining sufferer. May your dear remaining niece be strengthened to act up to the height of the charge given her by the departing saint not to pine in a sense of the woe that is past and gone, but to enjoy all that God may still give her of joys in life, in expectation of the better lot reserved for those who wait in love and patience."

To her SON HENRY.

"*Carlsruhe*, 29 *Nov.*, 1875.—Have I ever told you of a delightful French book—Souvenirs Militaires du Colonel de Gonneville?—of one of the ancient families of French noblesse, compelled by necessity to enter the army as a boy, who fought through all the campaigns of Napoleon, and died in old age, little cared for by the people of the Restoration, but happy in his family affections,—at Nancy, just when the Prussian army entered; that was indeed a 'chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.'

"I cannot tell you the pleasure I find in having the descriptive works of Augustus Hare read to me, but he is *very wrong* in Italy in his dislike to every act of the new *Regno d'Italia:* he is not old enough to have known of himself what was the abomination and degradation of the old system, whether Grand-Ducal, Royal, or Papistic.

"Well, dearest Henry! 'das Jahr klingt ab,' as Göthe says; and here am I living on in an unbroken, though slackened stream. May my merciful God be pleased to

fulfil in me His good pleasure, whatever that may be, and may it please Him not to prolong this corporeal vigour beyond the date of intelligent looking up to Him."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Carlsruhe*, 13 *Feb.*, 1876.—What a beautiful drive I had in the rare sunshine of yesterday afternoon, in a sledge with Emilia, and two of the girls! getting out of the streets with time and patience, and rejoicing in the unruffled snow, over which the last rays were shedding their glowing influence!—no wind to compel us to feel the cold, but the clearest and most refreshing air. An event in my life of late, has been a book lent by the kindness of the Grand Duchess, being a Christmas gift to her from Queen Victoria;—'The Travels in India of Lieut. Rousselot.' The new and spirited pictures of a country and complex of nationalities which has most of all occupied my thoughts and fancy from early childhood, has caused me unspeakable pleasure: and I should write a book as big, to say all I feel, and could utter, about it. When my Mother was warm with enthusiasm for the works of Sir William Jones upon India, I was just old enough to share her pleasure: and read to her some of the translations from Sanscrit poetry, and I have never before fallen in with an instructive book upon India since.

"The great event of late, has been the drilling and teaching, by Herr Mathy (the tutor of Prince Ludwig), of a whole set of girls and boys, from the two schools, one of the Princess, the other of Prince Ludwig: to enact and represent the beginning of the Iliad—the quarrel of the chiefs, with apparition of goddesses (Pallas Athene shown

forth by Princess Victoria, and Thetis by our Aga), concluded by the assembly of the gods on Olympus."

"6 *March*.—Such an amount of signs of affection and kind remembrance were showered upon me on my birthday, that I feel overwhelmed, and as if shrinking into myself, to feel and measure my own nothingness, and the kindness of so many generous hearts, to whom I wish I could be anything but an unworthy recipient of God's great mercy and the boundless indulgence of children and friends.

"The Emperor has written to me with his own good hand, and has sent me his portrait, which is a fine likeness, in a frame both magnificent and simple. The Empress has caused a gracious letter to be written to me, signed by herself, and accompanying a portfolio containing the late King's drawings in lithograph; a collection which I heard of a few years ago, as having been made by command of the Queen Dowager, and presented by her to a number of persons, when I could not help feeling a great wish to have been of the number, as a sort of remnant of your dear Father:—and now, you see, I have them in possession, and enjoy the pleasure of thoroughly contemplating them.

"The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess sent me their portraits, in two large medallions, the size of life, in most desirable frames of black velvet, with gilding on each side. They soon followed in person to make me a visit—and great is to me always the gratification of beholding their fine countenances and graceful bearing, and receiving their benevolent expressions—wishing I had anything to return besides deep sense of obligation. Prince Ludwig

came later, and did my eyes and heart good with the sight of his lovely countenance. Princess Victoria failed not to call, and left me a bunch of wild snowdrops, gathered by herself in the wood; but I had gone out for a second walk, and saw her not: the Hereditary Prince is absent, enjoying his travels in Italy.

"Many, many, are gone before on this way of life, on which God is pleased that I should still wander: but still have the signs of remembrance not chilled by distance and time been many and precious."

The EMPEROR OF GERMANY *to*
HER EXCELLENCY THE BARONESS VON BUNSEN in Carlsruhe. (Translation.)

"*Berlin, March* 3, 1876.

"It has been communicated to me, that you, honoured Madam, by God's grace will reach to-morrow so high a step of life, and this in such happy circumstances, that everybody must wish you joy of it.

"But for myself, I am especially prompted to express to you my hearty sympathy on this occasion, because I am called upon to do so by the recollections of Bunsen, to whom I owe so much in the manifold relations of life, in a manner which inspires me with life-long gratitude.

"This recollection in itself is inseparable from that of the hospitality which I have so often received in your house and family, and which is for ever present to my mind.

'These dear recollections urge me to offer you most faithful wishes for the well being of your body and soul, which constantly more and more directs you, to await with

composure and submission your entrance upon the unknown beyond.

"With most faithful sentiments,
"Honoured Madam,
"Yr devoted King
"WILHELM."

BARONESS BUNSEN *to her* DAUGHTER-IN-LAW EMMA.

"*March* 20, 1876.—May the partings and the meetings, the travelling and the home-return, now in near prospect, all be under the blessing and direction of Him who can reunite as well as divide! I ever pray in anticipation of a family-meeting—'may we all be brought closer, both to each other and to God, whether by nearness or by separation.'"

To MRS. BLACKWELL.

"*Carlsruhe,* 14 *March,* 1876.—It is more affecting to me than I can express, to receive again your precious words, in your own beautiful hand-writing! and I long to fancy that your own spirit of love and peace is exhaled and inhaled to my benefit. Had I but 'more heart' wherewith to be thankful as I ought for the peace as well as health, I am allowed to enjoy! I sometimes feel as if I were unfairly possessed of such well-being at this advanced age, tho' I well know that the gift of God is granted without stint or grudging, and I can but hope and pray that more heavenly mindedness may be added to so many other mercies, and that I may be able, in the spirit of a hymn, to exclaim—

'O come ere that this heart grows cold,
Ere yet the stamp of Death shall sear.'

"The sensation of excessive weakness, of inability for bodily exertion, is the only sign with me of the nearness of cessation in this long preserved activity of the human frame, which seems nowhere out of order, or flagging in vividness of life; the same interests, the same craving after knowledge of the works of God, or the ways of His Providence, continue to animate my existence. What I feel as the worst thing to endure is the diminution of sight, which makes it impossible for me to read: I can write, because my hand is steady, though my looking over what is written would be of very uncertain service; but I am thankful still to take in natural scenery in its general character, though its details may be incorrect. I have kind readers, and as to work I am still capable of plain knitting, having competent eyes at hand to overlook and make beginnings and endings. I have passed the winter better than most of my juniors, and have long been spared the ennui even of taking care of a cold in bed: I am resolutely homeopathic as ever, in so far as to prescribe sometimes for myself the globules which were my old and useful friends—but I have no physician (homeopathy being little esteemed here) and drugs as far as ever from my practice.

"My new-built châlet at Herrenalb (in the Schwarzwald and in Würtemberg) only within a drive of three hours from Carlsruhe, will be my summer refuge, please God I live till the season is warm again: there I have woods and streams and hills and green vallies, for which I am indeed thankful. My dear Sternberg grandchildren go with me, as well as my daughters Frances and Emilia:—that is (to be accurate) the youngest girl, now fourteen, attends the School arranged by the Grand Duchess for her only

daughter, born in the same year that in the birth of Aga the life of her precious mother was (as it were) merged. And our Reinhold, now fifteen, attends his school at Schwabisch Hall in Würtemberg: so that those two can only be with me in their rare holidays. My lengthened life has to submit to seeing those growing old, whom I have known in infancy! but how should I not thank God, to be allowed to admire and prize their maturity!—God support and help you, dear Friend! gratefully does my heart acknowledge your faithful friendship. Ever yrs. tenderly and faithfully,

"F. DE BUNSEN."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY LOUISA.

"14 *March*, 1876.—You will have felt as I have, the relief of knowing dear Lady Augusta Stanley to be at rest! What a mysterious dispensation that she should have been so long at the point of death, so slowly released from the tie nearly broken. Alas! for Arthur Stanley! How busy is death with all around, so much my juniors! and yet I am bidden to remain. May the purpose of God be fulfilled in me and by me."

To A. P. STANLEY, Dean of Westminster.

"*Carlsruhe*, 15 *March*, 1876.—No common utterance is fit to approach your immense sorrow! and could I but press your hand and meet your eye I should feel it most suited to the depth and fulness of sympathy to dwell in silence on the departure of *her*, whom nobody can spare, whom all of us claimed as our own, whom all of us, far and near, felt to be close to us, in the wide grasp of that Christian love which seemed to warm and cherish all in its effusion.

"The words of that benediction, which you were enabled to pronounce, at the close of the invaluable solemnity in which all that was earthly had been restored to earth—must be, and will be, your support: in the world which she has left, even the numberless traces of her that remain in the objects of her benevolence, serve but to renew the anguish of the seeking and grieving spirit, which can find power of life and activity alone in the sacredness of remembrance and contemplation.

"Such an intimacy, such an active unity of heart, of principle, of taste, as has been yours, dear friend, was a rare gift of the beneficent Providence which made *her* what she was, and conducted each and both of you to find in each other that which made life worth living for;—and may the blessed consciousness of what has been granted to you, afford you strength even to look through the darkness which to flesh and blood seems to belong to the 'grave and gate of death.'

"With a tenderness of maternal feeling which I cannot well express, I remain your aged friend,

"FRANCES DE BUNSEN."

This touching letter is the last of the correspondence of Madame de Bunsen. Her long life, so blessing and so blest, was then waning to its close, though those who enjoyed the sunshine of her presence were unconscious of the impending blow.

The many letters of the Baroness Bunsen given in these volumes are the best record of her words and thoughts. Her character needs no other portraiture. Her noble powers of mind, her vivid interest in every-

thing great and good, her gentle humility in prosperity, her bright reception of every gleam of sunshine in adversity, are sufficiently shown in her written words. Above all, it may be seen in them that the great desire of her long life was to seek after God—only in Christ and only through Christ. With her years, her yearning after the Heavenly Life had seemed constantly to increase. Gratefully, with ever-growing sense of the blessed calm of her old age, had she acquiesced in the circumstances which, by binding her to Carlsruhe, had removed her from the varied interests of former existence. Most sweetly, as infirmities increased, had her grand nature bent itself with yielding submission to her home-daughters, in all that their loving care arranged for her, while taking away the work and responsibility of the numerous household-circle, and screening her with tenderest forethought from every anxiety.

Shortly before Easter, George de Bunsen brought his three youngest little girls to Carlsruhe, in order that they might make acquaintance with their grandmother, the youngest never having been seen by her, and the two others only as babies, when she visited Berlin in 1870. This pleasure had long been looked forward to by the most loving of mothers and grandmothers, and great was her enjoyment of it: each morning, during the visit, her countenance beamed with fresh joy at the thought of another day's intercourse with her beloved son, and another day's sight of his children. In the

morning, and sometimes twice a day, the arm of George took the place of that of Frances, the usual walking-companion, for a turn in the Schlossgarten or in the sunny Schlossplatz. It was while she was walking in the latter on Palm Sunday (the Sunday before she was taken ill) that the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden came up to her with their usual gracious cordiality, giving her the kindest possible message from Queen Victoria—a last proof of remembrance from a sovereign whose course she had never failed to follow with the most profound admiration and affection.

Through the following week George de Bunsen sat in his Mother's room for hours, answering the many questions, literary, political, historical, and geographical, which had been suggested by the books or newspapers last read to her, and, referring to which she often complained with a sigh that "there was no one in Carlsruhe who could answer questions," she had been "so spoilt in former years by always having had *him* (Bunsen) to ask questions of, or by being in a place where it was easier to find people with general interests." George de Bunsen also read much aloud to his Mother, filling thus the office usually supplied by her second daughter Emilia, who during that week generally sat by with her work, listening instead of reading. The last book read aloud was the "Memoir of Countess Voss," a lady who rejected an offer of marriage from the Heir Apparent of the Prussian crown, but continued the cherished friend of the royal family through

sixty-nine eventful years. When George de Bunsen read the last words of the book, stating that Countess Voss lived eighty-five years, his voice faltered, as if he had pronounced words better not spoken, and his Mother, who had not hitherto shown any symptom of illness, looked at him wistfully.

On Good Friday, April 14th, it seemed to those who were with her too cold for their dear Mother to go out, but she still resolved to take her usual walk, accompanied by her daughter Frances. She returned chilled, and was unwell all the next day, though there were no symptoms to create alarm.

On the morning of Easter Sunday, Emilia de Bunsen, going into her Mother's room soon after seven o'clock, found her already seated, in her black silk Sunday dress, by the sunny window, reading parts of hymns which she had years before copied out on a long strip of paper in her beautiful handwriting, and which she always kept in her pocket in a black silk case. Vividly does the daughter recall the especial tenderness of the Mother's repeated embrace, and her beaming, almost heavenly look, as she expressed her thankfulness at being allowed to spend another Easter Sunday with her children, and for all the other blessings which were granted her—the indescribable brightness of her whole aspect appearing to be the reflection of that Resurrection feast which she so peculiarly loved, and which on that day especially seemed to have cast its halo around her. She staid quietly at home that morning, and her

grand-daughter Rosa von Ungern Sternberg read to her, amongst other things, a hymn in Bunsen's collection—"Die seele ruht in Jesu armen," the last verse of which she repeated line by line after the reader,* the words "Wer weiss wie bald"† being especially and devoutly emphasized. In the afternoon, as it was very fine, she went out for half an hour with her grand-daughter Rosa. Afterwards she looked out some engravings by Gruner of the frescoes in the Villa Magliana representing the death of St. Felicitas and her crown of Eternal Life, of which she had been speaking that morning, and she enjoyed showing them to her son George, remembering perfectly, in spite of her diminished eyesight, what each page contained, and which of the designs were attributed to Raffaelle. When Emilia came later to read to her, she found that her Mother wished to rest instead of listening as usual. In the evening she was not rested, was unable to join the family tea-supper, and was helped to the sofa instead of to the chair which she had always occupied in the

* "Wir, die wir durch die Wüste reisen,
Wir sehnen uns im Glauben nach;
Wir denken unter Thränenspeisen,
An jenes himmlische Gemach,
Allwo wir mit der Schaar der Frommen
Wer weiss wie bald zusammenkommen,
Und bei dem Herrn sein allezeit;
Da wollen wir ihn ewig sehen.
Wie wohl, wie wohl wird uns geschehen,
Herr Jesu, komm, mach uns bereit."

† "Who knows how soon we shall come together."

drawing room, by the side of the lamp-lit table. After some music, she asked Emilia to read to her from Gossner's Life, a book which was at that time kept for Sunday reading, and upon which she was able as usual to make remarks, though her voice was very weak.

The beloved recollection of the Grandmother's cheering presence and lively interest in all around her on this Easter Evening is especially cherished in her family. It was the last time of her being with them. The following day she did not leave her bed, but was still able to listen with animation to a letter of Miss Nightingale, and to hear of some portraits of the beautiful Queen Louisa of Prussia which her thoughtful friend Meyer had sent her from Berlin: she also enjoyed being told how her grandchildren had been to the palace, to hunt for Easter eggs. It was on this occasion that an undefined alarm was first excited in the mind of Emilia de Bunsen, when in answer to the ever-kind enquiries of the Grand Duchess she found herself obliged to reply that her Mother had staid the whole day in bed, which for years and years she had never been known to do.

On the two following days, strength failed rapidly, though on one occasion the dear Grandmother desired with her usual cheerfulness to be wheeled into her sitting-room, where she sat propped up with pillows, and smiled happily to see her son George seated opposite to her. Afterwards her mind seemed gently to wander, yet would ever awaken with a look of tenderest

love and recognition when one of her children came up to her. She also always recognized Dr. von Pockhammer, and sought to give him her hand. As all hope gradually failed that her precious earthly life would be preserved, the absent children were sent for. To Henry, Ernest, and Mary, the consolation was not granted of beholding their dear Mother again in life. Charles arrived on Sunday, and was recognised with tender affection. Later in the morning, Pfarrer Zimmermann was summoned, being the pastor she had always liked best to hear in Carlsruhe, and whose church she had last attended in February, when she had partaken for the last time of the Holy Supper. As he came in, she recognized him, and spoke to him touchingly of the death of a son (the third he had lost within two years), an affliction which had befallen him since they had met. After this she seemed to have fallen into deep slumber, but when her daughters asked the Pfarrer to pray, they perceived an almost invisible motion of her hand in acquiescence, and heard with a thrill—from her who seemed already so very far off—a distinct "Amen" at the end of the prayer.

Emilia de Bunsen watched by the bedside through the afternoon, and at six went to rest, desiring to be called at ten. But at seven she was summoned. In that short interval the Master had entered the silent chamber, and the beloved Mother lay in the arms of her daughter Frances, and her weary eyes were closed in the stillness of everlasting repose.

There was no pain, nor distress, nor anxiety. As the spirit passed away, both Frances de Bunsen and George (hastily called from another room) saw upon the revered features a strange and wonderful likeness to the long-lost mother, to whom they had borne no resemblance in life.

In the first anguish of their great desolation, her children could give God thanks, that thus—tenderly—without suffering—their Mother had been led through the dark valley: and they do so still—daily.

Henry and Ernest de Bunsen and Mary Harford did not reach Carlsruhe till the evening after their Mother's translation. But they were comforted when they looked upon the sublime beauty and grandeur of her beloved countenance, which they saw once more in its noblest, its most spiritualized expression. As the news spread in Carlsruhe, and throughout Germany, that the Baroness Bunsen had passed away, the most touching telegrams were received by her family from friends without number, headed by the Emperor, the Empress, and the Grand Duchess of Baden, whose sympathy was not the mere condolence of sovereigns, but the outpouring of generous and affectionate fellow-feeling in the family grief. The Emperor expressed in a letter his deep "reverence for her who had fallen asleep," while praying that her beautiful example might assist all her children to follow in the way by which she had gone before—"then would that consolation not

be wanting, which is only there to be sought, but there also to be found, from whence such deep wounds come." This fulness of gracious sympathy was at a later date again manifested by the Emperor in person to several of the Bunsen brothers, when they were summoned to visit the Grand Duchess of Baden at Wiesbaden, that they might hear from her own lips of her personal share in their loss, and of the happiness she had felt in the society of her venerable neighbour for so many years.

A first funeral service was held in the family home in the Waldhorn Strasse. There the coffin lay in the middle of the room, covered by fresh flowers from the hands of the Princess Victoria of Baden, with a wreath sent from Wiesbaden by the Grand Duchess, and a palm branch as a sign of love from the Grand Duke. On the left were the sons and daughters, and grandchildren ; on the right the Grand Duke of Baden, and a few intimate friends.

Only twice before, at the weddings of Ernest and Mary, had the five sons of Bunsen been together since the two eldest left the paternal roof of Palazzo Caffarelli in 1834. But as the mourning family from Carlsruhe were on their way to the last office of love, they were joined by their youngest brother Theodore, who had only just arrived from his post at Alexandria. On the central cross in the pavement of the beautiful time-honoured cemetery chapel at Bonn, they found the flower-laden coffin surrounded by

numbers of faithful friends. In accordance with their Mother's own wish, the customary sermon (which frequently transforms itself into a panegyric on the dead) was omitted, and the simple funeral service was in accordance with the Gebetbuch and Gesangbuch of Bunsen. Again at the grave a few prayers were offered, and, as the Father's tomb was opened and the Mother's coffin laid beside his, the words of the monumental slab above assumed a fresh meaning to those who looked upon them.

"Lasset *uns* wandeln im Lichte des Ewigen."

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